Esquire

A. N. C.

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY
1938

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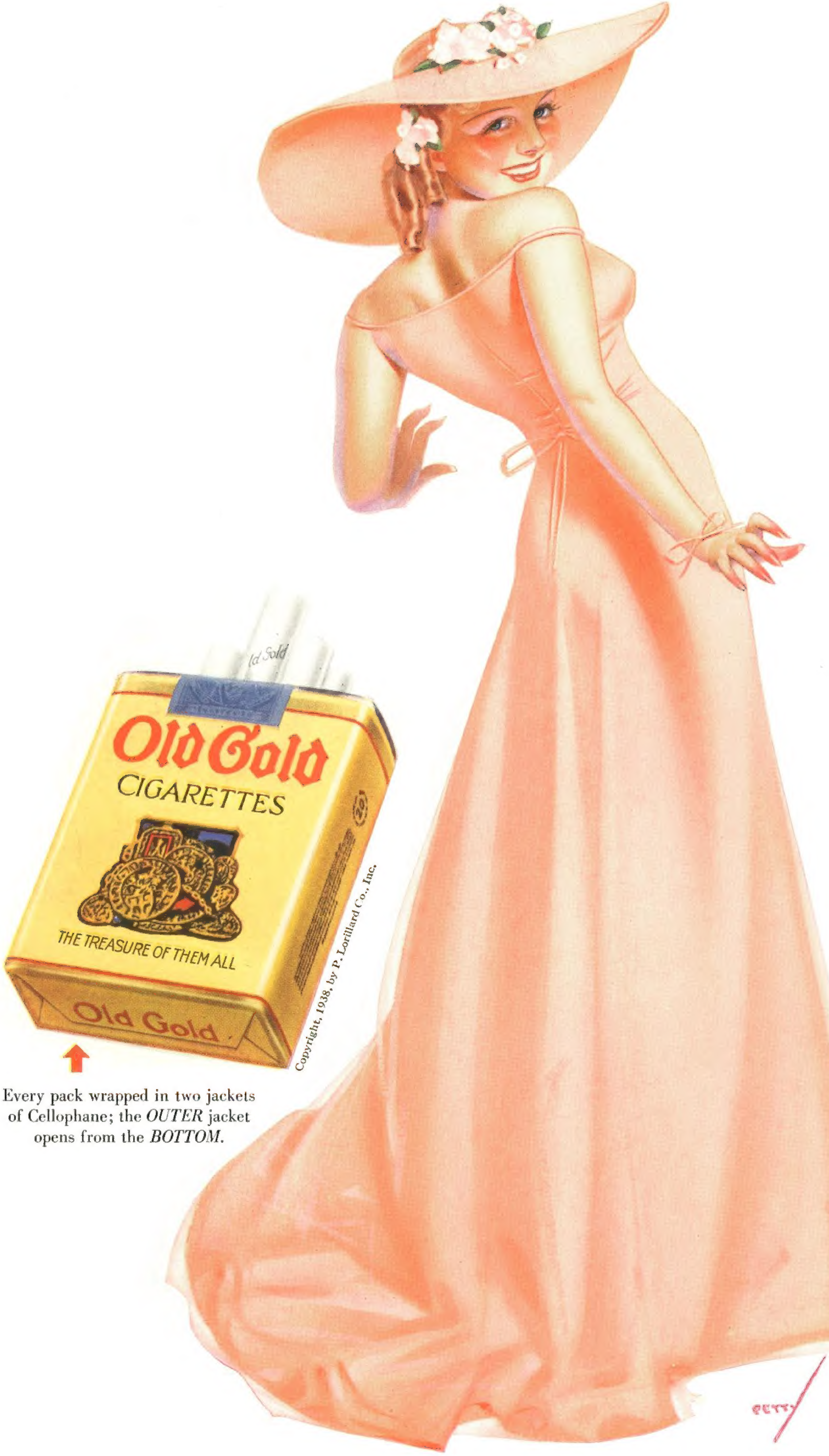
. . . a Young Man's Fancy turns



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In fact,
In the Spring
The young man
Himself turns
Not lightly,
But lovingly
To the gal . . .
Or the cigarette
That's blessed with
Fresh charm.
Today's
Man-turningest
Cigarette is
Double-mellow
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Its rich, double-aged,
Prize crop tobaccos
Are chaperoned
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By a stale-proof
Package . . .
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You light
Is exactly
As fresh
Full-flavored
And double-mellow
As the minute
It was made.
Temptingly fresh
As a debutante's
Lips!
Yeah, man!
Spring *is*
Here!

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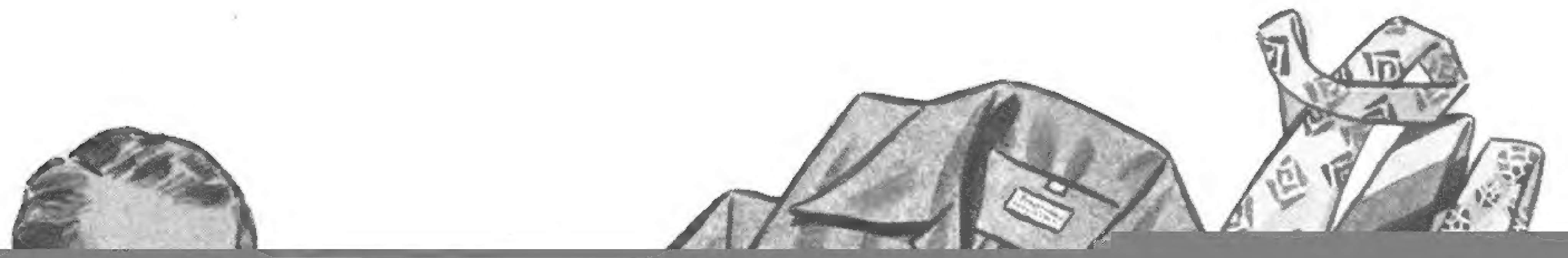

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches . . . . . *by* Fellows, Goodman, Fox and Hughes beginning on page 116

Art Directors: Eric Lundgren, Tony Palazzo

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

A reply from Balbo to "The Beard of Iron"

From his post in Africa, Air Marshal Balbo has sent us the following answer and commentary to the anonymous article in our February issue, *The Beard of Iron,* in which it was suggested that Mussolini had tried in vain, after the triumphant return from the World's Fair group flight in 1933, to break up Balbo's military and popular following through the expedient of "promotion by exile" in appointing him to colonial stewardship as a governor-general. The article went on to wonder "how long Balbo, that once proud hero of Fascism, would serve Il Duce by standing and waiting in Libya."

We feel that it is only fair to give his answer at least equal prominence to that accorded the original question:

I have read the lengthy article by "Anonymous" appearing in the February issue of your magazine—an article which concerns me personally.

I am, as you surely must know, a sincere friend of America and have not forgotten, nor shall I ever forget, the generous and enthusiastic welcome which your noble country extended to me and to my companions in 1933, when I led my squadron of hydroplanes to Chicago and New York.

I therefore believe I am appealing to the sentiments of integrity, of courtesy and of propriety which characterize the citizens of the North American Republic, in asking that these few words of mine be published, in respect to a matter which someone has seen fit to attribute to me.

I am thankful for the expressions of commendation which, in all candor, are somewhat exaggerated; but I must tell you in all earnestness that, besides a rather "lively" interpretation of my character and my views—culminating even into a supposed hostility on my part against . . . the monarchy (! ! !), there is one thing which wounded me to the depths of my soul, and that is in comparing me with Brutus, in respect to Mussolini.

Such statements constitute too grave an offense against my integrity and dignity; my conscience rebels against them. Anyone who respects the reality of facts can easily ascertain that Balbo has, for 24 years—yes, 24 years, labored, thought, acted and fought on behalf of Mussolini, following him and struggling for the same ideas, the same faith and the same program as Il Duce.

None can impute to me the slightest act of disloyalty during my entire life. I may have—indeed I surely have, a thousand other defects, but the charge of disloyalty is violently at variance with my character. I love Mussolini since the fairest years of my youth and cherish for that man, who has elevated a nation, lifting it in a few years, with a super-human example, to an extraordinary level of dignity and valor—I cherish for him an admiration which grows each day; and I am willing, as I have declared on other occasions, to lay down my life for Him.

These are my sentiments. Do not forget furthermore that Mussolini has always manifested for me esteem and affection; indeed, in the course of a brief span of years, he has elevated me to the highest tasks of the State, has approved of my work, and following the cruise to America, granted me the highest military honors.

The very mission which he has entrusted to me, naming me Governor General of Libya, is proof of his highest esteem for me.

Should any of your readers come here on a tourist voyage, he could become convinced, AT SIGHT, that Marshal Balbo is very much at home in Africa, is happy and contented and conducts most assiduously and day after day, the great policy of Mussolini, which consists in uplifting the population to a state of well-being and civilization, and in erecting in these vast and interesting lands social and economic institutions which daily generate the attention and interest of those most concerned with the civilizing tasks of Italia.

My efforts have met with the most ardent approbation of Il Duce, who was generous enough to place his stamp of approval on them by his memorable journey undertaken last year from the 12th to the 21st of March.

I for my part must thank Him for having enabled me to undergo the political and administrative experience which I did, and which has proved so vast and significant.

As for succeeding Mussolini, I can assure you that this concerns a problem which no right-minded Italian envisages today.

Mussolini, thank God, enjoys excellent health; possesses an exceptional physique and can very well live another 50 years—as I wish him with all my heart. In order to be worthy of succeeding Mussolini it would be necessary to possess the genius, the power and the prestige—uncompared and incomparable, of the great Chief—a quality which I am certain I do not possess. The very thought of a succession to Il Duce causes the pulse to tremble and the veins to quiver, in every genuine Italian.

I shall not pause, dear Mr. Editor, to point out other inaccuracies in the article in question. I am not a man who makes an issue of formalities; and I even assert to you that I do not marvel, and can explain to myself very well how some writer or journalist in the United States, living so far removed from our mentality and our environment, could fall into such misconceptions and such fantastic impressions.

I trust that you will receive this letter of mine in a spirit of good will, enlightening and informing of it the numerous readers of your excellent and esteemed journal.

Thanking you cordially, and assuring you of my highest expression of esteem, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Tripoli
Italo Balbo
Marshal of the Air
Governor General of Libya

ESQUIRE
May., 1938
T. M.
Reg.

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Whole No. 54
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

DON'T BE CRITICAL IF YOUR FAITH IS PSITTICAL

I was amused by "Another Eighteen Year Old's" sounding off with celestial fury at *Uriel the Archangel,* which I, in my low-minded way, believed to be the cleverest satire Esky has printed in the three years I have read it.

Religion, like patriotism, "Eighteen," must be a matter of mind, not mouth, and I have noticed that those whose faith is merely psittical are those who try the hardest to maintain mental religious virginity. If your faith can be shaken by satire, "Eighteen," you have cultivated an impracticable religion, and probably a hypocritical one.

There is no such thing as "sacrilege," "Eighteen." That is an empty phrase, handy for evaluating opinions with which you disagree. "Agnosticism" is a better word, and a remarkably convenient attitude!

I do not believe that the writer of *Uriel the Archangel* was prostituting his pen to feed his purse—to him—my most sincere orchid; to "Eighteen," a wilted stinkweed!

Yet another 18-year-old,
Bud Southard
Lakewood, Ohio

What happened to Ira Wolfert? His *Off the Highway* was stupendous, colossal, gargantuan; well, anyway, pretty good. B. S.

LACERATING LACY

Have just finished reading one Ed Lacy's letter in the *March S & F,* in which cops are referred to as "a lot of stupid, arrogant bums" and "a cross between petty official, animal, and a form of man." It is pretty obvious that Eddie has had a run-in with the police, and resents the fact that he is not allowed to do as he pleases. What does a petty offender, which he evidently is, expect? A pat on the head and an admonition to go home and repent? He is merely irked by the fact that he and his ilk are not allowed to run amok, a menace to society. If Mr. Lacy had his way, the police would probably be abolished, leaving a clear road for Lacyites. The petty offender who thought he could, or should, get away with it, is always the first to criticize the forces of law and order.

There is proof right in New York (Eddie's present hide-out) of the cops' arrogance, as he so resentfully puts it. The Police Athletic League is doing wonderful work in keeping the youngsters off the streets and in giving them training that will prove of benefit to them in later life. Only lack of funds keeps this great work confined. It is people like Lacy, who, writing to their Councilmen, keep appropriations for the P. A. L. down to a minimum. I have seen youngsters under the direction of New York's Finest, learning sportsmanship and fair play, not by speeches and lectures, but by active participation. They are all a happy lot, glad that there ARE cops to give them a little more than they would have ordinarily. How about the excursions up the Hudson every year, when the cops take mothers and children from the slums and give them their only sight of what the world looks like outside the tenements? How about the amount of charity work and humane work done by the police, most of which goes unpublicized? These are only a few. Of course, Mr. Lacy could not hope to understand all this. He probably thought the WPA was doing it.

The above concerns just New York City. It is repeated in every city in the country. Right here in South Norwalk, I know for a fact that, when news of a needy family comes in, the cops dig down into their own pockets (mind you, Mr. Lacy, their OWN pockets) and form a pool for the family. Of course, none of this receives publicity, which is a lot more than can be said for some charities.

As for Mr. Lacy's assertion that a cop is "a cross between a petty official, an animal, and a form of man": A cop is a petty official to little Eddie because he checks up to see that said Eddie isn't doing things he shouldn't, an animal because he tracks Eddie down when he does wrong, and a man because he's probably more of one than Eddie is.

As for the incidents concerning the bonus marchers: what the hell does he expect. Certainly they were turned back. Not because the cops were stupid and arrogant, but because cops have to obey orders. When they receive an order to break up a parade, they have to do it. Which puts them in a tight fix. If a cop doesn't obey the orders, the taxpayers jump down his throat for failing to protect public property and lives. If he does, they do the same thing because they don't think cops should interfere. Besides, the marchers were endangering life and property. What a hell of a mess there would have been if the cops didn't stop the march. The hotheads in the crowd would have stormed the capitol and done inestimable damage. However, that is only one case.

I could keep on with this tirade and fill up *S & F* for you, but I don't doubt but that there will be many more protests which will cover all my uncovered ground.

Why did I write this? Because my father happens to be a cop and a damn good one, too. He has more friends than Eddie could ever dream of, and the kids like him, which is more than Lacy can probably boast of. Here's waiting for an answer from "Sour Grapes" Lacy, if he's still on the outside.

Sincerely yours,
South Norwalk, Conn. Cop's Son

ADD USEFUL WORDS

How come? Has Esquire no dictionary? If not, let me know. I have a few decrepit copies lying around the house which you may have for the asking.

Only six words ending in -dous? I refer to Wm. B. Ober's letter in the February issue.

Man, I pounced on this with both feet!

In addition to tremendous, stupendous, horrendous, hazardous, jeopardous, and pudendous, which are listed in Mr. Ober's letter, how about these?—

frondous
molybdous
vanadous
mucidous
multifidous
nefandous
decapodous
lagapodous
acanthopodous
arthropodous
niggardous
tylopodous
steganopodous
heteropodous
isopodous
ligniperdous
nodous
pterepodous
hybridous
myriapodous
hexapodous
gasteropodous

If I had a few more seconds to spare, I think that I could add materially to this list.

I don't think you will find all these words in any one dictionary, but if you will search long enough through all the dictionaries, you will find them.

And in the words of Mr. Ober, can one gainsay me?

Yours for bigger and better words,
Cincinnati, Ohio Jos. J. Frisch

SOMEBODY LIKES SOMETHING

Just finished reading Jay Franklin's *Carolina Fish Fry* article in your Feb. 1938 issue. As one "bawn and raised" in the vicinities of the Pee Dee, Santee, Cooper, and Edisto rivers, I was naturally interested. Congratulations to J. F. for his painting a true picture of a fish fry. 'Twas correct in every detail—except one. "After the last human has left the fish fry grounds, another party of guests" *does not* arrive. It's the same thing as a Carolina nigger asking another eating watermelon for the rind. "Aw, git away you fool nigguh—ain' goin' be no rine!" The fish stew ("Pine Bark Fish Stew" is its Carolina name) is *good,* and the only remains are bones. After a couple of snouts of Uncle Douglas' "cawn" the bones go down pretty well, too.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you get a chance at some authentic Pine Bark Fish Stew before you die. If you do, it'll probably keep you *from* dying.

Well, thanks for listening.

Cadet Lieut. Gask
Military College of S. C.
The Citadel, Charleston, S. C.

VOICE FROM THE NURSERY

I have been one of your very ardent and most interested readers for the past two years. I have been particularly interested in your new developments. I am particularly interested in your latest, the Kiddies page (page 43, March issue).

I have been looking forward to and have seen Mr. Petty building up to it for some time. I hadn't anticipated its coming so soon so I have neglected to buy my colored pencils so I could take part in the fun of finishing Mr. Petty's picture for him.

I will, however, buy my pencils at once and take part in the fun.

Yours for the Kiddies page,
Norman, Okla. Charles Kelley

HA, A REACTIONARY!

I am not one who is easily annoyed, in fact, all my life I have majored in tolerance, but it certainly makes an otherwise normal taste in my mouth turn sour (and I can match my taste with anybody's) when I read such unconstructive criticism which you so generously but ill-advisedly print in *Sound and Fury.*

If there is a more perfect magazine, if there is better magazine value than Esquire, that information has certainly not come within sight or sound of this reader.

Sincerely,
Brooklyn, N. Y. Phil Weiss

PIPE SMOKERS THINK

The pessimist who contributed a vituperative article against pipe smokers, in Esquire Magazine, is probably what we may call a cigaret-puffing addict who leaves smelly butts all over the house. A pipe burns his tongue, so he berates pipe smokers and hates them, out of jealousy.

I'm a married man, with two sons, and my wife, as well as my living mother, prefer my pipe to cigarets. And isn't it better for the young boys to see Papa smoking a pipe than nasty cigarets?

Just because there is an "overwhelming" majority of men who prefer cigarets, it is no logical reason why pipe smoking is anathema!

Many of the greater thinkers, and the greater men have smoked pipes—even today—and not cigarets. Even orators do!

There are two classes of pipe smokers, as there are in everything else. There are those who smoke a pipe because it is cheaper (it is); and those who smoke a pipe for the enjoyment of the pipe (and it has a flavored enjoyment). We are silent—we think more—and when we do speak, we do not say shallow, inane things, that so many cigaret-puffing addicts do!

For my part, my pipe is one of my best friends, and always will be, so there!

Heartily yours,
Montgomery Mulford
Buffalo, N. Y.

CATCHING MARTIN OFF BASE

Although I have never before tried to trip an author up, I was too much amused by Mr. Martin's article in your March issue to allow a chance to catch him at his own game to pass. On page 122, he quotes a Shelley Sonnet entitled *Ozymandias* as saying: "I am Ozymandias, King of Kings. Behold my power, ye mighty, and despair!" He then laughs at the interpretations of this poem by college freshmen. As one college student rushing to the defense of others, Mr. Martin's attack is in every way justified *but* it would have been more poignant had he troubled to get the correct quotation. As it is his argument loses a great deal of its force—for that quotation should read:

"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings.
Look on my works, Ye Mighty, and despair!"

Sincerely,
New York, N. Y. Grace Gottlieb

P. S.—My authority is Snyder & Martin, *A Book of English Literature.*

OUR OWN, OUR SWEET

You published a letter agreeing with Mr. Levin and so I hope you publish this one disagreeing with him. It is written in defense of one of the finest men on the screen, "our own sweet and lovable Dickie Powell," as Meyer Levin calls him. The other day as I was looking over some old copies of Esquire I came upon Mr. Levin's reviews of Dick's pictures, and they made my blood boil. Ted Healy's presence saved *Varsity Show* and he placed *On The Avenue* under go along to see when it was one of the finest pictures of the season. How he had nerve enough to put *Dames* under Blah is more than I can understand. It also appears that he didn't like *Shipmates Forever, The Singing Marine* or any other of Mr. Powell's pictures. Well, this might interest him. Dick was the fourth most popular male in films but he drifted down to seventh place after his marriage to Joan Blondell simply because the public likes bachelors. Recently on a local station he was voted the second best singer on both screen and radio, and that isn't bad.

Your correspondent nominated him for the perfect bore. What he really meant was the perfect all around specimen.

Will somebody please tell me why such a perfectly gorgeous magazine like Esquire has to be ruined by the likes of one Meyer Levin. Dick Powell always was my favorite, always is and always will be. So there!

My tongue is just splitting with nasty words and if I wasn't a lady believe me I would be wasting paper with such a nice letter.

Sincerely yours,
An ardent Powell fan

P.S. My most precious possessions are two scrapbooks filled with numerous pictures of Dick and my many records of his marvelous voice.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Jean Di Rocco

Continued on page 10

He's keeping a date made 20 years ago

GOOD-BYE and good luck, youngster! You're off for the Kentucky Derby!

You've proved your mettle—your right to go to the post with the best of them. But even if we'd never held a stop-watch on you as you breezed around the track, we'd have been pretty sure you'd be leaving today for historic Churchill Downs . . .

You're a stout-hearted fellow with what it takes to win. For in you are blended the forthright qualities of many a valiant thoroughbred. So good luck!

* * *

Forthright qualities, blended together. That comes pretty close to describing *another* champion, too. We mean that glorious whiskey, Four Roses.

For you see, Four Roses is not just *one* fine straight whiskey. It's a combination of *several* straight whiskies—each outstanding for some special quality: *aroma* or *body* or *smoothness* or *flavor*.

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VOLUME ONE, NUMBER TWO: THE SPRING ISSUE

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Robt. Burns

Panatela de Luxe 10¢

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

SCREEN CREDIT WHERE DUE

When I met your Meyer Levin in Madrid recently, he told me how much he liked and how highly he had praised *Heart of Spain*. While I greatly appreciate Mr. Levin's complimentary review, I am sorry to see that I was given sole credit for a work that was far from being "largely Herbert Kline's."

The picture is a truthful record of the work Dr. Bethune's "Blood-transfusing" Canadians and the American Medical Bureau units are doing to save the lives of Spain's wounded. It was conceived, filmed and produced with the frank purpose of stimulating people to give money to help the Spanish Aid committees in such work. Therefore personal credits are not of real importance. If I take up space that might otherwise be devoted to the profound utterances of *Sound and Fury* contributors, it is only because I hate to receive credit due to colleagues and friends.

The facts are as follows: The film was 'documented' in Madrid and at nearby fronts by Geza Karpathy and myself. But, like so many films, *Heart of Spain* was really made in the cutting room by Paul Strand and Leo Hurwitz of Frontier Films, who labored over the material we brought back from Spain, changed and improved the original plan of the film, and raised its quality far above the promise of the material. Alex North did the music, and John O'Shaughnessy rendered the commentary written by David Wolff and myself.

I hope you will print this correction giving Paul Strand, Leo Hurwitz of Frontier Films the full credit for their work.

Sincerely yours,

Paris, France HERBERT KLINE

P.S. In his review of *The River* and *Plow that Broke the Plains*, Mr. Levin failed to mention that the work of Paul Strand and Leo Hurwitz contributed greatly to the value of *The Plow*.

CAMERAS OVER MEXICO

Since Mexico has become a Mecca for American Tourists I have endured several of your more or less badly informed Mexican articles, but February's contribution *Gourmet's Guide to Mexico*, presumably to aid tourists in this country of ours, has driven us to try and make the author eat his article.

Please, Esquire, accept contributions, if not from native writers, at least from Americans, who spend slightly more time, than their fifty dollars worth will allow, or their summer course will permit.

We have to laugh, good-humoredly at first, when your author mistakes our loved *mole poblano* as "mole of the people" (Puebla, Poblano, *i.e.* of Puebla, Puebla; a city two hours from Mexico's excursion booths, over a wonderful scenic road, and bring your cameras; *sic.*) even smiled sickly, when the author gave the ingredients and wondered, how and if, he ate this particular dish, felt afterwards.

But we began to frown; puzzled at the unique experience he had of watching turkeys driven through the streets. (If WE were in the habit of carrying our cameras about, WE would train them on such a fleet.)

However, we read on and were somewhat mollified when we found out that the author had boarded at the *Calle del Cipres;* mind you, Esquire, we do not mean to be snobbish, but he is immediately branded as an American who comes to Mexico for twelve days, with one of those "all expense paid" tours; leaves us astonished at his mastering, nay, bettering our technique of bargaining AND very self-satisfied returns home to write a Saga about our foods, our customs, and ourselves.

Was it indeed Prendes or any other Good restaurant where he ate *Gusanos de Maguey*, it is more than likely that it was at some slightly cheaper place; his memory is decidedly long and twisted for Sylvain's has been closed nigh on two years. Giacomini, alas, has also removed to Cuernavaca many moons ago. And at this point suffering from writer's indigestion the author cannot read the sign at the Cantina in Calle Liverpool (it should be Antonio's).

Lastly words fail us when we pause and digest the news that Orozco or Diego Rivera would decorate the walls of a *pulqueria*, when they can obtain a better price from people more appreciative of their works as yourselves.

If we were to correct all the author's mistakes, you would have a concise Spanish dictionary and you would lose your reputation (were you to print the corrections) as an entertaining magazine, therefore we omit all those slightly less blatant mistakes.

We suggest that the author spend ALL his receipts for this article, on a further trip to Mexico, to look us up, and be better guided, with regards to his culinary experiences.

No, Esquire, it is all very well to feed your great American People with weird and wonderful tales of our country, but head them fictional or even satirical but not a dyed-in-the-wool article.

Sincerely

EDUARDO DE OVANDO y OLEA
Ezequiel Montes 18,
Mexico. D. F.

L'ALLEGRO

Please pardon the first person singular, but:—

1. I like interesting bits of enlightenment, so I like your articles.
2. I like to get an idea of the thought of a cross-section of our country, so I like to read the *Sound and Fury*.
3. I attend a few shows, so I like the privilege of reference to your *Candid Cameraman*.
4. I read an occasional book, so I try to save time through your *Five-Minute Shelf*.
5. I like screwbox stories with horrid, tragic endings, so you can imagine what a hit your fiction department makes with me.
6. I like to laugh, and your satire is provocative of gay giggles.
7. I am a college boy, but have no quarrel with those who poke fun at our generation through the pages of Esky. (Incidentally, however, this "Flaming Youth" stuff is still a lot of fie and folderol.)
8. I work in a clothing store, so I am interested in your "Trends in Dress." I like your Apparel Arts publication, too.
9. I own a subscription to Esky, chums, so I'm verra contented—

Three years an admirer—

Iola, Kans. PHIL McCARTHY

POEM

I do not know whether you pay for the poems you print, or if the poemers are so damn proud of having you use their stuff that they do it for nothing or maybe pay you so much a line.

Anyway I have written one and I believe that it is technically perfect and offer it to you on any kind of a basis you want except I won't pay. Here it is.

WAR
By I. W. Turner
PERHAPS,
THE JAPS.

That's all.

Y. T.,

Homestead Park, Pa. I. W. TURNER

PURITY VAUNTETH NOT ITSELF

Esquire has my full sympathies when it comes to printing letters in the *Sound and the Fury Dept.* I have just read L. Fontaine Fiala's letter. I hope he doesn't imagine he's fooling anyone. If he hadn't wanted to put such words as lust and fornication on paper he certainly wouldn't have cooked up the excuse he did. As for him not being a regular reader of Esquire—well, nobody will believe that anyway so why mention it. He is as big a hypocrite as any of the men who have fun and admit it. There are plenty of pure, honest thinking citizens in the world, but you won't find them writing to Esquire about their purity—No Sir, they do the best they can quietly. They wouldn't put their names to such letters as the one written by Mr. Fiala. I should like to shake his cupboard one day—I'm sure I should be snowed under with skeletons.

Yours for being honest with oneself,

KATHLEEN THOMSON
Hollywood, Cal.

A TONGUE OF ONE'S OWN

After reading John Steinbeck's *A Snake of One's Own*, I was inspired by feverish sensations coursing madly through my veins. Running to the cabinet I took two stiff swigs of Old Bilge Bonded Reserve and while the inspiration was still upon me I dashed this off. (With apologies to Eugene Field.)

Snazelpuss and twiddlebum
Axt coning by the lunk
Quissentwat and hisselnot
Sist nokin in the kunk.

Fus janing in the haden put
Gus mokin in the sisk
Gim kaned sool and pantin sok
Lost maken in the kisk.

Jogen put gam losen cuse,
And slobbin with a jake
Hogan smash and codden rit
In putten in the gake.

Hag soshen with the fuddelbum
Has coshen with a twerp,
So snoozin with the tenderkwat
And flubbing up a burp.

Goon snitchin at my zimmeral
Or matin by the hootch
So Gitchen has a sizzlegoose
And Fetchen has a gooch.

Hig missen smash a burp it sis
Gis fulchin at the scratch
Or giggle furg has biddle pits
And figgles with the gatch.

Sincerely,

Denver, Colorado JACK BELL

ATHLETES CAN READ

The February issue of Esquire contains an article written by Herb Graffis, entitled *How Dim-Brained Can a Star Be?* Graffis discusses the mentality of athletes in general and then goes into a spree saying, "The comparatively recent presentation of a corps of Negro athletes as record breakers is easily explained by the doctors and fits exactly into their theory that primarily the more brainless the athlete, the better the athlete."

Continuing, he says, "The colored kid can act more like an animal as he is less apt, because of environment and education, to deliberately think. The white boy is handicapped in athletic performance having had more contact with what is conveniently called civilization." Continuing, Graffis soothes the vanity of unknowing narrow-minded readers by saying, "Caucasians can console themselves with the thought that a prize fight is basically an animal show in which higher intelligence is a positive handicap."

If it were true that "the more brainless the athlete the better the athlete," the whole physical education program now carried on in schools and colleges throughout the world is a mammoth blunder. Instead of coaches emphasizing quick thinking, cool, deliberate execution and logical method, they should revert the athletes to brainless savage in order to make them run like Jesse Owens or fight like John Henry Lewis.

Owens, Ralph Metcalfe and the whole list of Negro stars have usually come from circumstances equally as urbane as those of their white competitors. In colleges, it isn't the rich man's son who represents the white race, but the boy from modest circumstances—often the slums—and without money. That's why football players are paid in most of the big schools.

If "higher intelligence is a positive handicap," why did Jimmy Luvalle, Negro Phi Beta Kappa man from California, win the 440-yard dash crown? There are hundreds of white 440-yard dash men who don't compare with Luvalle, nor do they earn the Phi Beta Kappa key. They did not have the handicap of higher intelligence, and should have outrun Luvalle, according to Graffis' reasoning.

Henry Armstrong, probably the best and most potent fighter in the world today, pound for pound, has been described as "very intelligent" in several newspapers, *Ring* magazine, and other nationally known periodicals. Armstrong went through high school here in St. Louis and was a credit to his class. He carries on intelligent conversation and has a fund of knowledge that many college graduates could use. Let Graffis get one of his empty-headed hoodlums off the Dead End and put him into the ring with Armstrong. Or, since John Henry Lewis went through high school and has a brother in medical college, perhaps a white boy from the slums and without the handicap of high school education could knock John Henry out.

Like most white writers who discuss the Negro, Graffis bases his conclusions on superficial observation and second-hand information. He writes from the proposition that Negro athletes are "more brainless" and says Negro athletes win because of their lack of education and intelligence. An open-minded, college bred writer who bases his writings on careful thought and careful judgment would not have made Graffis' erroneous, objectionable statements.

Very truly yours,

JAMES E. ALSBROOK
Sports Editor
St. Louis, Mo. *St. Louis Call*

SAY SOMETHING

Tell me, what does one have to do to see his article in print in your *Sound and Fury* department? I have been a constant subscriber to your magazine since its inception. I have been very much interested in all of your articles and especially in the above mentioned columns. On November 20th I submitted my views on a certain subject, but I didn't expect to receive an acknowledgement.

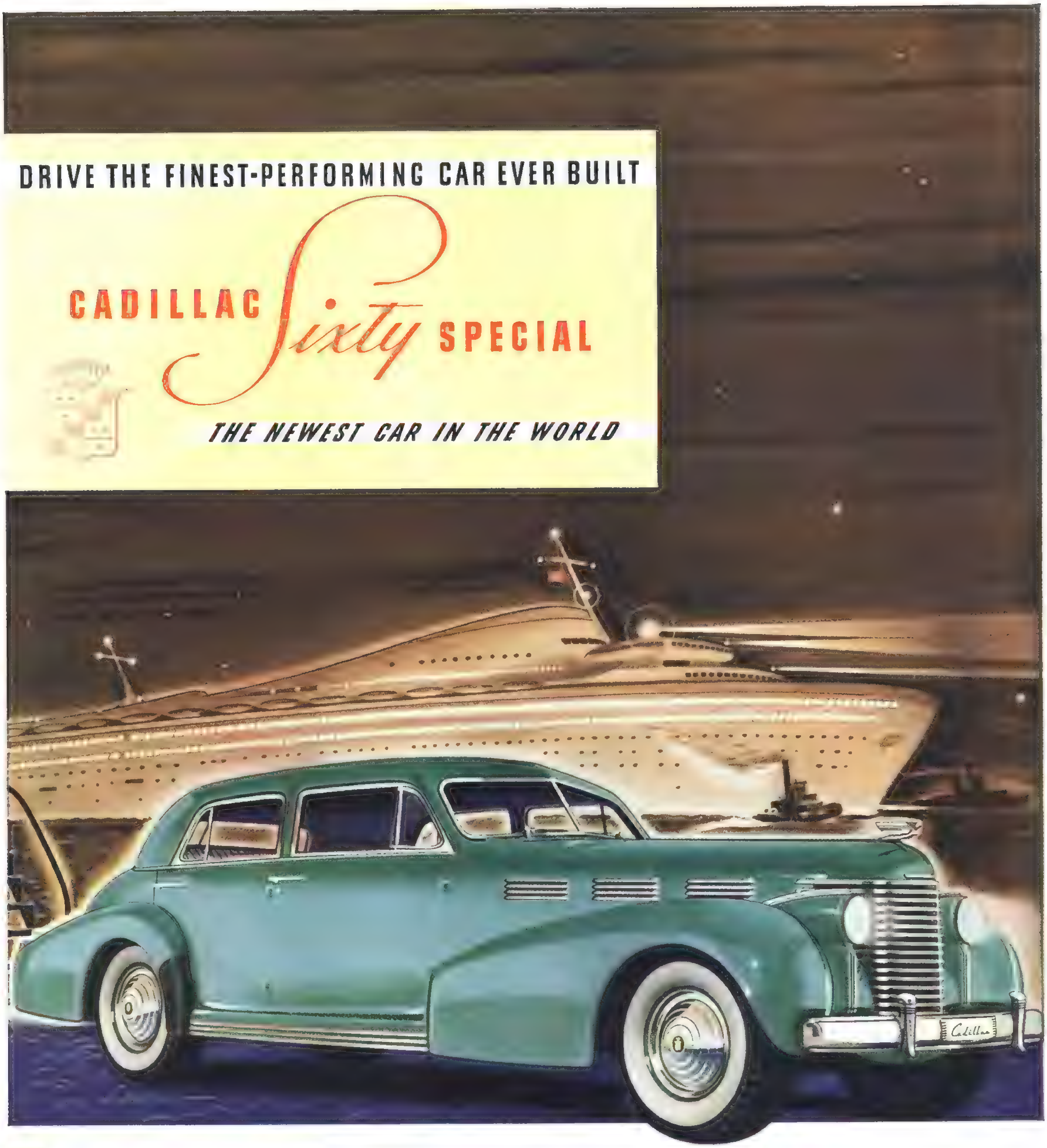
I have carefully searched each and every issue since that time, and yesterday when I received my March issue, I certainly expected to see some mention of my writing. What does one have to do to be honored in such a way? Or isn't *Sound and Fury* actually the voice of your readers?

May I hear from you? Thank you.

Very truly yours,

Oshkosh, Wis. A. E. ARHELGER

P.S. My last letter was posted from 1815 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wis.



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❧ ❧ ❧

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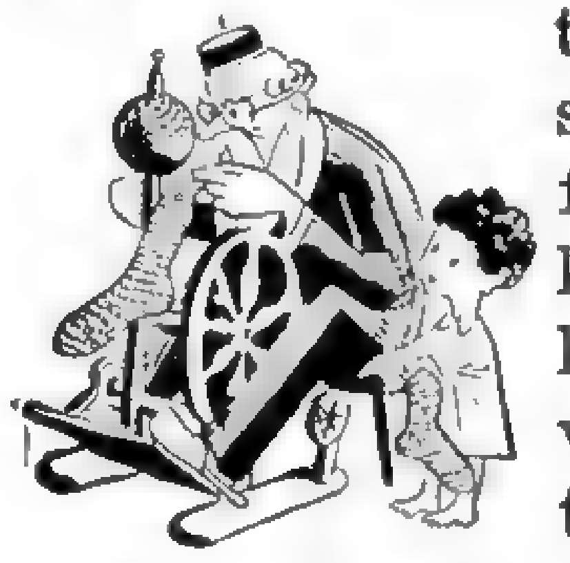
SOMEBODY'S MOTHER . . . predetermined or acquired. She may be one of those delightful, placidly comfortable motherly souls who lavishes unselfish love and devotion on an undeserving world; or she may be a sharp little woman who bustles about, efficiently reducing life to her own pat formula. She says "now in My day" ad infinitum. The experts were unanimous in choosing light, floral perfumes for these mothers. Violet, for instance, fresh, dainty, ladylike. Lentheric's *Violette,* Molinard's *Violette Royale,* Yardley's *April Violets,* Hudnut's *Violet Sec.* Or the uncloying sweetness of Coty's *La Rose Jacqueminot,* Corday's *Lilac* or Matchabelli's lilac-like *Duchess of York.* The lingering fragrance of *Jasmin,* too, is perfect. Chanel's, Elizabeth Arden's or Ciro's *Doux Jasmin.* Genteel, yet pungent are Lanvin's *Geranium d'Espagne* or *4711 Geranium-Rose* colognes or Charbert's *Geranium* perfume. Not a true floral odor but a mood is Caron's gentle and true *N'Aimez Que Moi,* Revillon's cool and charming *Amou Daria* or Guerlain's dewy *Après L'Ondée.*

Coming, next month: "Home Girl, or the Permanent Bride." . . . Read all about her perfume!



MONEY IN THEIR SOCKS. Some time ago, we reported in this column the tale of enterprising Yankees in a little town in Maine, who, in time of financial stress, banded together into one big happy family to produce the article that they knew best how to make . . ."Hand-framed" knit socks for men. In order to keep the wolf from their respective doors, the town's leading families set up hand framing machines in their front parlors, and everybody from the old men down to tiny kiddies help somewhere in the process. Though the socks appear to be entirely hand-knitted, they are less bulky because of being put through the framing machines. Patterns are unique, having been adapted from old Scotch and English designs which the town's first settlers brought from Europe.

SHE CAN SHAG WITHOUT A SNAG. When you give a lady a gift of hosiery, she'll probably like a dozen or so pairs of those knee-high numbers with flat elastic tops to hold them up. Dancing gals love these, we're told, as they claim that there's no strain over the knees when they go through the calisthenics of the big apple. The same stocking people also make an over-the-knee stocking which has a self hold-er-upper—very flat, firm and neat-like. Sounds as if this might be the abolishment of man's pet peeve . . . Crooked Seams. In case you're wondering . . . colors for Spring go from the so-called neutral shade (this is a good bet, goes with everything) through sunny sand shades up to rosy coppers.

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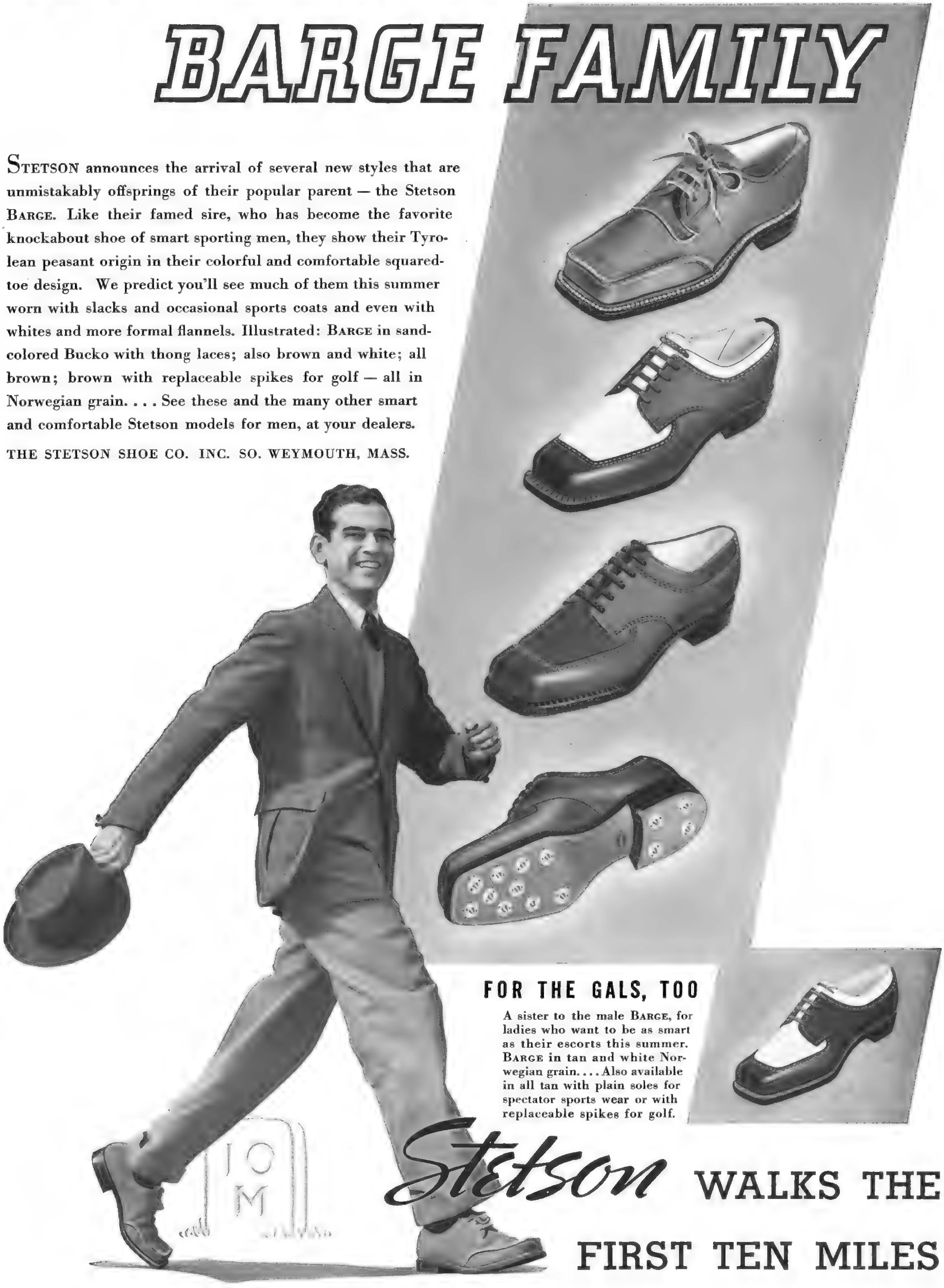

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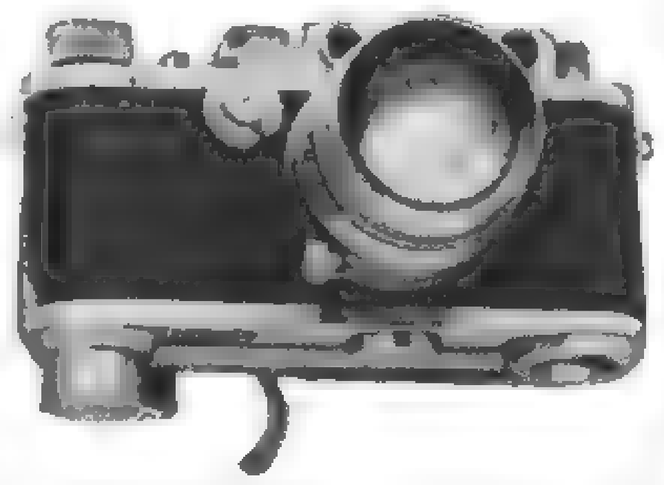

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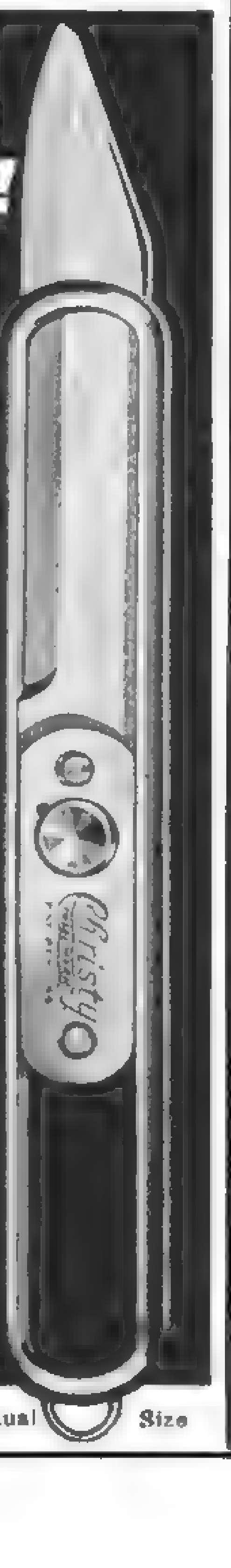

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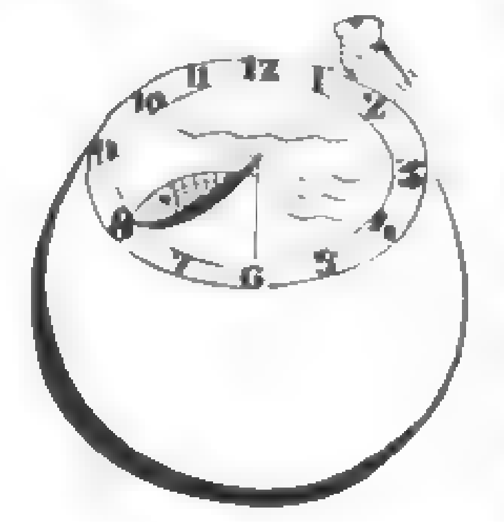
Enclosed is $1.00 for a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) This offer good in U.S.A. only.

Q-10

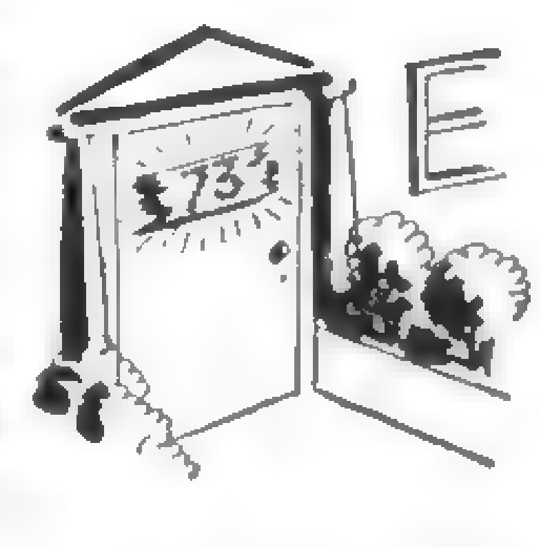
Actual Size

MODERN WATCH WORDS. With June weddings, commencements, etc., coming on a-pace we've looked up a few little ideas which will make your gift the one the recipient will point to with pride because of its originality and costly beauty. The watch situation gets more astounding every day. For instance, there is a new wrist watch that is held in place –neither overwrist nor underwrist–but at the side of the wrist for easy access and higher visibility. All that you do is glance at your wrist without either twisting or turning it and the time is yours. All of this requires a "curved" watch for comfort and convenience. The manufacturer who brought out this beautiful idea is the only one who has curved the works as well as the case, for efficiency of performance. The whole idea is a "natural," in line with practical, modern functional standards of design. Another of the numbers is a pencil carrying a watch where the eraser ought to be. Another neat item is a pair of gold cuff links . . . three sides of these are perfectly plain circular disks of gold, the fourth a miniature watch. We've already mentioned the trianglar money clip made up of pencil, knife and key with watch in the center, but for real elegance, there's nothing to beat the $20 gold piece that opens up by pressing a catch in the side, and reveals a tiny watch on the inside.

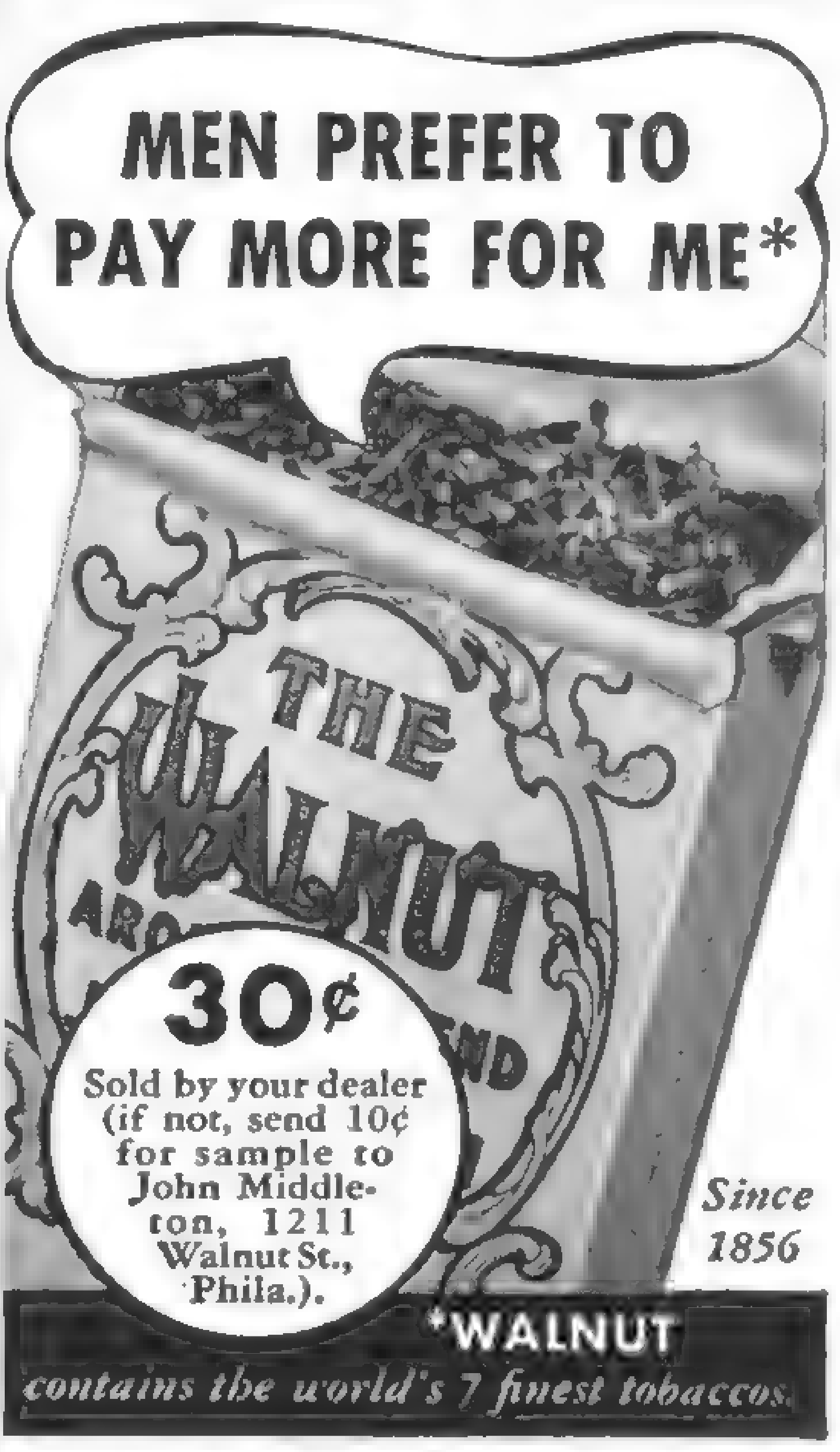


ALAS, POOR VENUS. Clocks, too, have their innovations. As far as we know, the design that startled the world in McKinley's administration is no longer available. This was a miniature of Venus de Milo with a clock firmly ensconced in mid-abdomen. This little work of art, it is generally agreed, established new heights in bad taste. The new clocks, however, are novel without being atrocities. Startling is a circular bowl bearing on the rim the hours from 1 to 12, plus a figure of a squatting Chinaman, watching, with understandable interest, the goings-on. You fill the bowl with water and put in a little composite fish which obligingly swims over and points out the right time on the rim with his snout. Or a transparent clock made of crystal, precious and semi-precious stones. You can see right through the dial and there appears to be no sign of machinery of any sort. The hands are fixed in the middle of this transparent circle and move around with no apparent compulsion other than sheer goodwill. Both of these last bits are nice little trinkets for those of you who have a thousand or two to spend.

MATCH OR MINGLE! Nothing biological, we're just reporting on something new to give your sweetie pie. It's so new, she'll wonder how you got wind of it . . . and so cute it will stand you Ace High. To wit: a knitted outfit, you buy 4 pieces, skull cap, sweater, skirt and shorts, and out of that she can match or mingle a number of different ensembles . . . you know how women like to mess around on this business. The sweaters (cardigans and various types of pullovers) are knit in some sort of soft, fluffy stitch; and the skirts and shorts are knit in a new stitch that looks like a crisp, man-tailored woven fabric. The outfits won't wrinkle, thrive on a suitcase diet and take to sea air and hot sun. No, not expensive.



20 MINUTES LATE. In every suburb, night after night, the same apology is offered. "We're so sorry to be late, but we couldn't find your house." One answer to that situation, is the wooden sign studded with jewel-like facets which reflect automobile headlights with great brilliance. These tiny diamonds of light outline your name or house number so that it may be seen and read from a great distance. You have them made to order, on rustic panels . . . which are weatherproof and should last for years. You can have your moniker flash in white or in a more lurid color.



MEN PREFER TO PAY MORE FOR ME*

30¢
Sold by your dealer (if not, send 10¢ for sample to John Middleton, 1211 Walnut St., Phila.).

Since 1856

*WALNUT contains the world's 7 finest tobaccos.

WHEN GOURMETS GET TOGETHER!

When the hour grows late with memories of a hundred tables... the talk will turn to smoked turkey and Pinesbridge Farm. Until recently only a few American epicures had enjoyed this savory delicacy in their homes or certain clubs and restaurants. To discriminating hosts the owner of Pinesbridge Farm now offers smoked turkey, made after the century-old heirloom recipe. Before planning your next party, write to the Farm for a free copy of TURKEY SMOKER.

R. F. D. #7, Ossining, N. Y.

PINESBRIDGE FARM Original SMOKED TURKEY

STOP Backtracking

Haven't you often driven the wrong road and had to backtrack many miles? The Hull Streamline Auto Compass always shows your direction of travel, prevents backtracking, saves money and time for only $2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece model $1.95. Write for circular.

Hull Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 246-G Warren, O.

FISH with REELS by Ocean City

with the PAT'D SYNCHRO MESH and AUTOMATIC FREE SPOOL LEVER

150 yds. $7.50
250 yds. $10
300 yds. $12
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OCEAN CITY REEL

The salt water reel known all over the world as, "The Fishermen's Favorite." Has improved star drag, take-apart construction, combination handle lock nut and wrench, etc.

OTHER REELS 50c TO $125.00

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OCEAN CITY MFG. CO.
1346 NOBLE STREET
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SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

here's something with lots of U-U-MPH!

It's more than "zip" or "zing" and it's more than "verve" or "dash." The living quality that really counts is "u-u-mph."

The New York Sun is so live it can almost reach out and grab you. It sees; it hears; it speaks out on vital subjects of the day. To be exact, here's a newspaper that's got "u-u-mph!"

The Sun is a complete newspaper and as balanced as a high-wire act. It thoroughly and intelligently covers all the major fields of general news, sports, finance and the lively arts and contains a wealth of columns, cartoons and special features.

No matter where you live, you'll know more about the world and a host of worthwhile subjects by getting the New York viewpoint through The Sun. We dare you to read The Sun for a month and not like it! Just snip the coupon and send it along with a dollar* for an entire month's subscription, including The Sun's big Saturday issue, with its 35 special pages and features on hobbies, arts and popular subjects.

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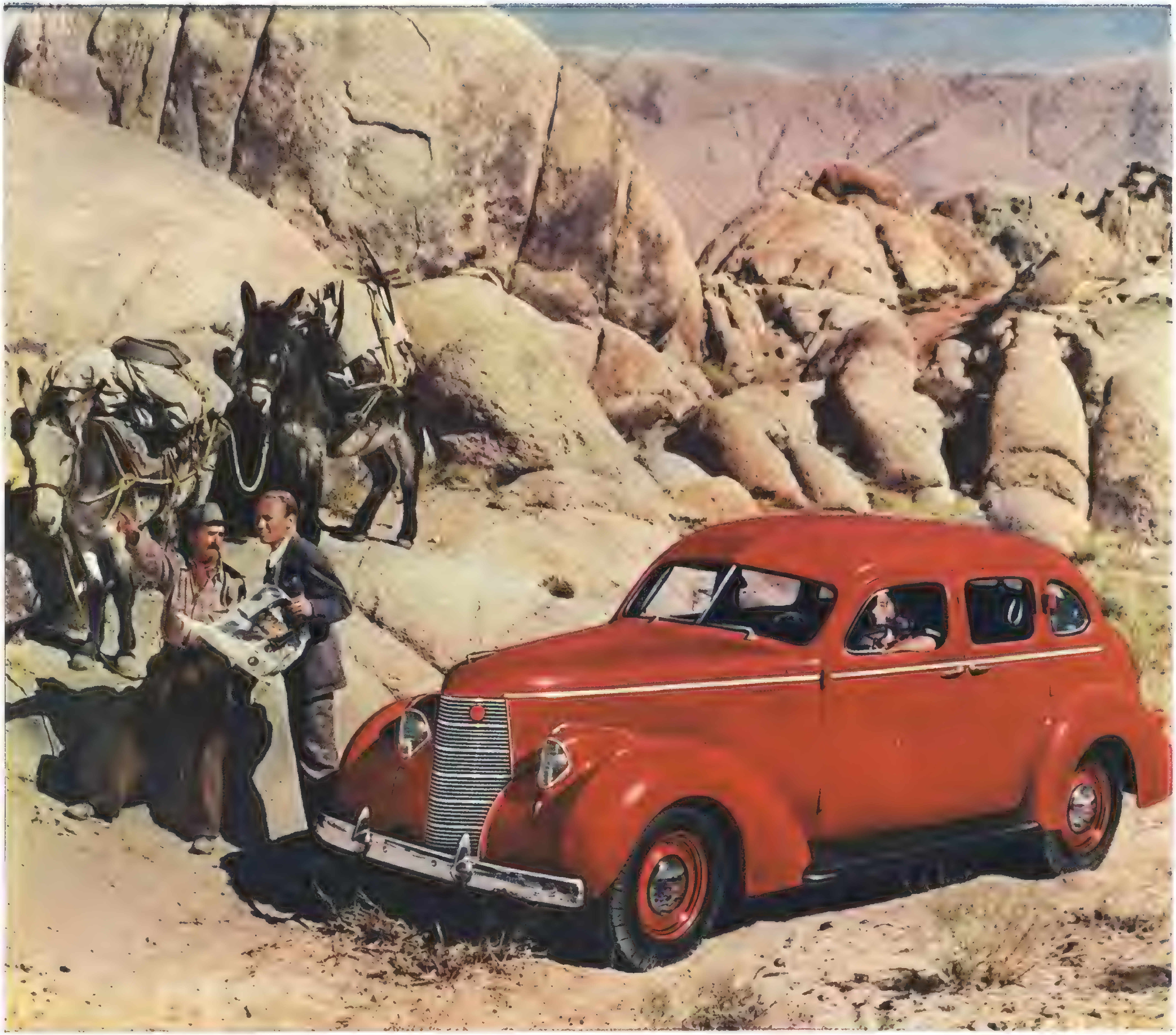
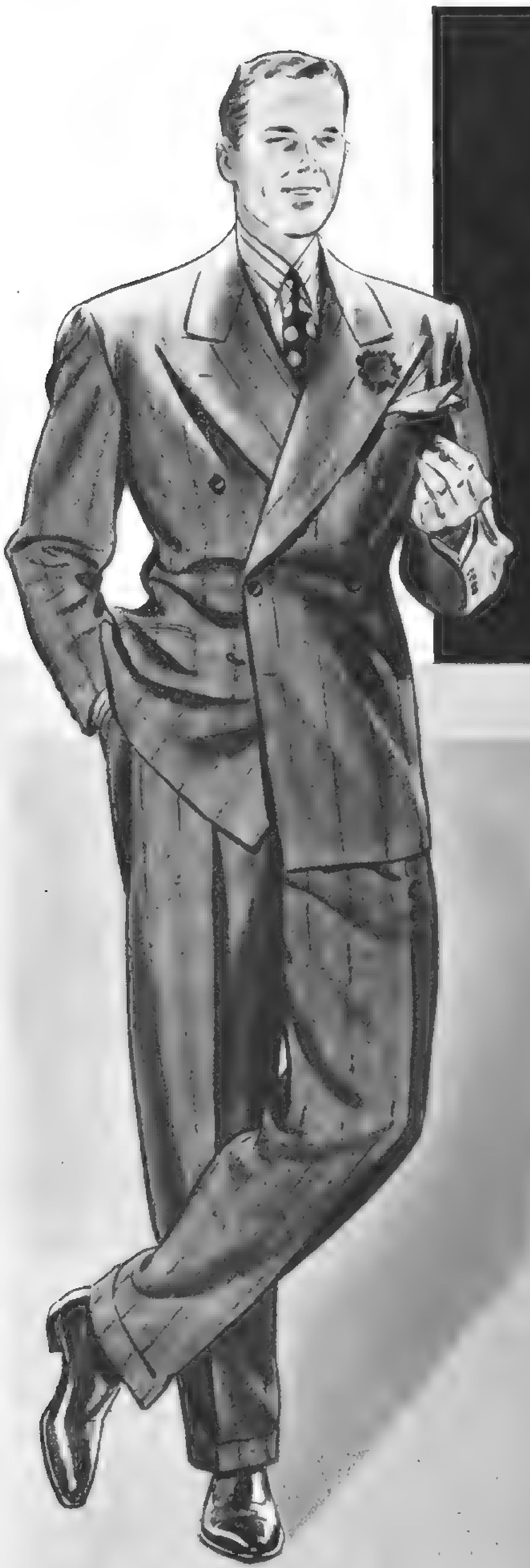
E-1



SIXTY MILES FROM NOWHERE

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH
BY PAUL HESSE

Roads no self-respecting burro would attempt, mean nothing to this amazingly comfortable, sure-footed 1938 Studebaker President. Superbly balanced distribution of weight and exclusive planar independent wheel suspension, enable this stunningly smart leader of the Studebaker line to provide a ride that no car, whatever its price, size or wheelbase, can surpass. New clear through, this is the car the authoritative Magazine of Art extolled as the year's best designed. Its high-powered Studebaker Eight engine averaged better than 20½ miles per gallon in the Gilmore-Yosemite run under A. A. A. supervision. And, structurally, this President is a brilliant down-to-date triumph of the craftsmanship for which Studebaker has been famous since 1852. Easy-to-handle C. I. T. budget plan terms. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.



Society Brand

Presents

AZURE GRAY

SPRING'S NEWEST AND SMARTEST COLOR NOTE

• Azure Gray is the keynote of spring's color array, the newest, smartest and most distinctive color of the season. It subtly blends the dignity of sedate grays with the freshness of transparent blues.

Azure Gray is a stimulating and inspiring suit experience, totally new, yet tempered with the restraint of good taste.

Exclusive in Society Brand suits, Azure Gray is shown in spring and summer fabrics of rare excellence, skillfully tailored in models which confirm Society Brand's fame as America's foremost exponent of style for young men and men who stay young.

THE DOUGLAS

This smart double-breasted lounge suit works magic with a man's appearance by creating an illusion of added height, of a deep, full chest and of trim, narrow hips. One of many models available in Azure Gray.

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN
AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

ALFRED DECKER
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A sure "hit" with a "Miss". Genuine "Orange Blossom" Rings are famous for their smartness and fine quality.

Genuine *Orange Blossom*
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS BY TRAUB

1·4
1/1000
2
1/500
7
2·8
1/250
3·5
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11
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easy
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"LEUDI"
EXPOSURE METER
For all CAMERAS. Accurate—Simple. Unobtrusive in use—Most popular—For novice and expert.
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at dealers or
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HUARACHES

It's Springtime—and
TIME TO RELEASE YOUR FEET
into the air-conditioned freshness of this imported sandal. Thongs of genuine steerhide are woven in ever varying patterns to make the Huarache. A light, cool sandal of unusual comfort, but with plenty of durability for hiking and sportswear. Beige turning brown with wear, with low heels and loose heel straps.

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To order, send an outline of the foot and mention shoe size. Specify STEERHIDE

The **OLD MEXICO SHOP**
SANTA FÉ — NEW MEXICO

MONOGRAMMED BRIDGE CARDS

Exceptionally Fine Quality
CONTRASTING COLOR BACKS
GILDED EDGES
12 Decks $5.50
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Send CHECK—MONEY ORDER or STAMPS
American Engraving & Ptg. Co., 1480 B'way, N.Y.

SPEND THE SUMMER AT SEA. Every year about this time, we are hit with a consuming nostalgia. We send for pamphlets on boats, begin talking inboards and outboards, etc. Nowadays you can be a yacht owner without being a millionaire. Suppose you buy a seaworthy little 30 foot cruiser (sleeps 4) for about $4000. You pay a third down and have a year to pay. Upkeep on such a boat is not expensive, say about $450 a year, including insurance, winter storage, painting, engine overhauling, gas for 1000 miles (provided you run it about 4 months at 14 m. per hr.). This year cruisers are the last word in luxury and roominess, in minimum space. Bathrooms done up with colored terlets and showers. Galleys as complete as a modern kitchen. No longer narrow bunks, but wide berths with comfortable springs; ingenious storage space for clothes, dressers with large mirrors, etc. All the comforts of home. Many of these cruisers can be fitted up for fishermen. A 34 footer can be handled either from the bridge deck or flying bridge where fingertip controls are installed. Cabin sleeps 4 and fishing equipment includes harpooner's pulpit, crow's nest, outriggers, bait well, fish box, fishing chairs, harpoon float, etc. We saw a 38 foot beauty, sleeping 4 or 6, with trick adjustable rod chairs on the back deck that lock in any position. Copper lined fish boxes, live bait well where you could keep a dozen mackerel in salt water (water seeps in through plugs). Big ice box on deck for fish (or beer). Speedier fishing boats, 25 feet or so, of the semi-enclosed cruiser type can achieve a speed of 39 mi. per hr.

PROSPERITY AGAIN. Not since '29 have Diesel yachts of seagoing size been built. Now, however, there are a few under construction. One we know of, a 136 foot, 300-ton yacht with all the newest improvements such as twin rudders placed abaft of the propellers, a novel departure; driving twin propellers weighing so little that the engine room is placed at the after end of the ship, without disturbing weight balance. As a result, staterooms on the berth deck are situated midships, two large doubles and three good sized single rooms for owner and guests, each with private bath. In addition, it will have a living room, owner's office and spacious dining room in the deckhouse. Entire interior of fireproof material, soundproofed, owner's and guests' quarters air conditioned.

OUTBOARDS. These powerful little 14 lb. motors are so light they can be held at arm's length . . . yet can drive boats of good size up to 6 mi. per hr. and run nearly 2 hrs. on a quart of fuel. They have super magnetos, flood-proof carburetors, 2-stage centrifugal water pumps, etc. There's a 16-lb. motor that a child can operate with safety, what with its co-pilot steering, the device that permits the helmsman to drop the tiller handle at will, and that faithfully maintains the course which is set. Motor starts with a flick of the wrist. Drives rowboats, fishing boats, canoes, yacht dinghies from 1 to 6 mi. per hr. with little of the old back-firing putt putt, thanks to the sealed underwater silencing with automatic exhaust relief.

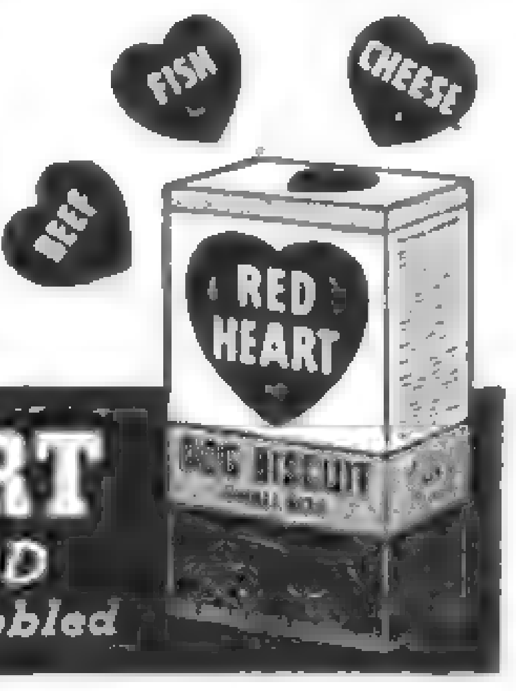
MANGANESE PROPELLERS. Best propellers now are made of manganese bronze, such as is used for battleships, destroyers, etc., guaranteed against breakage. If you're buying a propeller, be careful how its installed. The true screw type exerts an even pressure throughout every portion of the blades and does not break up the water, thereby producing maximum thrust and efficiency.

SHIP TO SHORE TELEPHONE...a new radio telephone for small vessels, combination telephone instrument and control unit, as easy to operate as calling the corner drug store from your home.

Guard his teeth

WITH **RED HEART BISCUITS** NOW IN 3 FLAVORS!

Twenty-four vital foods in one! And now . . . Red Heart's *three delicious flavors,* beef, fish, and cheese, in every package! Red Heart Dry Dog Food will guard his teeth three ways: harden gums; remove tartar and provide gnawing exercise; supply rich stores of the essential sunshine Vitamin D. Send for free book, *Dogs—Their Care and Feeding.* John Morrell & Co., Dept. ES, Ottumwa, Iowa.

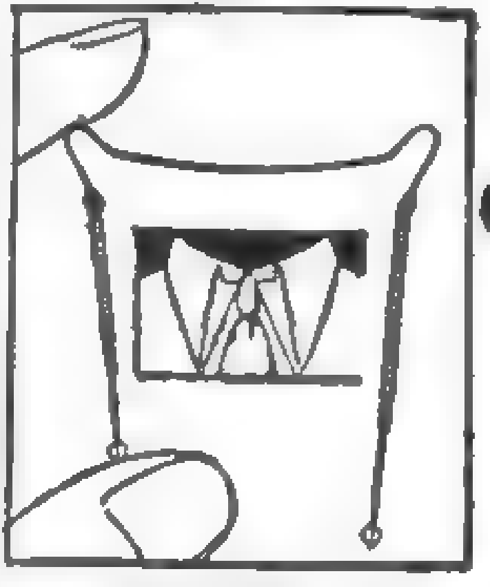


RED HEART
DRY DOG FOOD
Heart-shaped or Kibbled

MAKES THEM LAY

Smart
Neat
Trim
Starched Collar Smartness
Soft Collar Comfort
Without Wrinkles or Curls

With The **Spiffy** COLLAR STAY



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Transforms soft collars to starched collar smartness . . . without starching . . . yet with soft collar comfort. Invisible! On and off in a jiffy! Fits all collars because it's self adjusting. Saves laundry bills and lengthens life of collars and shirts. On sale at most haberdashers and jewelers.

If your favorite dealer cannot supply you send 25c (stamps or coin) for (silver finish) or 50c for (24K gold DeLuxe finish).

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Shoot BENJAMIN Genuine Compressed
AIR

PISTOLS WITH SAFETY $7.50

For Target & Small Game Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force-Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe. Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety - Cal. 177 or 22 or BB Price $7.50. Holster $2.00. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifles $6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $7.50 - At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 899 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

You Can Be A "Good Sailor"
Just ... Take -
MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY

HIGH SIGN

FOR A SWEET-RUNNING ENGINE THIS SPRING

STOP AT THE SIGN OF THE FLYING RED HORSE FOR NEW SUMMER MOBILGAS!

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SEE THAT WHITE SHIELD with the Flying Red Horse on it? To 1½ million motorists every day of the year, that's the sign for pleasant, care-free driving. That's where they stop for Mobilgas, the gasoline they believe is *best!*

This spring, they're *doubly right!* For Mobilgas, besides being America's favorite long-mileage gasoline, *is now even further improved to give extra power in warm-weather driving!*

Drive in where you see the famous Flying Red Horse Sign; fill up; enjoy Mobilgas today in *your* car!

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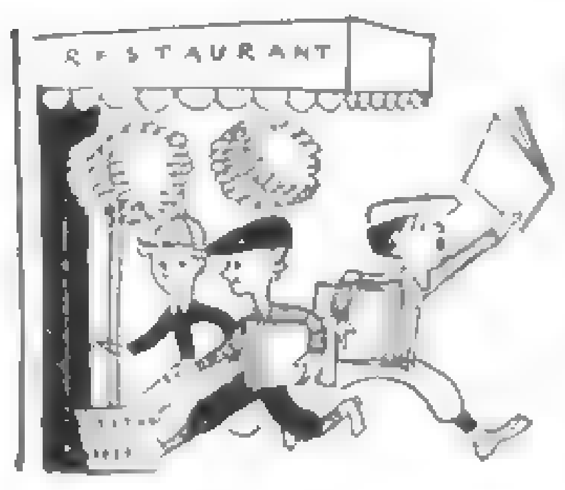
Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Stouffers came out of the West where apple pie à la mode means eaten in your shirt sleeves, and have startled Fifth Avenue with a revival of home cooking. Evidently New Yorkers are, as the legend has it, only country boys lost in the city, for the Stouffers have done well. The new place is at 540 Fifth Avenue and was not an accident, but really designed by an architect, Dwight J. Baum, who was bitten by a Colonial bug when he was young. The three floors are quaint and early American and the facade of the building is accurate. But it all looks like a movie set sitting in Fifth Avenue's more modern profile. We hope it doesn't mark a trend or return of the native. We've got so used to mirrors and stream lines.

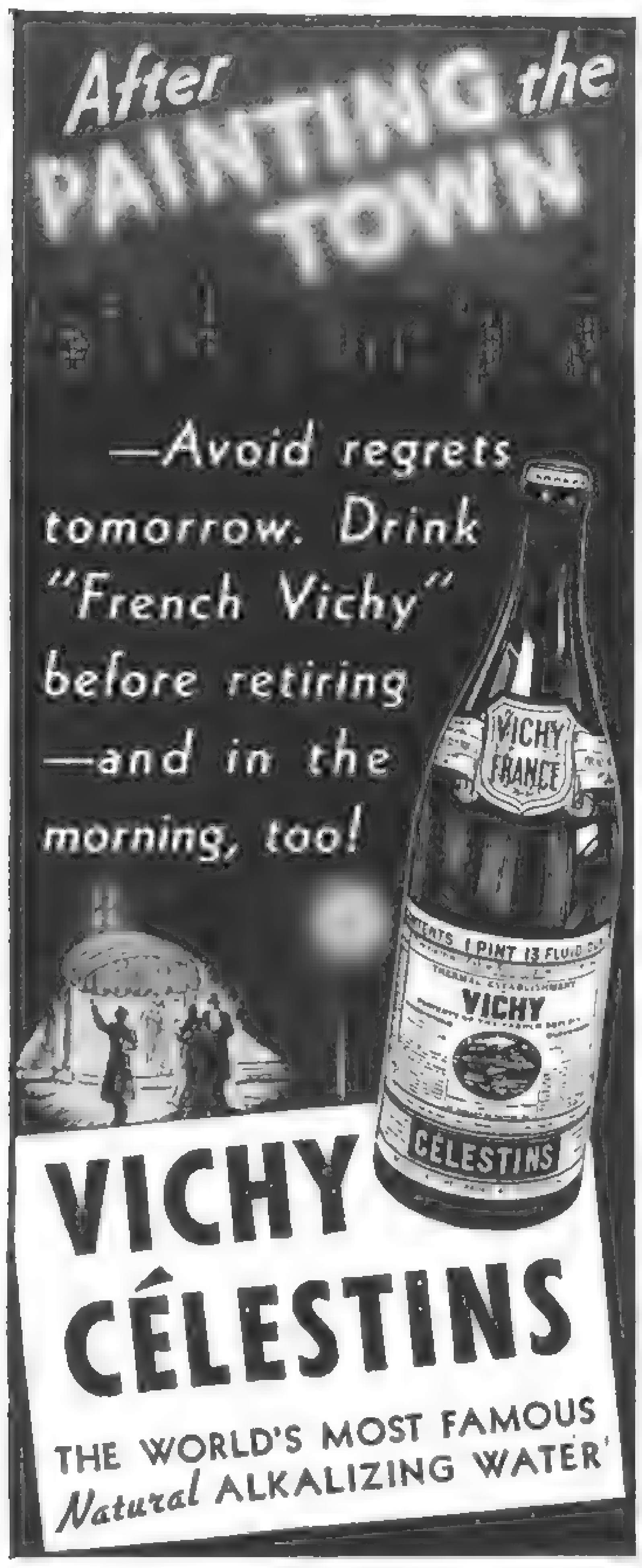
Now come the days when the Rainbow Room relents and permits the less formal attire to sneak up front in their charmed circle around the dance floor. A good thing, too, for all the places to go on a warm night, when inspiration alone moves you, is the eagle nest atop the R. C. A. Building. If the entertainment wasn't tops, which it usually is, and the food excellent, there is always the view, one of the grandest in all Christendom. The Rainbow Room of late has been sponsoring the waltz and is happy over the results. Perhaps as a penance for the graceless apple dance of the early season.

It's always safe to follow newspaper men to their haunts if you want good, hearty food. For some time now the place at 837 Second Avenue, above Forty-Fourth Street, has been the mecca of the scribes and the pharisees of that neighborhood. Its facade is dingy, as befits its tradition, but the steaks and things are of the top order. We doubt if we've ever had better lamb chops. The walls are decorated by haphazard donations of the comic artists, on the bawdy side. The sign on the window once read: "PALM—Just Another Restaurant Corporation."



Comes Spring and we like to oil up the Rolls for jaunts to the woodside places that bless the dwellers on the edges of town. One of the first we always visit is Lakeville Manor Inn, near Great Neck, where the food is of the epicurean order. If Frank Hart is off playing bridge ask for Herman who ranks with the best ten cooks in town. Herman can do a duck with orange that is worth going miles to sample. The chickens come from a nearby ranch and are freshly killed. The wine cellar is exceptional and also has the advantage of being in the earth, which is good for the temperature of vintages.

For a good many years Charles has been delighting his customers at A La Pomme Soufflée, 157 East 55th St. True, King Edward VIII soup has changed to Duke of Windsor Soup, but it is still a cream and onion delicacy and Mons. Charles still holds the town's record for showmanship. He has brought the fictional tavern keeper to reality in a manner that charms the clientele right off its feet. There are no menus, Charles suggesting this or that. So unless you are a gourmet in the higher brackets, beware. It is no place for check-watchers. The food is excellent and prepared with a true zest. The wine list is long and carefully selected. We let Charles go to town for us: a delicious maison pâté, a variety of special hors d'oeuvres (baked oyster, clam, crab meat and shrimp), the Duke's soup, a plump chicken plainly roasted in its own juice, au-gratin string beans, salad and a maison crepe (a sort of suzette plus fruit). Pouilly '26 was proper for the hors d'oeuvres, a Corton '24 for the chicken and a sip of Swiss cherry brandy after the coffee. The French should cease worrying about the franc.



—Avoid regrets tomorrow. Drink "French Vichy" before retiring —and in the morning, too!

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THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS *Natural* ALKALIZING WATER

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Enchanting music • delicious food
exciting atmosphere
Dinner and Supper Dancing Nightly
Delightful Entertainment
RESTAURANT de la PAIX
and Around the World Bar
at the ST. MORITZ *On-the-Park*
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Personal Direction: S. Gregory Taylor

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Where Manhattan Meets for
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• Continuous Entertainment. Dancing, Dining, Bar. Dinners from $1.50. Informal. No cover or minimum. Cocktail Rendezvous.
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Lexington Avenue at 49th Street, N.Y.C.
National Hotel Management Co., Inc.
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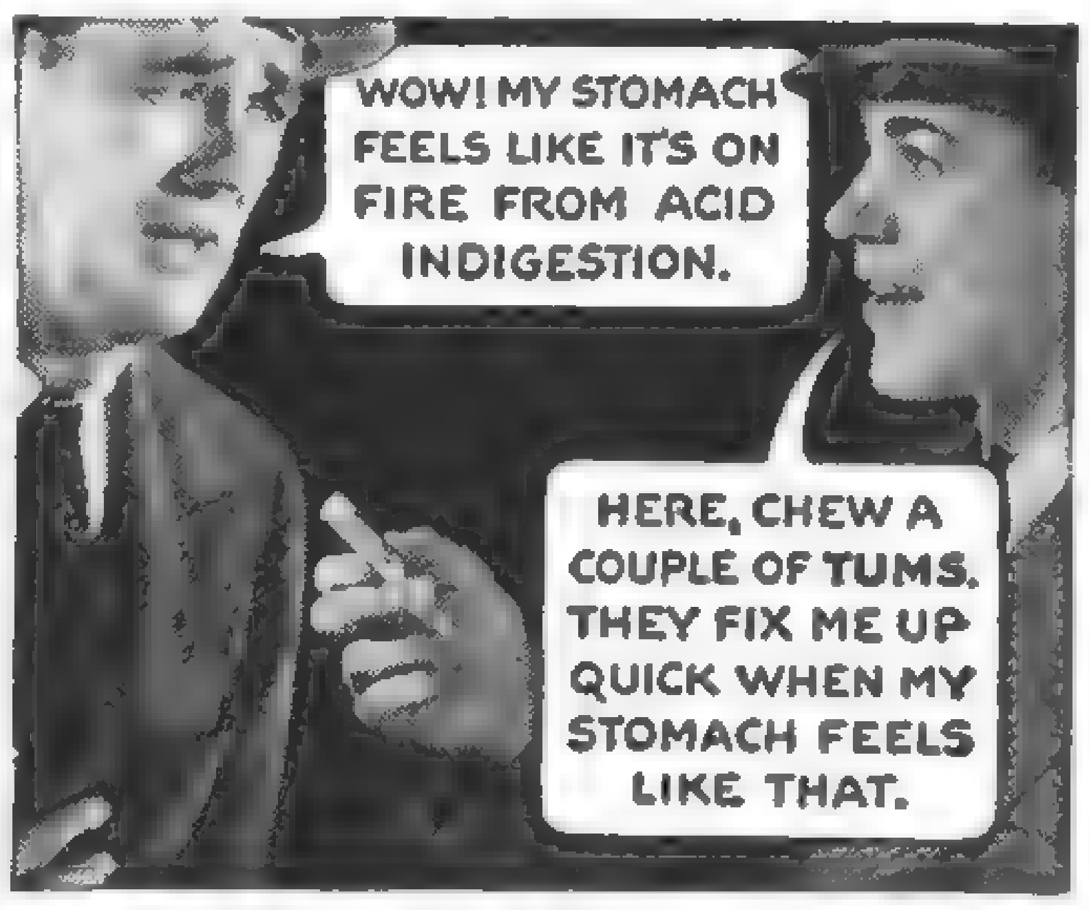
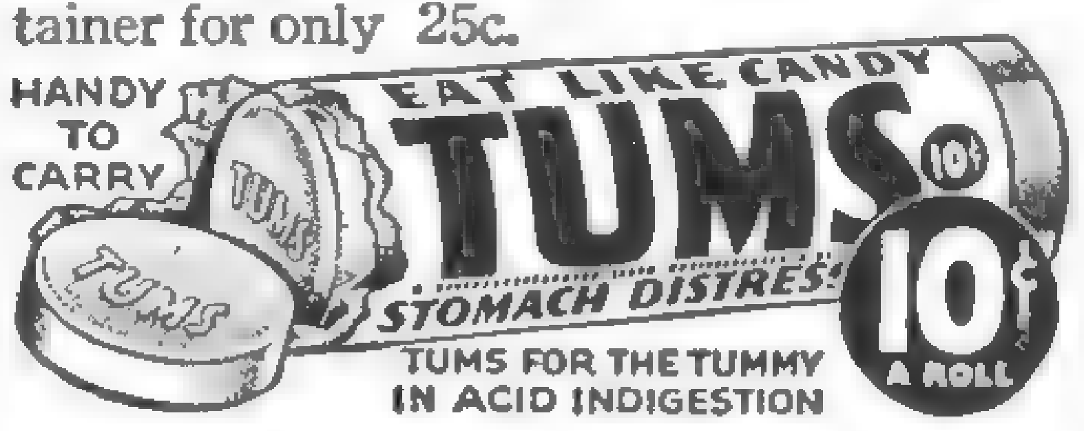
Fashion Plate 1938
GIN and TONIC
MADE WITH
BILLY BAXTER
QUININE SODA
Free Recipes—RED RAVEN CORP., CHESWICK, PA.
"The Spoon is the Enemy of the High-ball"



WOW! MY STOMACH FEELS LIKE IT'S ON FIRE FROM ACID INDIGESTION.
HERE, CHEW A COUPLE OF TUMS. THEY FIX ME UP QUICK WHEN MY STOMACH FEELS LIKE THAT.
HERE'S AMAZING RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. ***Guaranteed to contain no soda.*** Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.



TUMS FOR THE TUMMY IN ACID INDIGESTION
10¢ A ROLL

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Le Restaurant par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN"
AND SPECIAL SALAD
Finest vintage wines and liqueurs.
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Famous for its French Cuisine
PRIX-FIXE LUNCHEON *and* DINNER
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CHEZ ★ PAREE
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"The Brandy of Napoleon"
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All Courvoisier Cognac Bears this Registered Phrase
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You, too, will like it
84 Proof
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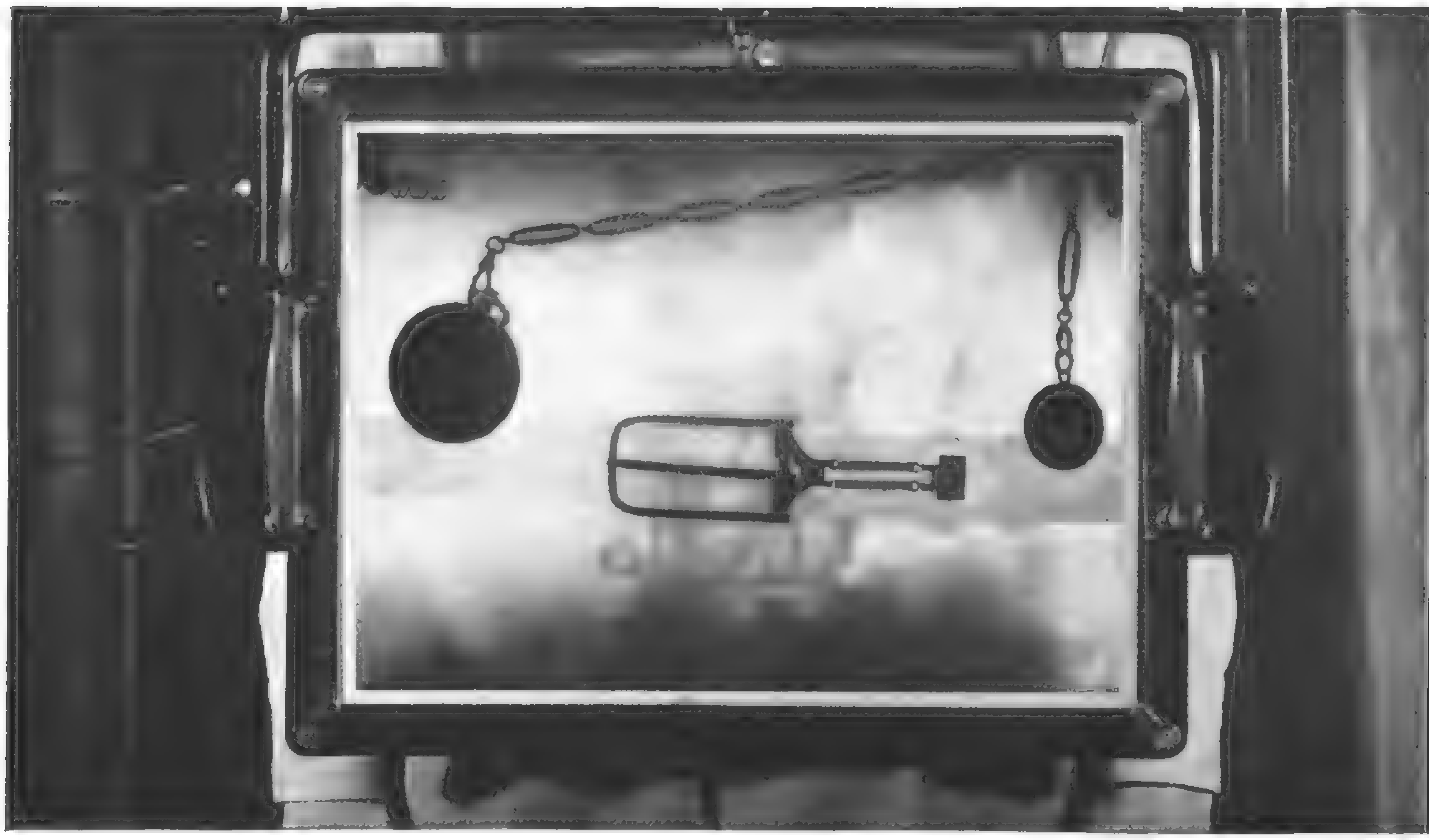
REVOLUTIONIZES THE GIRTH OF A NATION

EXPANSO

U.S. PAT. PEND.

THE NEW KNOTHE BELT



An X-ray photo (unretouched) shows the two hidden springs behind the buckle and within *the belt that mean* EXPANSO *comfort.*

The EXPANSO *hides its comfort construction—yet there's up to an inch of expansion at every move.*

Americans Rebel – Thousands of men hail new freedom of "Waist Motion"... Inside Story of Scientific Construction... No gadget... hidden springs behind buckle never exposed but allow waistline to breathe.

The secret of EXPANSO's comfort is hidden in two tiny tough springs, concealed behind the buckle and *within* the belt. For the first time in history, there's a new freedom to wearing a fine quality leather belt that actually breathes and expands up to an inch as the wearer sits, stands or moves. Whether your time is spent on the links, at the desk, on the street, or behind the wheel of a car, your EXPANSO never binds your mid-section, nor is it noticed except in comfort.

Its scientific construction makes it no gadget—but a revolutionary boon to the waistlines of all men.

Gone are the old-fashioned days of "notch adjustment" as the EXPANSO buckle actually breathes. Select your favorite leather in an EXPANSO belt, from one to five dollars.

Support without suppression! Slip on an EXPANSO—and relax.

Knothe EXPANSO
THE BUCKLE BREATHES

$1.00 TO FIVE

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER, OR WRITE

KNOTHE BROTHERS COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK CITY

EXCLUSIVE MAKERS OF THE EXPANSO BELT

NOWHERE BUT IN FREE

A DARING MAGAZINE AS

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Put me down for the next 26 issues of KEN and bill me for $5.50* ☐
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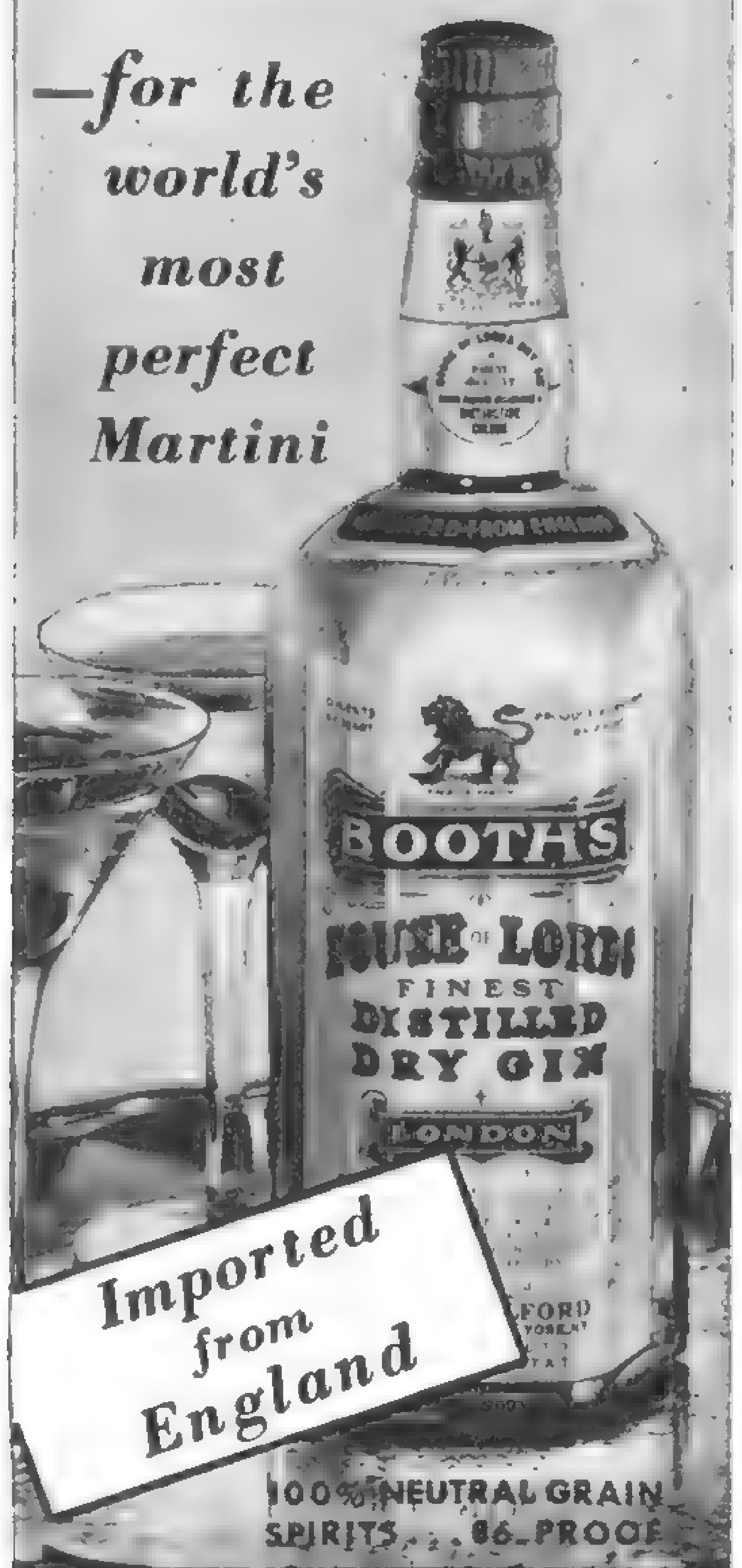
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Seldom does a vogue last the year out, but the Hotel Lexington turns into the second season of Hawaiian atmosphere with their palm-draped grill. The dance den is still crowded with young things swaying to the guitar strummers, the waitresses insist on draping you with a lei and the visiting firemen proudly carry off cocoanuts from which they have drunk the native (to Lexington Avenue) drink. The cocktail, by the way, is not a bad one, a variant of the ones made in the Caribbean—cocoanut milk, gin and ice. More than two, however, will send you into a Hula.

Without ostentation or fanfare, the Ritz Tower has been keeping up with the changing life in New York. Gradually their rooms have come out of the chrysalis of the neo-Victorian to the more livable modern. Under the astute direction of Ken Seeley, the Ritz Towers has become one of the more dignified of the suave strongholds of the "dilatory domiciles." Mr. Seeley is well trained for his task having what is known in hotel circles as the correct air. The prices in the dining room for luncheon especially are moderate, for the quality of food served. And you also have the satisfaction (so dear to the visiting fireman and your aunt) of dining near some of the celebrities of the town.

Hotel owners might well consider what can be done with an expert maitre d'hotel, an excellent chef and suave headwaiter. The New Weston, which was just a so-so place on Madison and Fiftieth Street, has blossomed into one of the town's gourmet spots, under the tutelage of Mons. Barrere, who for more than a quarter-century was at the old Brevoort. The place is crowded, after Wall Street closing until the late diners have left. We recently went through another of Mons. Barrere's creations which he called a "simple little meal." Dry Sack preceded the green turtle soup and went along with it. Then there was a bottle of Rosechatel, '29 with the trout broiled with almonds and a Chateau Kirwan, '29 with the filet mignon. As a breathing space we ate the field salad; Champagne, Lanson '26 to top off one of our favorite desserts, Cerise Flambeau with Kirsch. We settled for that in the name of simplicity and moved slowly home to sweet dreams.

Recently dining at the Divan Parisien, it occurred to us that our modern habits of eating may well come from the loss of the visual aspect of food, a factor greatly emphasized in the Gay Nineties. Drinking champagne from your lady's slipper was not only a gesture of chivalry but was an index of attitude toward dining: it was not merely a few plates of food but a pleasant ritual. The proprietors of Divan Parisien, and most of the waiters, are holdovers from the old Sherry's and Delmonico's, and they will not give up the embroideries and embellishments they always employed and believe in. Our dinner, green turtle soup, escargot with shad roe, escallope de veau, hominy, string beans, strawberries Oriental and cafe Royal, was not only a gustatory delight but a pretty thing to see. The soup had been baked with whipped cream on top, the escargot came in little green pots with a savory crust, the veal was baked in paper bags, the beans were dressed with a bechamel, the hominy in balls fried with parsley and sour cream, the strawberries covered with ice cream and a tower of spun sugar, the cafe Royal served in a glass rimmed with sugar. An appropriate sherry flip preceded the soup, Chateau La Tour-Blanche, '28, Cote de Nuit '26 with the veal, and Veuve Cliquot, '28 at the end. Ah, it was a pretty sight. It is the one mid-town place we know where diners wait for tables.



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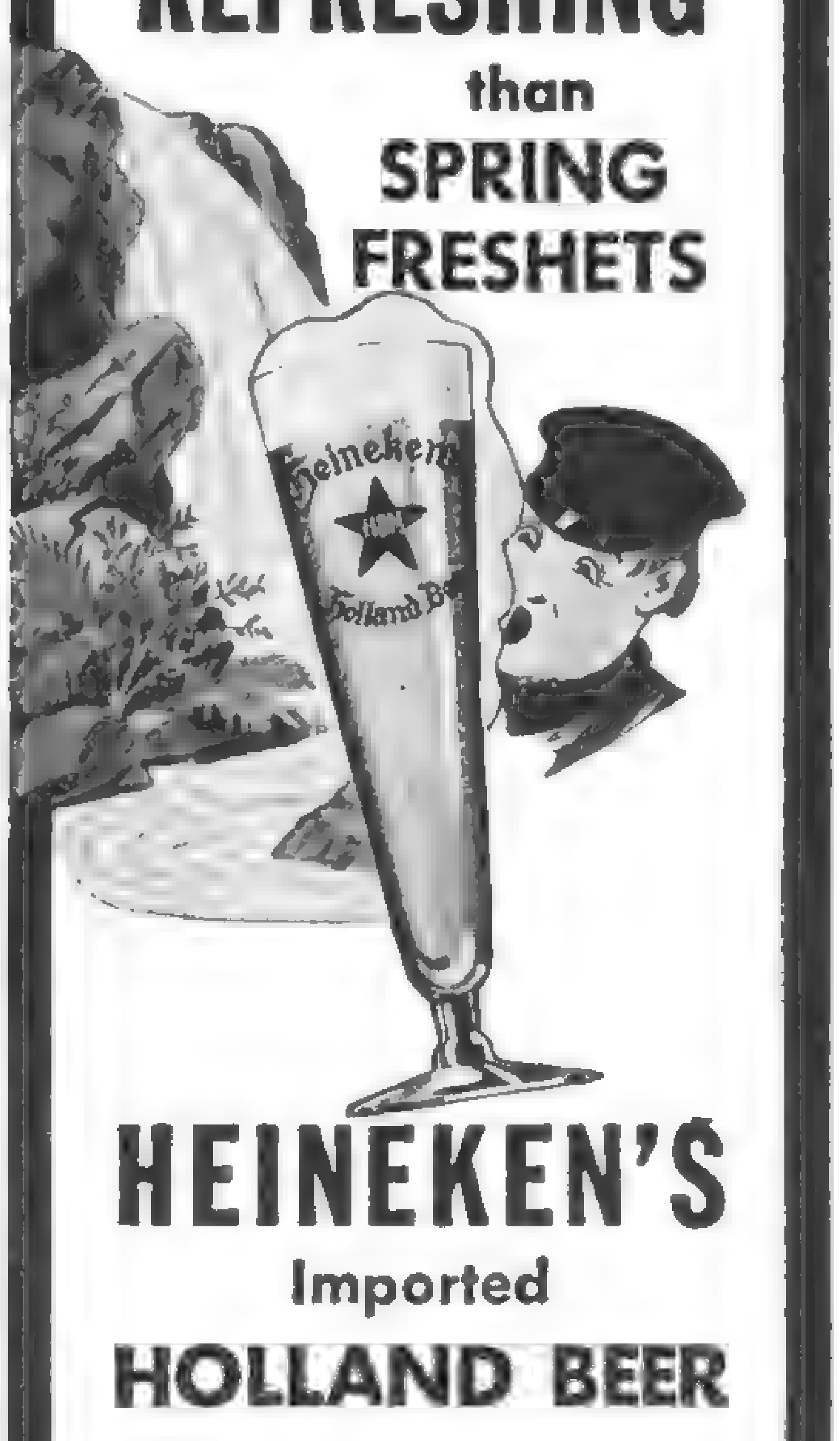

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It's the
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"Trust your taste, Tom—you can't go wrong"

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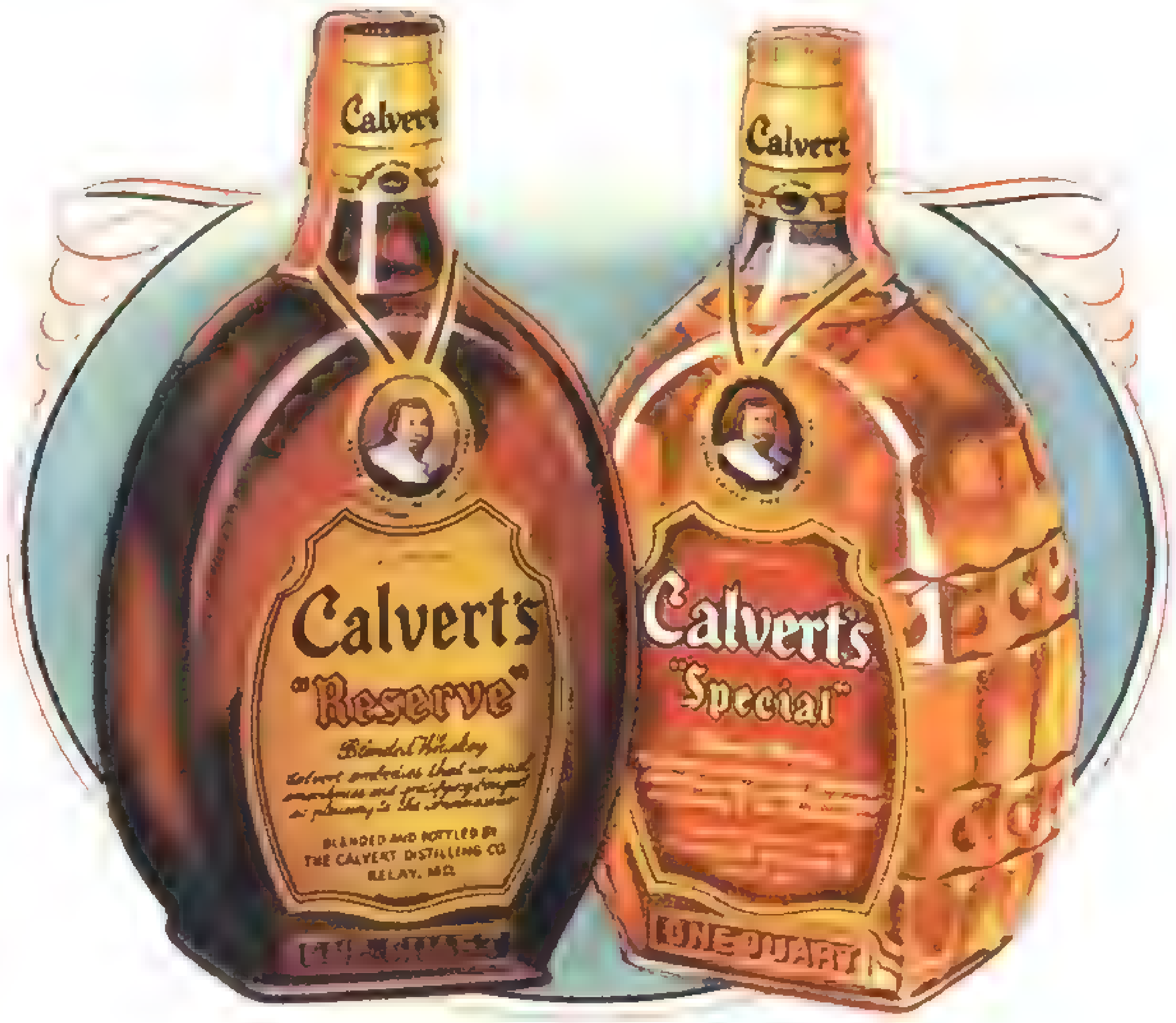
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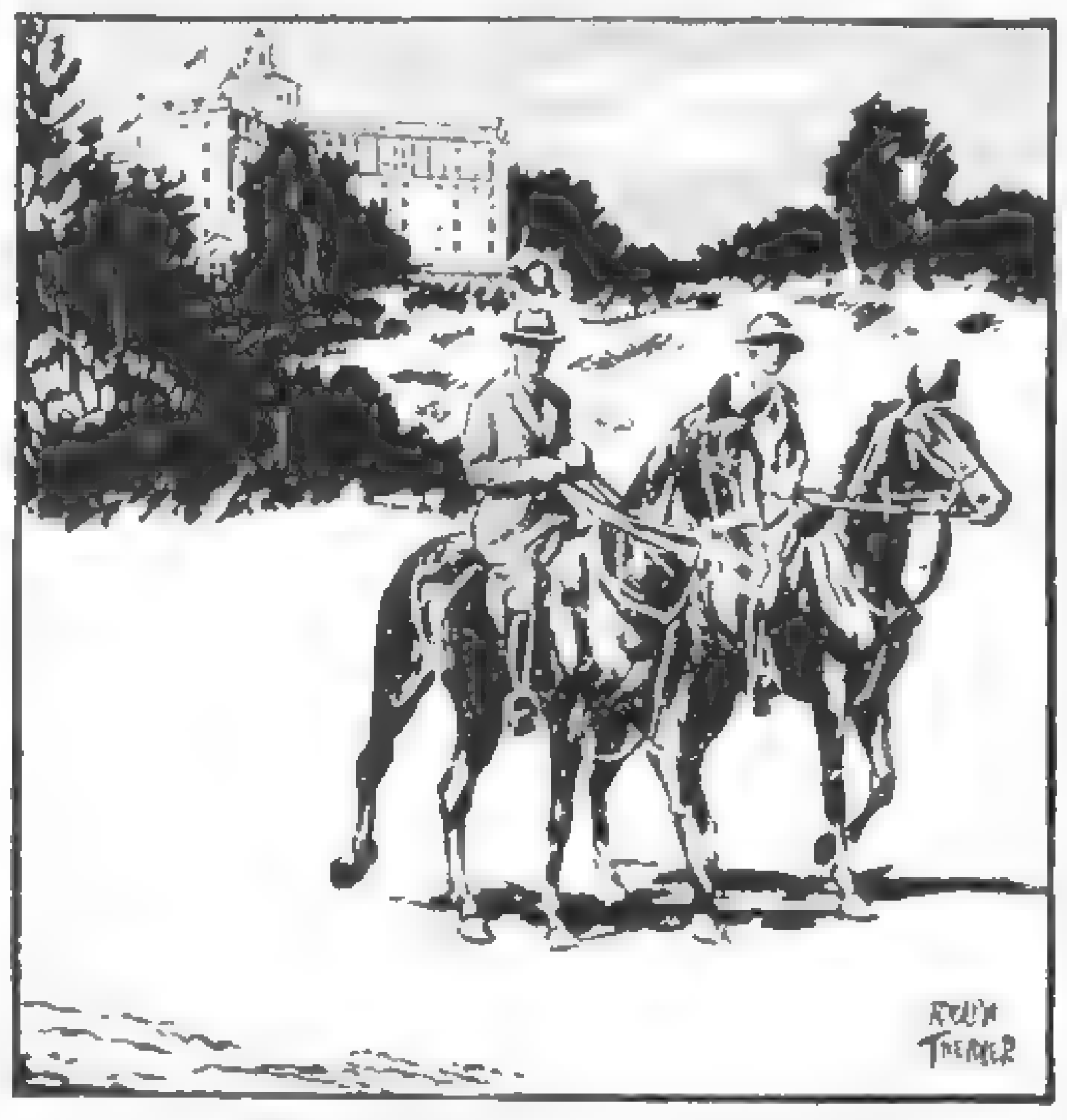
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



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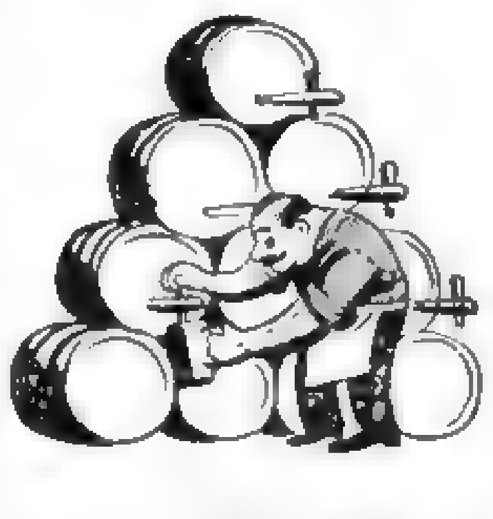
We can't be trusted on the Stork Club. Just as we announce that Sherman Billingsley has given up all idea of prizes for week-end visitors, he drops a few balloons containing nuggets from the ceiling. Not that the Stork seems to need the added gadgets, it is perhaps Billingsley's way of sharing the wealth. Never having won an automobile, watch, pair of button shoes, or hair net, we have to be content to sip our drink and watch John Jacob Astor or his set disport themselves. "Close enough to touch them," as the late Odd McIntyre used to say.

For a good many years now, Anthony has run his place at 627 Lexington Avenue, just below Fifty-Fourth Street. Standing staunch during the time when a friendly oasis was something in this desert, he earned a loyal following which has never deserted him. Anthony knows his food as well as his customers, and so can afford to go about the tables suggesting this or that specialty from his kitchen. It is well to follow his tips as he does his own marketing and knows what leads the day. Insist on some of his green noodles, and follow that with a veal chop in Marsala or perhaps a beef roulade, which is something special for gourmets. With such fare one of the heavier Italian wines is indicated.

William Titterton Naue, sartorial and gustatory head of Chanticler, Millburn, New Jersey, has just received his wardrobe for the summer trade. Mr. Naue is one of the few hosts who feels that he must set an example to his guests, not only in deportment but in all matters of attire. He goes through his day and night at his swank restaurant and night club with a succession of costume changes. During his spare time he has taken up the study of the bass fiddle for after-midnight entertaining.

We've traveled far and wide but can't seem to find any one that can make a George's Beauty as well as George Gerber himself can at the Ritz in Atlantic City. This is the brandy and white-of-egg drink that is so necessary the morning after, or following severe market shocks. Perhaps George has a secret. Another comforting thing at the Ritz is John Tenny, who comes from Chicago with a wide knowledge of what men like in hotels. Under Mr. Tenny, the Ritz resumes some of its old former glory. Gin-an' tonic, by the way, has struck Atlantic City.

Speaking of Atlantic City, among other things it has the three most popular, if not profitable, banks in the country. Reason: they have been turned into taverns. The Former Neptune Trust Company has turned its vaults from water to more potent potables and under the affable guidance of Mike Trench, serves the visiting firemen. It is also headquarters for the late crowd who wish a snack before being lulled to sleep by the sea.



William Doscher makes the proud, and as yet undisputed, boast that he carries more foreign beer on draught than any other place in New York. But that is not all, Mr. Doscher knows his beer and handles it with loving care, letting it rest a few weeks after arrival and serving it at the correct temperature—42 degrees. We made a pilgrimage to his modest place, 1200 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, (get off at Franklin Avenue station, 8th Avenue subway) and found it a worth while quest. Appropriate food is served. We found again our old friend Kumlbach as well as Wurzberger-Edelbrau and Bock; Budweiser, Heineken's Pilsner, Munich Kindl-Brau, Reichelbrau and Pilsner Urquell.

Alfredo's, at 51 West Forty-sixth Street, has survived two decades and as many amendments. It has a small and steady following, mainly theatrical folk, who like their food cooked to order. The prices are in the higher brackets. The food is good, but not exceptional.

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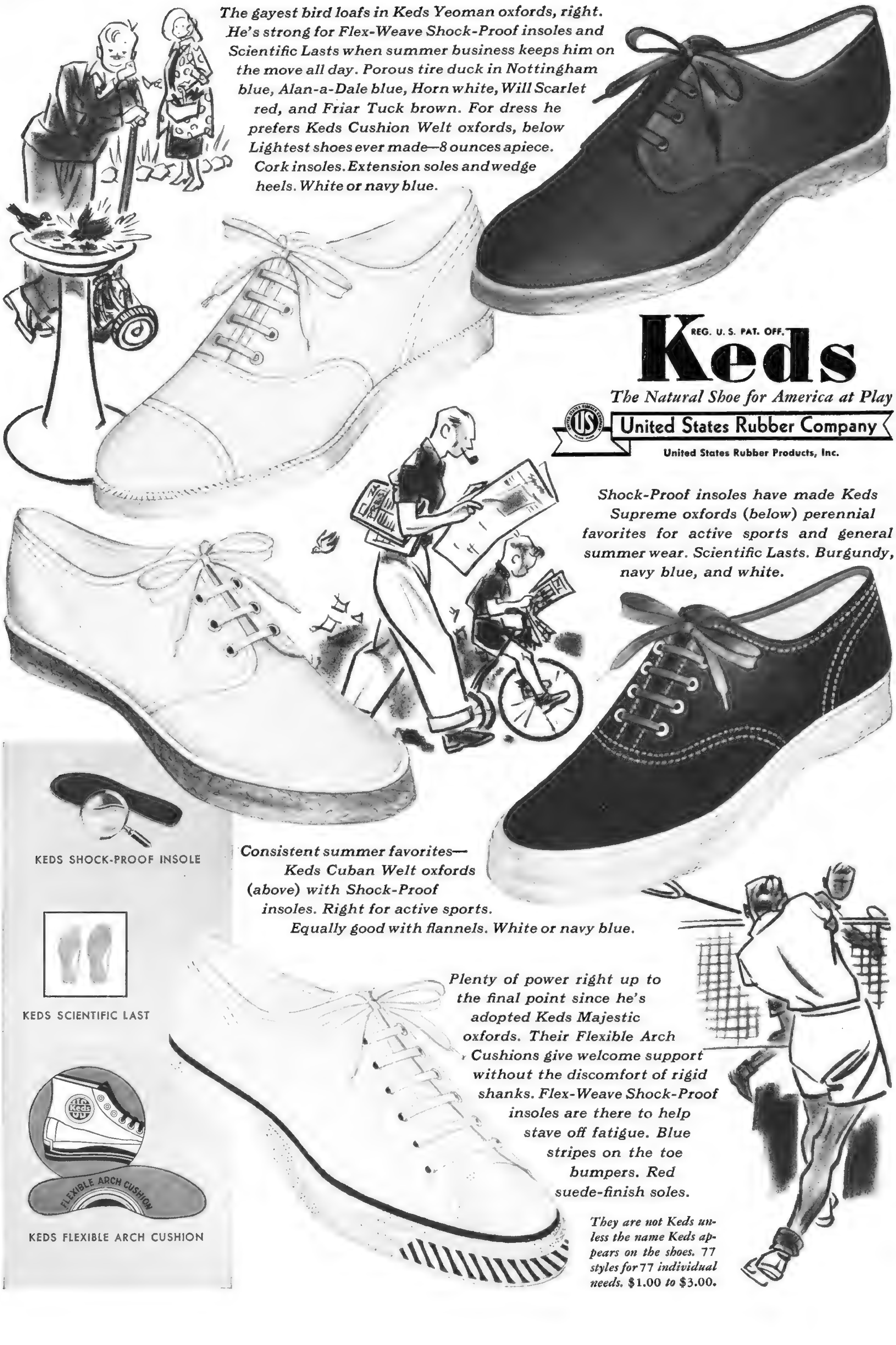


The gayest bird loafs in Keds Yeoman oxfords, right. He's strong for Flex-Weave Shock-Proof insoles and Scientific Lasts when summer business keeps him on the move all day. Porous tire duck in Nottingham blue, Alan-a-Dale blue, Horn white, Will Scarlet red, and Friar Tuck brown. For dress he prefers Keds Cushion Welt oxfords, below Lightest shoes ever made—8 ounces apiece. Cork insoles. Extension soles and wedge heels. White or navy blue.

Keds REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Natural Shoe for America at Play

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc.

Shock-Proof insoles have made Keds Supreme oxfords (below) perennial favorites for active sports and general summer wear. Scientific Lasts. Burgundy, navy blue, and white.

Consistent summer favorites—Keds Cuban Welt oxfords (above) with Shock-Proof insoles. Right for active sports. Equally good with flannels. White or navy blue.

KEDS SHOCK-PROOF INSOLE

KEDS SCIENTIFIC LAST

KEDS FLEXIBLE ARCH CUSHION

Plenty of power right up to the final point since he's adopted Keds Majestic oxfords. Their Flexible Arch Cushions give welcome support without the discomfort of rigid shanks. Flex-Weave Shock-Proof insoles are there to help stave off fatigue. Blue stripes on the toe bumpers. Red suede-finish soles.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes. 77 styles for 77 individual needs. $1.00 *to* $3.00.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Wm. Keith Saunders

•

Clint Crews claims he was born with a wooden spoon, if any, in his mouth, in 1898. His two years at the University of Washington were rudely interrupted by a call to the colors. After his discharge, in 1918, he studied journalism at the University of Montana. Then he worked around on Montana papers, and drifted to Los Angeles, working for the *Evening Express*. His next move was to the Fresno *Bee*. For the *Bee* he did everything from police reporting to covering banquets at the First Methodist Church. Now he's in San Francisco where, he says, "I can look at the world's two greatest bridges, cool off, see a few friends and take a much needed rest." He wrote *The Police Reporter Drinks* on page 84.

•

C. B. H. Vaill lives in Hartford, Connecticut. He says his present occupation is writing (meaning current lack of newspaper employment). He attended Andover and Yale and has been a salesman, storekeeper, art gallery manager, factory worker and newspaper man. He is Secretary of the Wildlife Federation and chairman of the Wildlife Committee of the Connecticut Forest and Park Association. When he isn't busy with wildlife, he works on a novel.

Charles B. H. Vaill

William Keith Saunders says he'd always heard beginners should write about things they know, and he's well up on the history of the Moth type sailboat. Thus *The Vest-Pocket Sailboat*, page 66. He has spent all of his twenty-seven years in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, excepting a year at the University of North Carolina and ten months in New York. For a while he edited his father's weekly paper, then decided to enter the daily field in competition with an established weekly. The venture folded—inadequate working capital.

•

Like most writers, Frank Clement was born in Indiana—in a town called Plymouth. He attended the University of Minnesota, and after some newspaper work, drifted along the Pacific Coast for a while, working as railway section hand, ranch hand and lumberjack. He enlisted with the Canadians in 1917 after being rejected by the U. S. Army, which, he says, let in a lot of fellows he could have plastered a wall with. Since the War he's done newspaper work, press agenting and things like that in Minneapolis, Chicago and Los Angeles, where he's parked. He wrote *As the Immortals Say*, which you'll find on page 72.

•

The guy who wrote *The A B C's in Manila* naturally prefers to be anonymous. After graduating from the University of Washington in 1923, he became advertising manager of America's largest steamship company and gilded the lily with bigger and more vulgar adjectives, he says. Finally the curse of his own eloquence struck him down and he set off for Tokyo. As a free-lance correspondent he found Japanese politics and naval affairs interesting—to the annoyance of the Japanese. At the end of a year he was officially bowed *out* of Nippon. Recently he returned to the States and at the moment he is writing political comments on Far Eastern news.

•

R. B. Johns (*Bookkeeper Wanted*, page 45) regrets that he's never batted around from Hell to breakfast in romantic occupations. His only newspaper work was peddling papers. And he won't tell us more, because he has a sneaky feeling nobody gives a damn anyhow.

Harry Spalding's first published story is *Blue Brass Laughter*, page 64. He says: "I was born in Victoria, B. C., and came to this country at the age of seven. I was twenty-four last June. A week before Christmas, 1936, I married and have maintained a successful armed truce with the stork since that time. At eighteen I began writing, my work consisting of a novel about unemployment and innumerable stories in imitation of all the authors I admire. After a two-year literary lay-off I wrote *Blue Brass Laughter*. In 1932 I dropped from an exclusive position in the gutter to the status of an employee in a cut-rate department store. After two years in this thirty-nine cent hell I worked my way up to the gutter again, and became a book salesman. At present I am Associate Editor on the *Daily Pacific Builder*. I collect hot records and manage to hear every swing band that comes west."

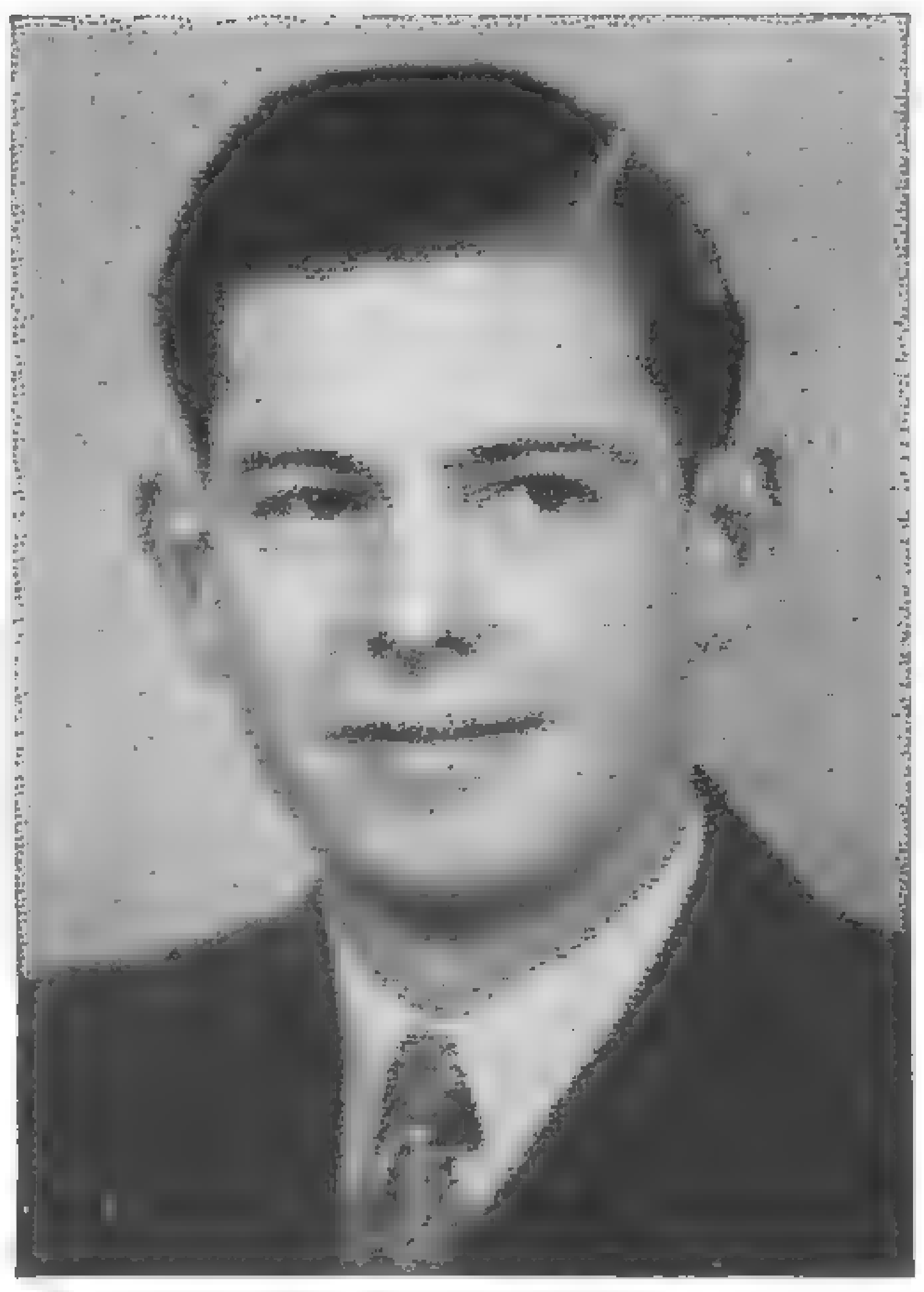
•

Our Discovery this month is Sigfred A. Roe, who makes his bow under Satire, on page 69, with *Education of Rev. Farice*. He is thirty years old, married, writes headlines for the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. His favorite authors are Ibsen and his mother, whose Norwegian prose, he says, is poetry. He graduated from St. Olaf College in 1927, and after that he did a year of graduate work in English at the University of Wisconsin, washing dishes in his spare time.

Sigfred A. Roe

•

Thames Williamson speaks eight languages, travels widely and dislikes people. At the moment he's in Hollywood "separating movie moguls from a portion of their glittering background." He ran away from home at fourteen, to become, successively, a hobo, circus-hand, sailor, sheepherder, newspaper reporter, social worker, etc. He doesn't mention college, but he got a Phi Beta Kappa key somewhere, and after that taught at Simmons College, and at Smith. Then he took up writing, and has written twelve novels including *Run Sheep Run*, *Hunky* (selected by the Book of the Month), *Woods Colt*, *Sad Indian* and *The Earth Told Me*. He has also written twenty books of adventure, which he won't name, under six different pseudonyms.



Harry Spalding

•

Wilmon Menard is very fond of mustard greens, Mexicans and the Monterey Peninsula. He hates Hollywood, ham actors, headcheeses and hennaed-hags. He doesn't mind alliterations, apparently. And he likes octopus hunting because, he feels, it's sporting. The octopus has eight arms to your two. Menard is writing a book on his South Seas travels, *Pagan Holiday*. He started traveling as soon as he got out of a California college, and has covered Europe, most of the Orient, and a good part of Central and South America—not to mention the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago. Probably he'll have a whirl at Mexico next. *Octopus Hunter*, page 75, is his contribution to this issue.

•

Black Tobias and the Empire, on page 36, is the first piece of fiction Heinz Werner has written in English. He is a graduate of the University of Vienna. And he says he switched in the order named from medicine to forestry to international commerce. He came to this country in 1921 and for sixteen years sold books, making occasional trips back to Vienna. He has written various articles for newspapers and magazines. He is thirty-six years old.

Heinz Werner

JUDGED — The Best of its Class

Critical men who recognize quality when they taste it, rate Seagram's "V. O." the No. 1 Canadian whisky. Deliciously delicate, yet deeply satisfying, "V. O." is one of the world's truly great whiskeys. Barreled in 1932 . . . aged six years in charred oak casks.

A Masterpiece Designed for Better Living

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SINCE 1857
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TRADE MARK REGD
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DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO·ONTARIO·CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"
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Sketched from scene at a prominent dog show.

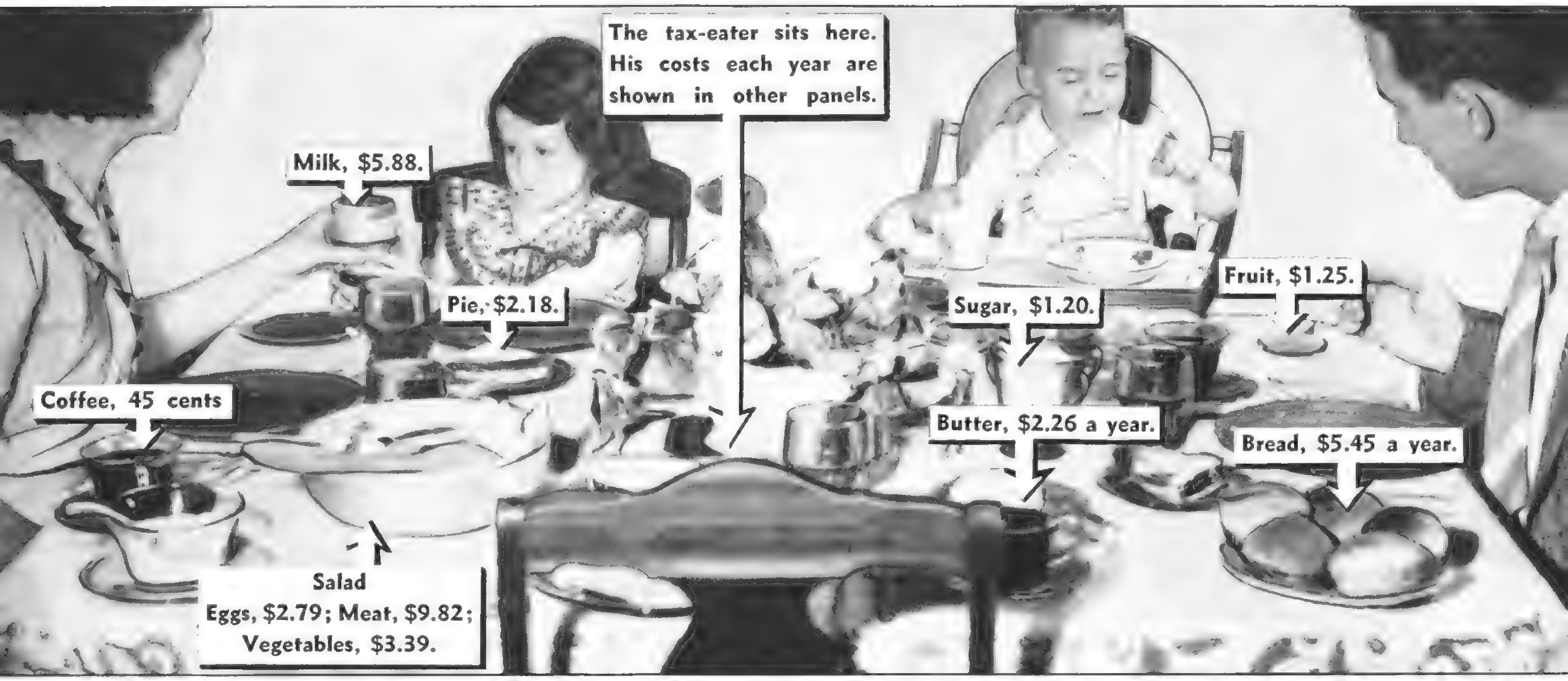
Seagram's "V.O."

"CANADA'S FINEST"

6 years Old

Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., Executive Offices: New York

THIS IS SEE-READING..


The tax-eater sits here. His costs each year are shown in other panels.
Milk, $5.88.
Pie, $2.18.
Sugar, $1.20.
Fruit, $1.25.
Coffee, 45 cents
Butter, $2.26 a year.
Bread, $5.45 a year.
Salad
Eggs, $2.79; Meat, $9.82;
Vegetables, $3.39.

This Family Sets a Place for an Unseen Guest. He eats no food but he eats into costs of food. He is Mr. Hidden Taxes... As an article passes from producer to consumer he gets into the price at each stage of production. A loaf of bread, for instance, accumulates 53 taxes before it reaches the table. Farmer, miller, wholesaler and grocer pass tax burdens to buyers.

The Family Pictured is typical of one of 3 families studied by the Providence Journal. It lives on $2,600 a year, spends $827.19 for food. The tax collector eats $57.87 worth of it. The man of the family works more than a week to meet his food taxes. Taxes take a little less than 7 cents of every dollar spent for food. Each dollar paid for rent includes 20.65 cents for taxes.

TAXES COLLECTED HERE
ALSO WE SELL OIL AND GASOLINE

Automobile Owners Pay Plenty in Taxes. Service stations collect an average tax of 5.29 cents on a gallon of gas. Taxes hide in prices of tires, parts, oil and new cars. The Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. figures it costs $225.50 a year to run a low-priced car. Taxes take $48.14 of this.

The Lady's Boudoir is heavily taxed. There is a flat 10 per cent levy on cosmetics, perfumes and powders. Dentrifices and toilet soaps carry a 5 per cent tax. The Providence Journal found that every dollar spent for cosmetics included between 12 and 13 cents for taxes. Every dollar of electric light costs include 12½ cents for taxes. Phone bills include 10.26 cents tax per dollar.

$50 suit. $5.24 tax.
Cards, 10c tax on each pack.
Liquor tax, 37% of cost.
Cigaret tax, 50% of cost.

Indirect Taxes Take a Hand in Card Games. Scarcely an activity escapes the invisible tax collector. The Providence Journal's three families paid an average of 12.18 cents per dollar in taxes. Clothes accounted for 6.41 cents of each dollar... The $2,600-a-year man worked 34.31 days to meet his hidden tax bill—and the newspaper's estimates are conservative. More than half the taxes are hidden in retail prices.

HIDDEN TAXES

A Subject of Concern to All Good Citizens Tedious to Read in Words... Effortless in LOOK'S "SEE-READING"

Into every wage earner's pocket plunges the hand of an invisible tax collector. Research by the Providence (R. I.) Journal and the Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. proved he takes 12 cents of every dollar a poor man spends. Others estimate the hidden tax toll as high as 18 cents.

. . THE NEW EDITORIAL TECHNIQUE CREATED BY LOOK TO MAKE ALL SUBJECTS INTERESTING TO MILLIONS

Many is the dusty tome that cloaks an important subject with impenetrable words.

The pity is that only scholars and specialists have the time and training to ferret out the facts. To the millions whom these subjects concern the most, they remain unfamiliar hearsay.

But now, something has happened to change all that. A new editorial technique has been invented. It is called SEE-READING . . . a new *picture-language* that makes possible a new kind of magazine . . . LOOK.

LOOK takes wordy subjects and transforms them through picture-language into fascinating SEE-READING. Today, thanks to LOOK, millions are now well informed on such various subjects as medicine, facial-makeup, child-care, slum clearance, war propaganda, religion, eye-beauty and taxes, to mention just a few. Each and every one presented in interesting picture-article form.

In SEE-READING no subject is too involved or weighty to interest every member of the family. And to *Advertisers* . . . this intensive reading means that every member of the family who can influence a sale goes through every issue of LOOK from cover to cover. Every successful advertiser will tell you that when your advertising gets that kind of reading, you'll move merchandise and plenty of it. More than 100 of America's leading advertisers feel that way about LOOK.

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READERS
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10¢
AT ANY NEWSSTAND

LOOK
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OFF GUARD
ARE YOU BRAVE?
LOVERS
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Look

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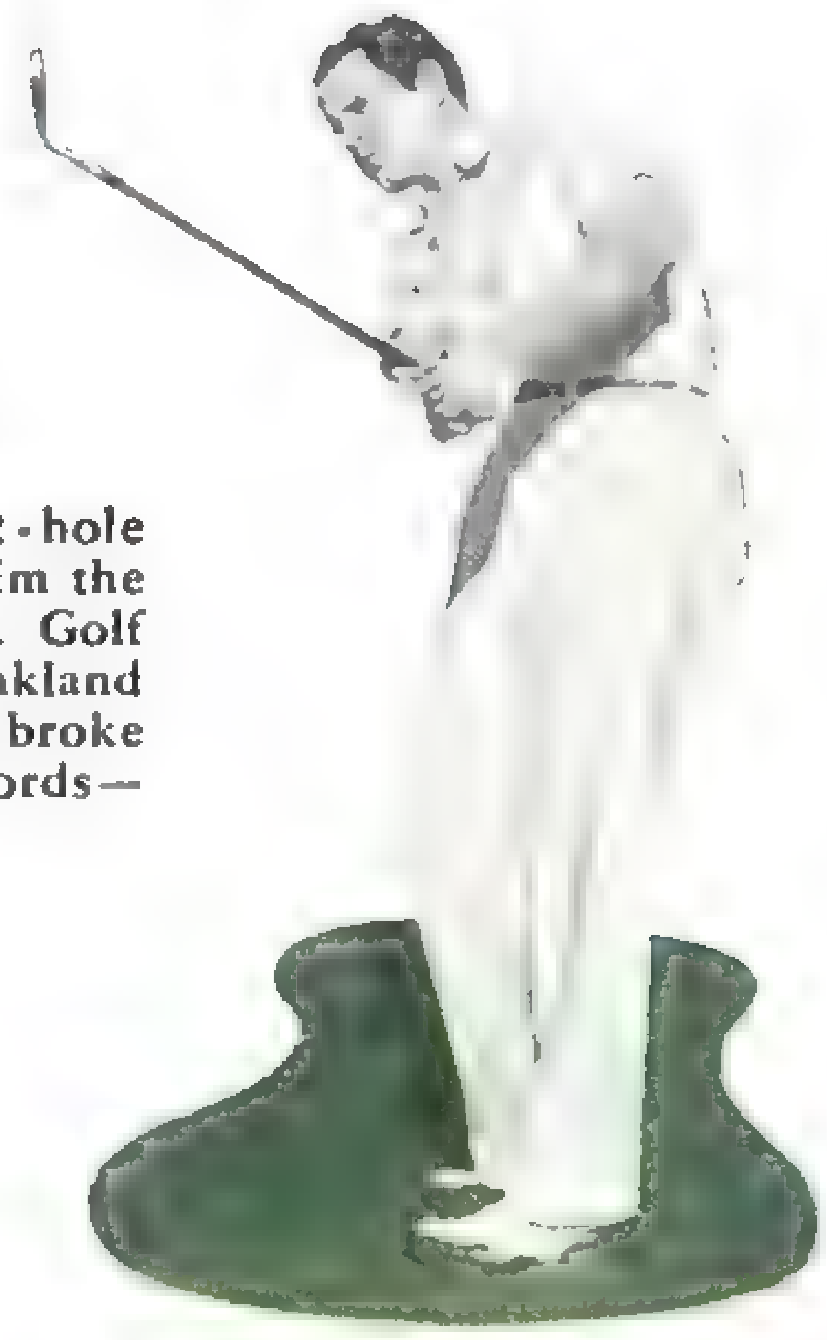
CHICAGO
333 N. Michigan Avenue
Central 8127

DETROIT
General Motors Building
Madison 6871

ATLANTA
Grant Building
Walnut 8615

"Honest"

says
Ralph
Guldahl,



whose amazing 72-hole total of 281 won him the United States Open Golf Championship at Oakland Hills last June and broke all Open scoring records—

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ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

In Manila the boys grade them "A," "B" and "C," and the rule works hard and fast. And because there are ten willing males to every reasonable female in the capital of the Philippines, the devices and intrigues are numerous, but over the course of years, the technique has become standardized. Rule Number One is: "Tourists stay twenty-four hours, so what can you lose?"

Tourist ships and regular passenger liners from the States arrive in Manila about twice a week and the boys have learned to pick candidates at the first glance and to grade them with the second.

Of course, the fair folk would be highly indignant, and sometimes are—until the third gimlet—but way in the back of their prissy minds is the satanic idea that . . . well . . . maybe it would be nice to have a . . . mild emotional experience in every port round the world.

Some of the gals get the desired effect by riding rickshaws, sedan chairs and pony carts. Some of the librarians and superannuated school teachers get it by visiting temples, museums and musty, old churches. But Grades "A" and "B" usually get it by moonlight, somewhere between the Manila Hotel, the Polo Club and a bachelor's beach house.

Because Manila's Caucasian population is small and the femmes gossipy, the local gallants are, to all appearances, the quintessence of mid-Victorian propriety with the ladies of the community. They placidly perform their duties as escorts to movies, cocktail parties and the unvarying Saturday night dance at the Manila Hotel. Such stereotyped emotional excitement placates some of the Britishers, but as a rule American lads, in keeping with our rugged individualism, prefer more active expression and compensation. Hence—the interest in twenty-four-hour tourists.

On arrival, the lovely creatures eager to see the Philippines step ashore in their prettiest frocks, and within fifteen minutes are all eyes and smiles in the lobby of the Manila Hotel. Most of them have heard of the "Nineteenth Hole" before visiting the Orient, and out of sheer adventure the more daring rush there for a whiskey-soda, or a cocktail, before turning themselves over to the teethy couriers of the American Express who drone out history and pilot them around to certain tourist shops.

In traveling through the Orient, the desirable femme tourist picks up a dozen notes of introduction and these start with the boys in Yokohama and our accommodating Embassy in Tokyo. Some of the lads are famous for their ready hospitality, and they always hand down the best numbers from port to port. There is an *esprit de corps* among the blades, and if your pal Joe in Tokyo sends you a lovely blonde who turns out to be Grade "A," you, of course, keep an appraising eye open for something equally charming to repay his thoughtfulness.

And who loses? The pretty morsels see Manila at its romantic best. They get a skinfull of good drinks, a dinner (and sometimes a breakfast) faultlessly served . . . and a romantic memory to warm their declining years. All in twenty-four hours. And then they sail for Singapore or Bali. What could be more perfect?

Manila is a glamorous port to any woman. After Japan—bows and bows and bows until she is weary—and China assailing her nostrils until breath is painful, the fair young thing is thrilled to pieces to arrive in Manila. Here the American flag flies. Here is a part of her very own country. Here are vigorous white men, and everybody talks American. Outside her porthole palm trees wave in the languid breeze and a sensuous tropical atmosphere whispers that clothes should be unnecessary in so glamorous a setting. The warm latitudes are already at work on her red corpuscles and she gets ideas.

In a state of mild excitement, the belles invade the lobby of the Manila Hotel and say: "Manila, here I am! What are you going to do for me?"

They don't have to wait long . . . and the smart girl sits alone.

Soon a questing male saunters in, immaculately dressed in white linen from head to foot. He is good to look at, she thinks. He must lead such an interesting life out here in the tropics. As he comes through the block-long lobby, she looks him over and he does the same. Perhaps he smiles ever so slightly. "Hmmm . . . Grade "A," he says to himself. She is flattered by his glance and conceals it poorly. He saunters over to the desk, inquires what ship came in, looks at the register and the list of incoming passengers. He picks out a couple of names. The approach is a cinch.

He ambles over, smiles broadly and says, "Pardon me, but didn't you just arrive on the *Empress?*" (He knows damn well she did.)

"Why, yes," she answers in surprise.

"The boys at the Embassy in Tokyo asked me to look out for two girls who were coming to Manila on the *Empress* and I should like to know whether you are either Miss Grey or Miss Chalmers, and, if you are, I shall be delighted to show you what we have to offer in the way of tropical hospitality." And while he recites this pretty speech, he eases himself into the next chair.

"I am neither of the girls you are looking for . . ."

"I'm so sorry," he breaks in, with an inflection that clearly indicates he is more disappointed than she will ever know.

". . . but I did meet Miss Grey on the ship and if I see her I shall be glad to point her out to you."

"Then you are a friend of hers, Miss . . .?" She hesitates a moment. But then why not? "Miss Evans."

"Oh, yes, I remember seeing your name on the passenger list! This is your first trip to Manila? How do you like it? We think it is a grand place. So much to see and so many things to do," he insists with mounting enthusiasm.

Then, in his most charming manner, he regales her with the romantic details of the old Walled City, the Battle of Manila Bay, the wicked night spots, and the loveliness of the Polo Club by moonlight—all in three minutes.

He pauses. Suddenly looks embarrassed, "I'm sorry, Miss Evans, I should apologize for talking to you without an introduction.

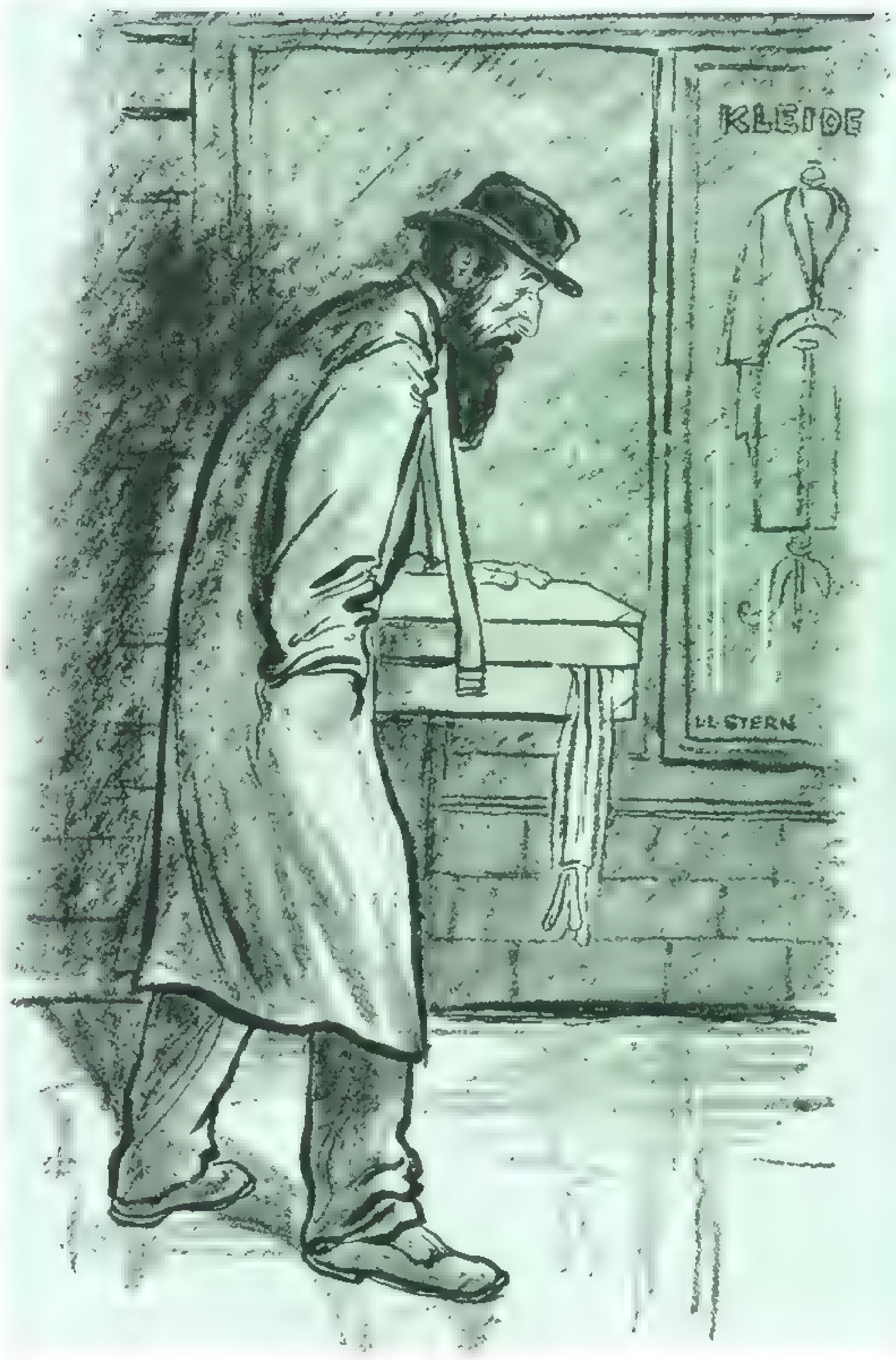
Continued in center of page 107

Black Tobias and the Empire

He was all things to all men but his role as a devoted subject to the Hapsburgs required no acting

by HEINZ WERNER

• FICTION •



From the time I first began to frequent cafés in Vienna, I knew "Black Tobias." It would have been difficult not to know him, for his lustrous, flowing black beard which gave him his name was a familiar sight to the Viennese public, the larger portion of whose life was spent in these cafés. He was a tall man of swarthy complexion whose age might have been anywhere from thirty to fifty.

He was married. Few of us had ever seen Hannah, but she was familiar to all, for he constantly spoke of her. It was apparent that she was a bit of a nag; it was also apparent that he was devoted to her and that he firmly believed her mild scolding a somewhat original, and to him, delightful manifestation of her love. Tobias bragged of his wife's fault-finding as other men brag of their wives' cooking. They seemed to enjoy a harmony in marriage that was carried into their business.

Hannah ran a small store in which she sold soap, oils, and candles. Tobias spent his mornings there carrying cases, cleaning the store, fixing the windows and putting everything in good order for the day's business.

But this was not his life's work. Ah no! It was in the afternoons and evenings that Tobias really lived. It was then that his business brought him into contact with society, nobility and military men of high rank.

He was a peddler. He carried with him a box of neatly arranged small merchandise, such as matches, shoe laces, pencils and key rings. From five in the afternoon to eleven in the evening he covered a number of cafés, and from midnight on he worked night clubs and cabarets until early morning. He lived a well regulated life and his earnings were considerable. This was largely because, as he explained, "my patrons hardly ever bother to take a box of matches or a pair of shoe laces but always deposit on my tray fifty Heller, or if they are noblemen, a whole Krone."

There were many peddlers in Vienna but none like Black Tobias. He was more than a vendor for he was the peg on which all the wits of Vienna hung their favorite stories, true and untrue. Tobias was variously credited with the sagacity of a patriarch, the stupidity of a clod, the cupidity of a peasant, and the generosity of an Oriental potentate.

He knew his business, but more than that, he knew people. The wiseacres were not all wrong; Tobias was indeed all things to all men. He sensed and acted the role in which one chose to cast him.

But there was one role which required no acting, that of a devoted subject of the Hapsburgs.

Hannah's store was on the Leopoldsgasse, a street through which Archduke Carl passed every day on the way to see his mother in the Augarten. Black Tobias knew that the carriage went by every day at ten-thirty in the morning, and every day for years he would bow deeply when the carriage passed and greet the Archduke heartily "Good Morning, Majesty."

When I once objected that though Crown Prince Ferdinand was dead, Carl was not yet the Emperor, and that the Empire cannot have two majesties, he only smiled and said, "Well, with the Emperor being eighty-six, Carl is practically His Majesty. Besides, he likes to be called so, and furthermore, I am his friend. He said so publicly to about a dozen generals and colonels. Yes, I am his friend and he is my friend."

He probably read some doubt in my face because he continued, "Yes, one evening, some six months ago, he called me his friend. Do you want to hear it?" And not waiting for my answer, he continued:

"It happened like this. My night route brought me to the Trocadero. Do you know the Trocadero, were you ever there? You know, it is a frightfully expensive place. It's really only for princes and noblemen and war profiteers and high officers and such.

"Well, my peddler's box and I come in, and there I notice His Majesty, I mean the Crown Prince, amid a group of generals or colonels. They sat at a table and two waiters were serving from three champagne coolers. Judging from the loud laughter, these champagne coolers must have been refilled many times before I came.

"I was a little embarrassed. After all, who am I to see His Majesty, I mean the Crown Prince, in an—hem—ahem—hem—undignified condition? And then, also—well, you see, I love my peddler's profession and wouldn't change it for any other—but I wanted His Majesty always to think of me as the shopkeeper on Leopoldsgasse, the owner of a soap and candle store. Well, when I saw His Majesty at the center table, I quickly turned away and began to peddle at the tables toward the entrance. I wanted to get out as quickly as I could without attracting attention. But it was too late. His Majesty noticed me, or perhaps my black beard, because I heard him shout 'There is my friend from the Leopoldsgasse. Waiter, don't let him go out, bring him to me!' And before I knew, two strong waiters grabbed my arms and there I stood before His Majesty.

"And His Majesty got up, just a little unsteady on his legs, and turning to his circle of friends, said: 'Gentlemen, this is my good friend, my good Jewish friend from the Leopoldsgasse. He greets me every morning when I am on my way to the Augarten. And when I hear his "Good Morning, Majesty," I know that all is well in the Empire. And on some mornings, when I do not feel like driving out to the Augarten, I still do it, because I could not disappoint my friend. It has practically become a superstition with me. I sometimes fear that if one day he would not be there to greet me, or I would not appear to be greeted, why, the Empire would fall apart, the end would come for the Hapsburgs! Gentlemen, here is a toast to my friend from the Leopoldsgasse!' It was a great moment. Just think, all the uniforms getting up from their seats and drinking to me, toasting me, me, Black Tobias. I stood there, surrounded by all the generals, and they gave me a glass of champagne, and another, and urged me to drink. And I drank champagne with His Majesty. Do you understand, I, Black Tobias, drank with a Hapsburg!

"And then His Majesty said: 'Now my friend, I see you are a merchant. A merchant in a small way, but a merchant just the same. Very laudable, very laudable. Tell me, what else do you do besides selling your wares? I mean—do you play an instrument, do you know any tricks, do you dance—what I mean, do you do anything for recreation?'

"I never dreamt that His Majesty would be interested in his subjects, in so humble a subject as 'Black Tobias.' I was bewildered, I was speechless—my knees almost gave in—and then, I gathered all my courage, bowed deeply and said: 'Your Majesty, what hobbies can a poor peddler have? Instruments? Tricks? Dance? No, Your Majesty, I regret. I only peddle all week long, and on Saturdays, I go to the Temple. We never fail to include a prayer for Your Majesty's health and for victory for our armies. It is a happy prayer and the Temple is filled with joy because a week of hard work is behind and our Sabbath is given to prayer and rest. We rejoice and we chant our psalms. It is a day to which I look forward all week long, Your Majesty. But tricks, hobbies, no Your Majesty, I am sorry!'

"And then His Majesty asked me whether I can sing the psalms we sing in the Temple. 'Yes, Your Majesty,' I answered, 'I know many of them by heart, I think, I know all of them by heart.' 'Well,' he said, 'let's hear them.'

"And because it was His Majesty's command and because I knew God will forgive me the blasphemy, I swallowed and said, almost in a whisper, 'If it pleases Your Majesty.'

"His Majesty and the generals made a circle around me and made me stand up on a chair. The Master of Ceremonies was motioned to disappear, the orchestra stopped in the middle of a fox trot, and suddenly it was quiet in the night club. The Trocadero was transformed into a Temple, into a House of God, and I, Black Tobias, was chosen to sing for the glory of our God, with His Majesty as my audience. And I began. My voice shook and I did not remember the Hebrew words. And then all went black before my eyes, I forgot the Trocadero, I forgot His Majesty and his generals. I was again in my Temple, it was Sabbath, I was chanting our holy songs to our God.

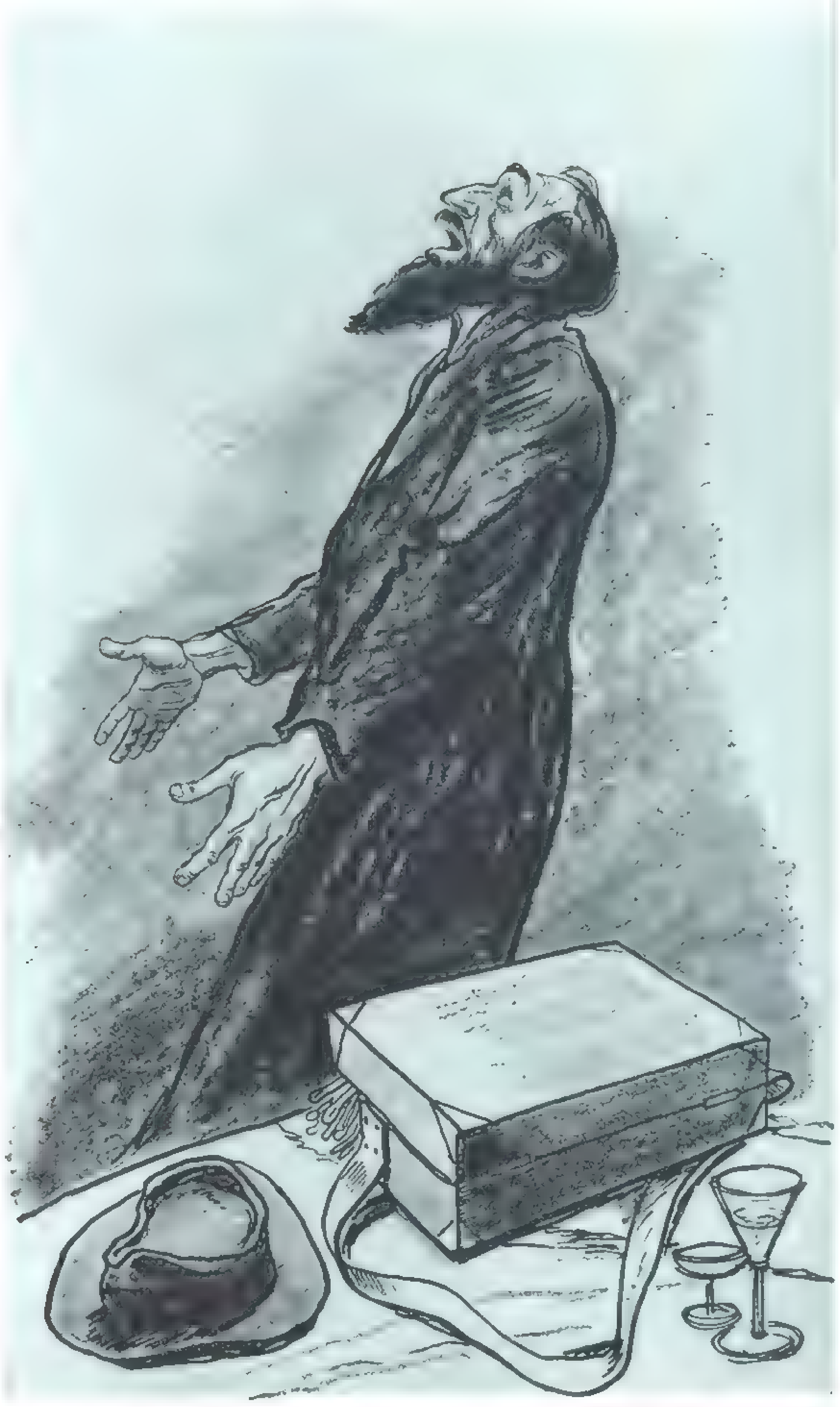
"I cannot tell how long I sang. One psalm followed another, my voice seemed stronger, clearer, my body swayed back and forth, my voice grew higher and higher and when it reached the highest pitch, I shouted 'Shemah Yisroel'—and stopped.

"And suddenly I was back in the Trocadero. Although I stopped, all was quiet around me and for a moment I thought that His Majesty was displeased. But then, as if awakened, all applauded, His Majesty too, and the Trocadero was again as noisy as when I entered. I was exhausted and barely whispering 'Thank you, Majesty,' I walked out of the night club but not before I heard His Majesty softly say, 'Thank you, mein lieber Freund.' The night was early and I continued on my route, first to the Simplicissimus, then to the Ronacher, and finally to the Apollo.

"The next morning at ten-thirty His Majesty passed again and I was there with my usual 'Good Morning, Majesty'. He smiled as usual and I was sure that he did not remember that I sang for him the night before, just a few hours ago.

"But soon I had occasion to find out that he was my friend. During the war, soap and oil became very scarce and the Police were systematically raiding stores and confiscating supplies which were found in excess of a certain ration. One evening the Police raided my wife's store and took away all we had. Two truck loads were removed to Police Headquarters—we were ruined.

"I was desperate. I was determined to appeal to the highest authority, to my friend, the Emperor. And the next morning at ten-thirty, when I saw the imperial carriage approaching, I ran out into the street and fell on my knees in front of the horses. The carriage stopped and His Majesty leaned out of the carriage. 'What is it, my friend?' he asked in a perfectly natural, not irritated voice. 'Mercy, Your Majesty, and forgiveness for my impertinence. Your poor servant begs your mercy. The Police have confiscated all my merchandise, emptied my store. I am ruined, Majesty, mercy.' His Majesty smiled, 'Your merchandise shall be returned to you, my dear fellow. What is your name?'



DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM SHARP

"And you wouldn't believe it. The very afternoon, two truck loads parked in front of the store and unloaded cases upon cases of soap and barrels of oil, and candles—in fact, all that was confiscated the day before. All that was done without any explanation, for there could be no explanation. The policemen did not know that the Emperor and I were old friends and they would not have believed it if I told them so."

Time passed. The old Emperor Franz Joseph died and Carl became Emperor. The war entered now the fourth year, the mass murder for false ideals continued and seemed to gain momentum as if drawing renewed strength from secret, superhuman sources. I no longer frequented the cafés along Black Tobias's route, they were too expensive. Thus it was purely by accident that I met him shortly after the war. He had changed greatly. There was no doubt now about his age. I asked him how he had been getting along and he threw up his hands in an inimitable gesture of despair: "Oh, these years, these last black years . . ." He sounded really tragic and I wondered what could have brought such a change in Tobias's sanguine outlook on life. It was not difficult to persuade him to have coffee with me and once in the café, he repeated, "Yes, yes, black years these have been . . ."

"Tell me, Tobias," I prompted, "what happened after the Emperor had your merchandise returned?"

"What happened! What hasn't happened?" Tobias seemed excited and utterly unhappy. He continued:

"The old Emperor Franz Joseph died and my Majesty became Emperor. But still he followed his old habits and I saw him every morning. It now became a duty with me. Hadn't the Majesty said in the Trocadero that night that the House of Hapsburg would fall if we two did not meet every morning?

"The war seemed to last forever. The second, the third year came to an end, the fourth year was almost over—and the armies were still fighting with ever increasing fury. Millions died, other millions were crippled, the people all over Europe were starving, but the armies fought battle after battle.

"I was peddling my peddler's box night after night. Business was not good. The people no longer put coins in my box but actually bought my matches and shoe strings and even bargained for lower prices. Imagine my patrons asking the price of a pair of shoe laces?

"My Hannah was not well for a long time, she didn't even nag any more. Many big doctors were my customers and all offered their help. She had good care, my Hannah, but little by little she seemed to fade away and late one night she died. The Temple and the Congregation were notified and funeral services were held on the third day, as the ritual prescribes.

"It was November eleventh, nineteen eighteen, a cold, dreary morning when the funeral procession began. They dressed me in my Sabbath clothes, put me in a carriage and we proceeded toward the Zentral-Friedhof, the Central Cemetery. My wife was dead—my Hannah was dead . . . The rain drops were repeating it—my wife was dead—my heart hammered it—my Hannah was dead . . . Forgotten was my Emperor, forgotten the war, its victories and defeats—my Hannah was dead . . . That night and the previous three, four nights, I did not visit the night clubs. I did not notice anything around me, I didn't read the newspapers, I was dead to the world and the world was dead to me, my Hannah was gone . . .

"Three days later—I happened to look at the clock, it was ten-fifteen. My thoughts automatically wandered to the Emperor and I wondered whether he noticed that I was not at the customary place to bid him the cus-

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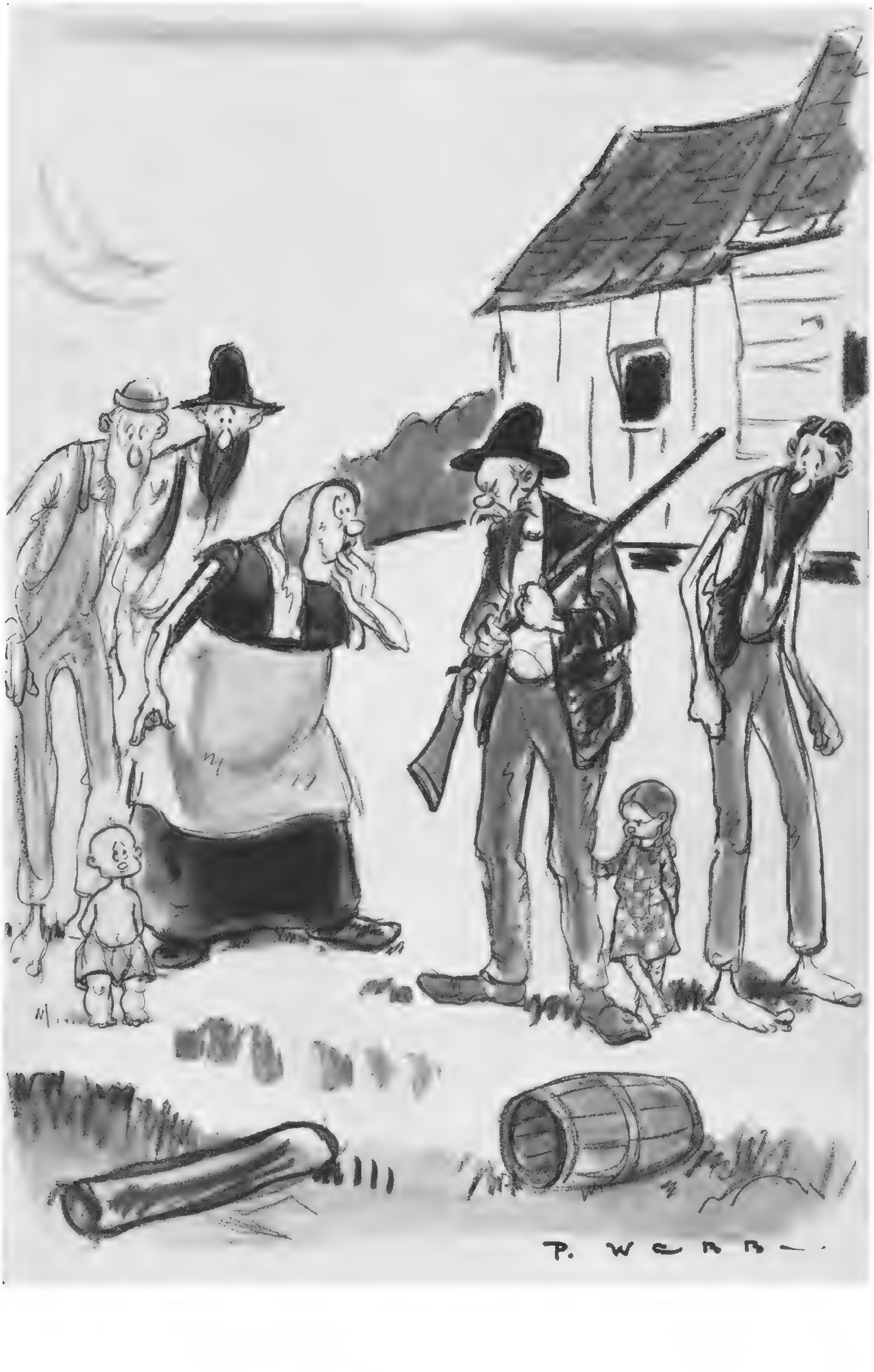
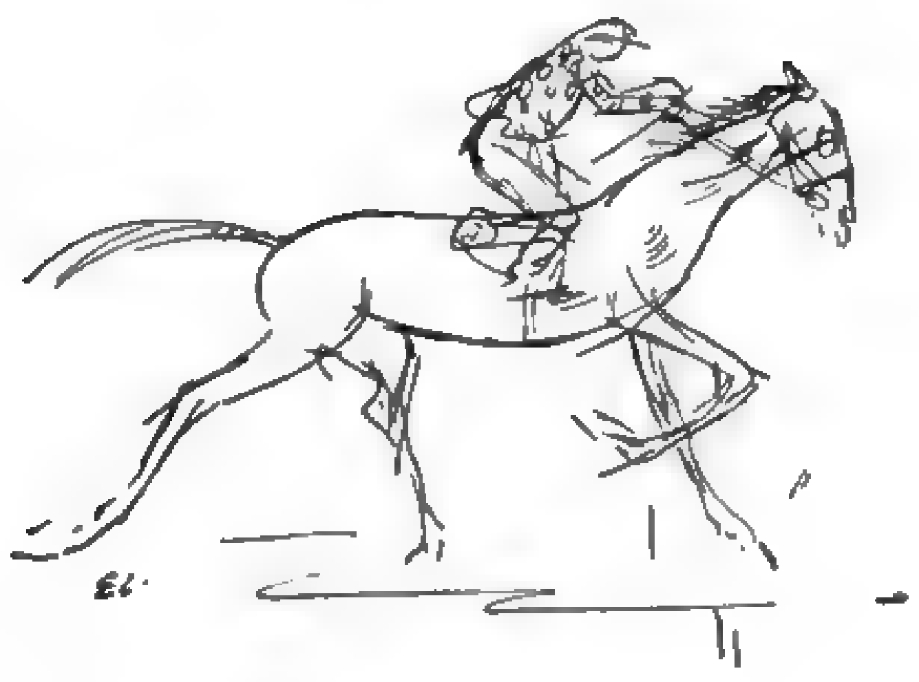


"Who? Oncle Rafe?"



Again—the Derby

Uncle Bob, the old horse-race oracle, selects Mrs. Whitney's Redbreast as logical winner of the Kentucky Derby

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

▪ SPORTS ▪

The first thing one noticed in 1937 about the leading two-year-old colts, Kentucky Derby candidates of 1938, was that as a group they possessed plenty of speed. At two Menow ran to world-record time of 1.15 1/5 (one minute, fifteen and a fifth seconds) in winning the Belmont Futurity at six and a half furlongs against Tiger, Fighting Fox and other good ones; many of the better youngsters raced to 1.11 for six furlongs; and five or six galloped to 1.10, or close to such figures, over the fast Belmont Park straightaway course. The 1937 crop of two-year-olds had speed and proved it, but something more than quick early foot is necessary to win mile-and-a-quarter stakes at three.

Omaha, my choice for the 1935 race, had good speed and tremendous stretch-running powers. He won easily over Roman Soldier and Whiskolo, with the post-favorite, the filly Nellie Flag, far back. Brevity, my choice for the 1936 renewal of the Derby, was knocked to one knee after the break and finally beaten a short head by Bold Venture. Pompoon, my selection last year, was outrun by War Admiral, but not outgamed nor disgraced, having been beaten by only two lengths after getting none the best of the breaks. His next start he ran the Admiral to a nose in the Preakness at a mile and three-sixteenths.

I am not concerned with tooting my own horn over-zealously, but Col. Edward Riley Bradley, the Derby-winningest horseman in the country with four to his credit, says that it is a ten to one shot against even naming an ultimate starter in the race at the time the entries close late in February and future or winter-book betting begins. These Derby stories of mine have been written about the first of the year, and the present batting-average of .333—one winner and two seconds in three tries—is not so bad. A flat bet on the three colts across the board, even if made at post-time, would have shown the player a handsome profit. Bradley, incidentally, has no Derby horse this year, so far as I know, and in making a selection one need not cross fingers against his proverbial luck in the colorful spring classic.

Reasons exist for the popular appeal of the Kentucky Derby other than the promotional genius of Col. Matt Winn, head of the Churchill Downs track, who has built up the race from small beginnings into its present national importance as ace of sports-extravaganzas. In the first place, it is the earliest great distance stake-race for three-year-olds of at least theoretical top class; until it is run no real line is available on the quality over routes of the better colts and fillies that performed only in sprints—or almost wholly in sprints—as two-year-olds the year before. In the second place it traditionally has appeal as an intersectional contest. Colts owned in the West—which usually means the Middle West—meet colts owned in the East, and the East-West duel creates additional interest. Of course, most entrants were foaled in Kentucky or Virginia, but the sectional angle is there and the newspapers build it up. With this angle, together with the fact that nearly all the horses are untried over routes, so that any man's guess as to the winner is as good as another's, it is no wonder that the race has been ballyhooed into a position in public consciousness wholly disproportionate to its value as a test of real horse-quality over distances. It is no Belmont Stakes at a mile and a half nor a Lawrence Realization at a mile and three-quarters, but it is a most magnificent sports-spectacle of the ultra-gaudy and ultra-emotional sort, Mecca of celebs, movie stars, millionaires, sportswriters and large or little but always vociferous local "hardboots" and darkies.

This year I am taking to win the race the Greentree Stable's Redbreast, by Chicle out of Robin's Egg by Wildair. In him Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney has a colt which can run in the stretch, also one which has raced within a couple of lengths of 1.10 for six furlongs. In a year when there is no apparent standout for the Derby, I am satisfied to find a horse which has won only a single sprint start of seven or eight—as did Omaha at two—and which nearly always has closed stoutly on the leaders in short dashes, and has run fast enough to prove that he is a real racehorse.

He will be at a relatively long price in the futures and I doubt whether he will be very short at post-time. Other colts will have raced in winter stakes like the mile and a furlong $50,000 Santa Anita Derby run on the West Coast or the $25,000 Flamingo Stakes in Florida at Hialeah Park, and are apt to be short-priced choices if they perform well. Still others will be favored on their 1937 records at two years of age, including Menow, the Belmont Futurity winner, Fighting Fox, full brother of Gallant Fox, and possibly Tiger and Teddy's Comet. Can't Wait, another good two-year-old of 1937, is scheduled to go in the Santa Anita Derby, together with Dauber and The Chief, and any one will get support in Kentucky if he wins.

Nedayr, the only 1937 two-year-old which really proved himself at greater than sprinting distances by winning the Walden Handicap and the Pimlico Futurity, both at a mile and a sixteenth, is understood at present writing to be a doubtful starter in the Derby. But if he goes he must be respected on his record and will attract support.

Fighting Fox, the brother of Gallant Fox, being by Sir Galahad III out of Marguerite by Celt, is my second choice to take the blue-grass stake. He too will get plenty of support and will be a shortish price both in the futures and at the post—if he trains well. But he has doubtful underpinning and seemed to be given to tiring at two, even in sprints. Colts of his strain, the Sir Galahad-Gallant Fox male line, frequently develop and improve radically from two to three years of age, as did Gallant Fox himself, three-year-old champion of 1930, Omaha, three-year-old champion of 1935, Granville, late-season three-year-old champion of 1936, and Calumet Dick, good handicap-performer of 1937. All the three last mentioned are sons of Gallant Fox. I am doubtful of a like improvement in Fighting Fox. He was a much touted and fast working two-year-old colt in 1937 which did not race fully to morning trials, and I can't unreservedly endorse his Derby chances although many competent horsemen do so.

Menow and Tiger are just sprinters, in my opinion, and Can't Wait seems leggy—with suspicious legs at that—and on the fragile order. Being by Victorian, he is bred for a router on the male side and may do something over distances. Teddy's Comet, by Teddy, the dead sire of Sir Galahad III, is another which may go on, but I must stand by Redbreast as my first choice against any of these despite his superficially inferior performance at two and in sprints. He lacked ability to break fast and to get in stride quickly, usually was running far back at the half-mile in short dashes, and the handicap made it impossible for him to show to advantage at

Continued on page 110

Mrs. Morton's Enemy

The people of Chapala had always accorded such courtesy to Mrs. Morton that Manuel's insulting manner seemed all the stranger

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

• FICTION •

It was a surprise and a very painful one to Mrs. Morton when she learned that she had an enemy. She had lived so many years in the little town of Chapala and had been so long the neighbor and friend of every man, woman and burro in the village that she did not understand how even the fantastic Mexican mind could invent an enemy for her. Yet an enemy she undoubtedly had.

The first time she became aware of it was on a sunny morning when she had left the gates of her house and was walking with brisk though careful eighty-year-old strides down to the marketplace. She wanted to buy a lace shawl for her beautiful grave-faced cook Clara, whose Saint's Day was tomorrow. Her stick thumped regularly and firmly on the cobblestones as she passed along the west side of the small Plaza where stood the gimcrack bandstand amid its grass and flowerbeds. Then she heard an odd sound. It came from the far side of the Plaza, which she could not see distinctly because the dust and the morning sunlight made a golden curtain against her eyes. A rude voice was calling out: "Whang! Whang! Whang! Whang!" She realized that the voice was trying to mimic the sound of her walking-stick. She pretended to pay no attention and passed onward with unchanged step. A derisive howl followed after her. As she turned into a narrow street that led to the open marketplace, the memory of that ridicule walked beside her like a grinning ghost. She could not imagine who had cared to do this unpleasant thing; the sound and the intention of it haunted her. Never before had the natives treated her with anything but punctilious courtesy and respect.

The second time that her enemy called himself to her attention was a week later, when she had quite forgotten the first episode. She was walking along the east side of the Plaza; her stick sounded on the cobblestones of the street. Just before she reached the narrow doorway of the village barbershop she saw an angry lean head thrust out like the head of a Jack-in-the-box. It was Manuel Sandoval the barber. Manuel scowled at her, and with a ferocious gesture brandished his naked razor three times in the air as if he were beheading three giants. Then in silence his melancholy face disappeared into the depths of his shop.

Mrs. Morton walked on, giving no outward sign that she had seen this extraordinary performance. But she was perplexed and troubled. Only a few times had she ever had occasion to exchange a greeting with the lantern-jawed barber; and it had never been more than a smile and a courteous "*A Dios, Señora!*" "*A Dios, Señor!*" Sometimes after meeting him she had reflected that he looked as the great Don Quixote might have looked if Don Quixote had been half Spanish and half Indian and had cut off his beard. Manuel, clean-shaven and stern, intent like a mouse on his own affairs which perhaps loomed as large to him as palace walls do to a mouse, had seemed to her like a humble parody of that over-sensitive Knight of La Mancha whose sublime, mad, whiskered ghost would haunt the memories of mankind forever.

She was aware now that her enemy was none other than this odd barber. But she racked her brain in vain to recall any possible episode that could have given rise to his hostility. Perhaps the man was a little mad.

The third time that she encountered her foe was very startling. She was strolling quietly in the midst of the grass plots and bright flower beds of the Plaza; her thoughts were far away, seeing pleasant pictures of old days and old faces and the village lanes of the England of her girlhood. She paused in her stroll, let her mind return to the present, and stood looking out at the superb expanse of Lake Chapala and the far mountains that rose beyond it. For the thousandth time she said to herself that nowhere on earth was there such peace and beauty as this. Suddenly she heard a howl behind her. She turned quickly. There was Manuel rushing out of his rat-hole doorway into the middle of the street; his gaunt face was distorted with rage. He held a pistol in his skinny hand; the hand was trembling. Fixing his cavernous eyes on Mrs. Morton, he lifted his arm and fired the pistol three times into the air.

"That will teach you, that will teach you!" he shrieked, and fired into the air twice again. Then he fled back into the dim recesses of his shop.

Mrs. Morton paused a moment to show that she was not frightened and then walked deliberately onward. But her outward appearance belied her feelings. She was very much perturbed, very unhappy. Hatred, from anyone, was like a black cloud in the air darkening her sunlight. She was not used to it; it upset her whole balance of equilibrium with the universe; it was torture. And she could imagine no reason to account for this burst of rage that flamed toward her out of the perturbed heart of Manuel.

She walked homeward, very unhappy.

That night after dinner as she was sitting on the terrace of her house and looking out at the garden and the lake, she had a brilliant thought. She would consult her wise beautiful sad cook, the sublime Clara.

Mrs. Morton always maintained to her friends, and almost believed, that Clara was either an Aztec princess or some reincarnation of the terrestrial aspect of the Madonna. How old was Clara? Was she thirty or forty or fifty or timeless? No one could answer. She carried her head as if the profound sadness of her eyes would never be able to weigh down or overcome the proud dignity of her body.

"Clara," Mrs. Morton said, "I have had an unpleasant experience today. And it is not the first time. A week ago, Manuel Sandoval, the barber, jeered at me; the second time, he brandished his razor at me; today, the third time, he came out with a pistol and began firing shots over my head. Can you explain anything of this? What has Manuel against me—do you know? I've never injured him; in fact, I barely know him to speak to."

Clara's face became clouded with confusion, but her voice was clear. "Ah Señora, everyone knows that Manuel is a little queer. He can read, you know; and he reads books of poetry and stories of Spain and things that mix up people's minds. He was probably dreaming when he acted so terribly toward the Señora. I beg you, Señora, not to let it trouble you. It means nothing, nothing. Manuel is an innocent; he would not hurt you; no, he would not hurt you. It is not you whom he would hurt."

"So that is all you can tell me about it, is it, Clara?"

"That is all I know, Señora."

"Very well." Mrs. Morton felt quite sure that Clara's embarrassed manner indicated the existence of vast caves of further knowledge; but she had learned from experience never to press a Mexican beyond the point of willing speech. If you did so, all you got was an intricate confusion of statement in which probably not even the speaker would ever be able to distinguish the inventions from the truth.

"Well, thank you, Clara," she said. "Probably the matter is nothing."

"Nothing, Señora!"

"Good-night. Clara. Sleep well."

Two evenings later Mrs. Morton happened to do a thing she seldom did—she went out into the kitchen after dinner to speak to Clara about some trifle. Groping her way through the passage, she emerged into the dim, adobe-walled room of the kitchen itself. She understood little about this kitchen even though it was her own. This was Clara's demesne, her landed estate, her region of sole and lawful possession. Mrs. Morton had always understood fully that the more she kept herself out of the kitchen and its mysteries, the better for her.

This evening she noted the long ranges of little charcoal cooking-holes over which Clara performed her incantations that resulted in such nice food. She saw the earthenware pots and pans and other implements that might have come out of the stone age. They were the utensils that Clara preferred; she and her ancestors had used the like of these for centuries; and she had always refused to have any traffic with the more modern equipment which her mistress had tried to recommend to her.

Two candles were burning on the table, throwing Rembrandt sepia-shadows into the corners of the room and lighting up two faces. There sat Clara and the lean-faced melancholy barber.

Manuel rose. Obviously he was confused; he stood in a respectful attitude and twisted his hat in an embarrassment of melancholy silence, miserably voiceless.

Mrs. Morton said: "Good evening, Manuel. This is lovely weather, is it not? Since you are here, I hope that Clara will not forget to offer you some of the very nice little cakes she made this afternoon. And, Clara—you know where the bottle of port is. A glass of that would be pleasant with the cakes."

Clara did not speak. Her grave beautiful face remained inscrutable. Mrs. Morton nodded to the pair, and went back to the living room. She settled down, and tried to read her favorite author, Ruskin. Somehow she could not concentrate her attention on *Stones of Venice* tonight.

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Morton was almost asleep over Ruskin, Clara came into the room. Instantly Mrs. Morton was fully awake. She saw that Clara was perturbed and nervous.

"Well, Clara, did Manuel enjoy your nice cakes and the port?"

"No, Señora. We forgot about that."

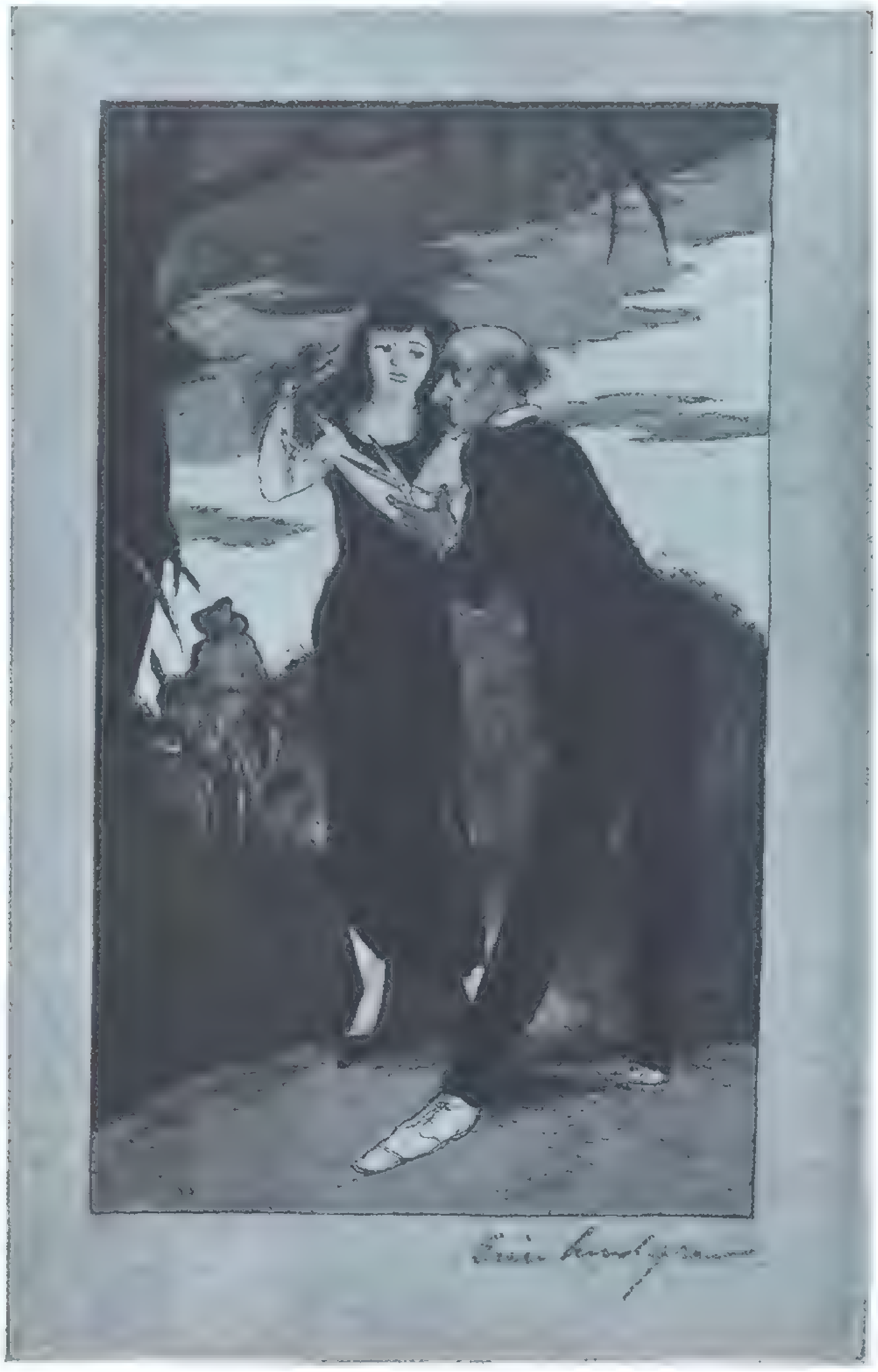
"Manuel has gone, then?"

"Yes, Señora."

"What did he come for? Did he want to talk with me? If so, why didn't he?"

"No, Señora." Clara burst into tears. "He came to see me. And everything is my fault. The Señora can never forgive me."

"Why, Clara, don't be so foolish. Nothing is your fault. You hear me? Nothing is your fault! Now just stop crying and tell me all about everything. You will not be blamed."



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

In a moment Clara was able to restrain her outburst of woe and to resume her usual monumental composure. "You see, Señora," she began, "Manuel is a little queer—but he is a very nice man. He is not like these common men who want to paw you with their hands before they even know who you are. No, Manuel is not like that. Sometimes he talks wonderfully about far-off things that I have never heard of but that may be true. He tells me stories about some old Spanish knight who carried a lance and who wore a brass barber's-basin as his helmet—and Manuel says that this makes all barbers of noble lineage forever. I do not understand it all—but that is the way Manuel talks."

"I think I understand, Clara; and maybe Manuel is right. And . . . ?"

"Well, Señora—perhaps you will not be able to believe this—but Manuel has almost driven me out of my senses, because for a long time he has been begging me to marry him."

Mrs. Morton was startled. She had not dreamed that Clara had a suitor. The thought of losing Clara was catastrophic. And there was something about Clara's aloof grave inviolate beauty that made the thought of human marriage incongruous. But Mrs. Morton put these thoughts aside and bravely asked: "And are you going to marry him, Clara?"

"I? Marry that image of a scarecrow?" Clara laughed. "No, Señora, I have seen trouble enough in my life without going out into the street and hunting for it. Why should I leave you when I am so contented here? No, Señora, I am not going to marry Manuel or any other fool."

"Have you told him so?"

"One thousand times! I swear it by the Blessed Virgin."

"Then why does he keep coming to see you?"

"Señora, he is a little crazy. He has an idea. He says that he is convinced now that I really will not marry him. He swears that he will never ask me again—that he has dismissed that thought from his head. But he wants me to do something else—and he says he will never give up that hope till he dies."

Mrs. Morton braced herself to hear some immoral proposal of seduction or free-love. "And what is this other thing?"

"He wants me to have my hair cut."

"What? Have your hair cut?"

"Yes, Señora. He says that he has read in books that many great queens of olden times wore their hair short, and that with his own eyes he has seen in the movies at Guadalajara how all the great movie queens of today have short hair. And he says that I must let him cut my hair—that he cannot be happy until I let him. And he says that he has pictures in his barbering magazine showing just how it should be done. And he says that if I will only let him cut off my hair he will feel to his dying day that I am his in a more than earthly way, and that after his dying day the Blessed Virgin will bring us together in Heaven. . . . Is he not crazy, that scarecrow barber?"

Mrs. Morton reflected. "Well, it is an unusual idea. But I have heard of such things before, Clara. Why don't you let him cut off your hair? It would be cooler in summer, and easier to arrange, and it might be very becoming to you. You have such a fine profile—bobbed hair might show it to advantage."

"I? Have my hair cut? Never, never, Señora!"

"Certainly not, if you dislike the idea." Then her mind turned back to the problem of her own involvement in this mysterious episode. "But Clara, why is Manuel so angry at me? It is not I who have refused to marry him or to let him cut off my hair."

Clara was embarrassed. "Señora, that is where I have done wrong. It is all my fault." She began to weep again.

"Now, Clara, crying will do no good. Just explain to me. I shall not blame you for anything whatsoever."

"Señora, I was desperate. Manuel had asked me over and over again to marry him, and at last he gave that up, for he saw that I really meant my refusal. But he did not feel the same way about my refusing to have my hair cut off. He said it meant so little to me and so much to him, and he could not see why I would not let him. He begged, and then grew angry, and then grew humble, and grew angry again, and stormed and cried and was just terrible. He said he simply must cut my hair off. He said his life would be torture until he had done so. And then he looked at me with his sad look like a crucified Christ—and then he stared at me like a devil. And I was afraid; for I felt that he would kill me if necessary to cut off my hair."

"Why, Clara! You don't mean that. You told me yourself that Manuel would not hurt a fly."

"Well, perhaps not, Señora. But at any rate I was at my wits' end. So I told him a lie. I told him that I myself was perfectly willing to have him cut my hair off, but that . . ."

"Yes?"

"But that I could not, because the Señora had forbidden me to. I told him that you had flown into anger when I asked you if I might, and that you told me that you would throw me into the street if I did, and would never

Continued in center of page 112

Coal-Nourished Colossus

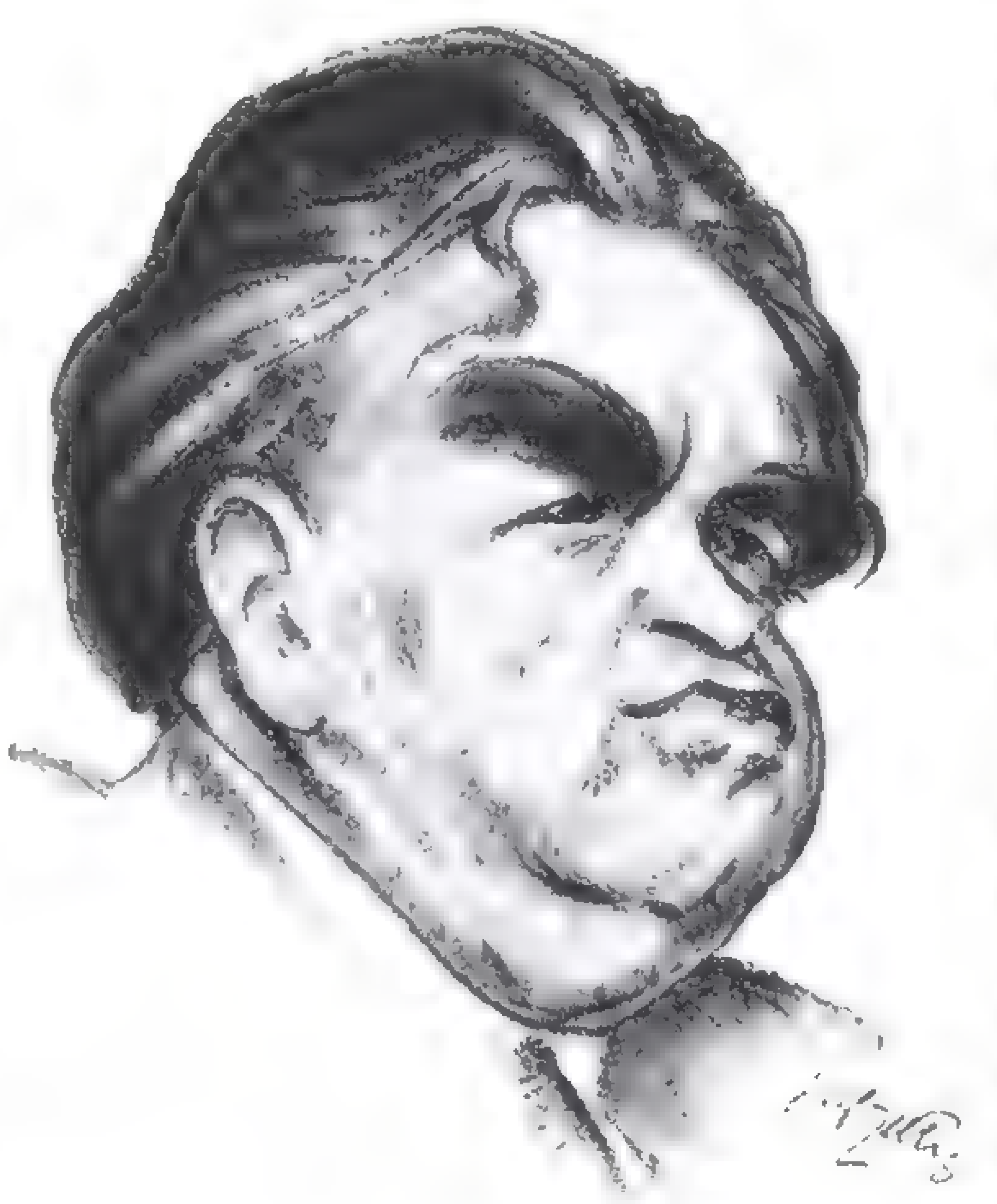
Work in the mines taught John L. Lewis to slug your enemy first, and worry about terms afterward

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

• ARTICLE •

THE word "colossus" is defined in my dictionary as "a gigantic statue," or "a strikingly great person."

John Llewellyn Lewis may be one or, in the estimation of his followers, both. In either case he was made from coal—a massive, beetling-browed figure set in place by half a million United Mine Workers, with one foot on labor's neck and the other kicking savagely at the shins of coal-consuming industry. I think of him standing now as he stood at twenty-one, his back against the wall of a mine corridor attacked viciously by a blind mule intent upon annihilating the object of his hatred. Young John drew back one huge gnarled fist and knocked the animal flat. Then he wrenched the sprag from a coal car and with it smashed the mule's skull. He stuffed the wound with clay and eloquently convinced his boss that poor old Pete had died on the job of old age.



If you put Mr. Green in that mule's shoes the result becomes painfully predictable even to the final persuasion of all and sundry that the A. F. L. died peacefully because it had outlived its usefulness.

Coal mining is a dirty business. You can't be squeamish and descend into the depths of the earth with pick and shovel and the willingness to breathe assorted gases and carbon dust for a living. When John L. Lewis first went to work in the mines of his native town, Lucas, Iowa, at the mature age of seventeen, he labored eleven hours every day and drew $1.60. John L. had red in his hair and oxide gleams in the thick thatch of his eyebrows and it wasn't to be wondered at that he swore eternal vendetta against rich mine owners who profited so hugely from the daily exhaustion of his two hundred and some odd pounds of bone and muscle.

Moreover, John worked shoulder to shoulder with his Welsh father, Thomas Lewis, who had been blacklisted at Lucas years before for leading a union rebellion against still longer hours and smaller pay. Young John inhaled hatred of his employers with every lungful of coaldust and he absorbed also that simple code of the physical fighter—knock your enemy down first and talk terms afterward. This much of our colossus' mental and physical equipment can be catalogued as a simple implantation of heredity and environment, a part of this man as inevitable and unchangeable as the big bones of his skeleton.

Several hundred thousand coal miners, however, began life with the same set of gifts from a sardonic world. Many thousands later became union delegates and leaders, fighting each other and the capitalists for an easier berth and a place in the man-made sun of power and prestige. And yet not one of them created for himself the economic-financial-political niche which John L. Lewis has carved out. Chance cannot be held accountable. Lewis has something that his rivals lack. What is it? And what promise does this manner of man hold for our changing set-up of civilization? These questions are bothering a number of important people. Their answer is to be found, if at all, in an analysis of the Lewis personality.

The customary platitudes about Mr. Lewis' ability run this way: "John L. Lewis is a man of vision, a genius at finding the practical solution for labor's ills and persuading his followers to pursue the path he points." Why do writers have to label every man a "genius" at the thing in which he succeeds? What *is* a genius? I don't know.

"Lewis is one of the best informed men in public life. He has made an exhaustive study of economic factors as they affect labor . . . His remarkable success may be attributed to his foresight, imagination and economic statesmanship." It may be so attributed, perhaps, but not by me. Lewis has shrewdness, but not foresight; he has ingenuity but not statesmanship. He is a marvelous opportunist and because of that fact never permits his economic erudition to get in his way.

The truly distinctive thing about Mr. Lewis hasn't recently been mentioned: his appetite. Early reports that he ate three raw beefsteaks for breakfast were only slightly exaggerated. But a hunger drive like John L.'s cannot be satisfied with mere food. If it could we should not be troubled today by the insistent demands of a Committee for Industrial Organization.

When a congressman remarked during an investigation of labor conditions that the wages of miners had increased 75 per cent in the last few years, John L. Lewis replied with heat, "The miners of the United States are gifted with a number of talents but they cannot eat percentages." Neither can Mr. Lewis. Though his present income is about 3500 per cent greater than his original coal digging wages he is still in the mental position of Oliver Twist who kept passing his plate back for more.

Lewis is a person with a tremendous body; an arm as big as an ordinary man's leg, six feet of solid, iron-hard flesh and muscle, and that body communicates its demands to the brain it controls in desire language which will not be denied. No recompense that he has received for himself or his followers, no strike-wrung concession of shorter hours or better working conditions that he has managed to wrest from unwilling mine owners, no dictatorial power that he has achieved in the councils of labor have modified his craving for increase in kind any more than the huge quantities of comestibles which he consumes daily have lessened the physical demands of his stomach. Nature occasionally dishes out an excessive portion of hunger-pang energy to some strong-torsoed, practical brained man, with the results you see in Lewis' case—a sturdy, well organized marshaling of mental and physical forces for pragmatical ends.

There you have Mr. Lewis in a nutshell: a man who wants whatever there is to get, whose wants are never satisfied by what he already possesses and who gets what he wants for himself and his associates if it be within the power of physical strength and verbal strategy.

The life of John L. Lewis reads like the career of a professional pugilist—one long series of fights, interspersed briefly with short periods of preparation. Besides his battles with blind mules and small-brained, big-biceped fellow laborers, Lewis began at an early age to tilt a quixotic, vociferously verbal lance at the tarnished shields of profit pigs in the mining business.

In 1905 young John was working at Hannah, Wyoming, when a pathetic mining disaster killed upwards of 400 miners. Pathetic because it might so easily have been avoided with the very slightest of humane precautions taken by employers for the protection of their helpless laborers. Lewis went back to Lucas, Iowa, and the following year got himself elected delegate to the national convention of United Mine Workers. Unable to win more than passing attention with his fiery but youthful oratory, Lewis shifted his base of operations to Panama, Illinois, where he succeeded in winning an appointment as state legislative agent, a hitherto thankless lobbying job.

Then John Lewis began to show the stuff, the irresistible, hunger-driven stuff he was made of. He went before the Illinois legislature and painted a word picture of mining disasters that fairly made the sparse hair of his hearers stand on end. He did not *ask* laws

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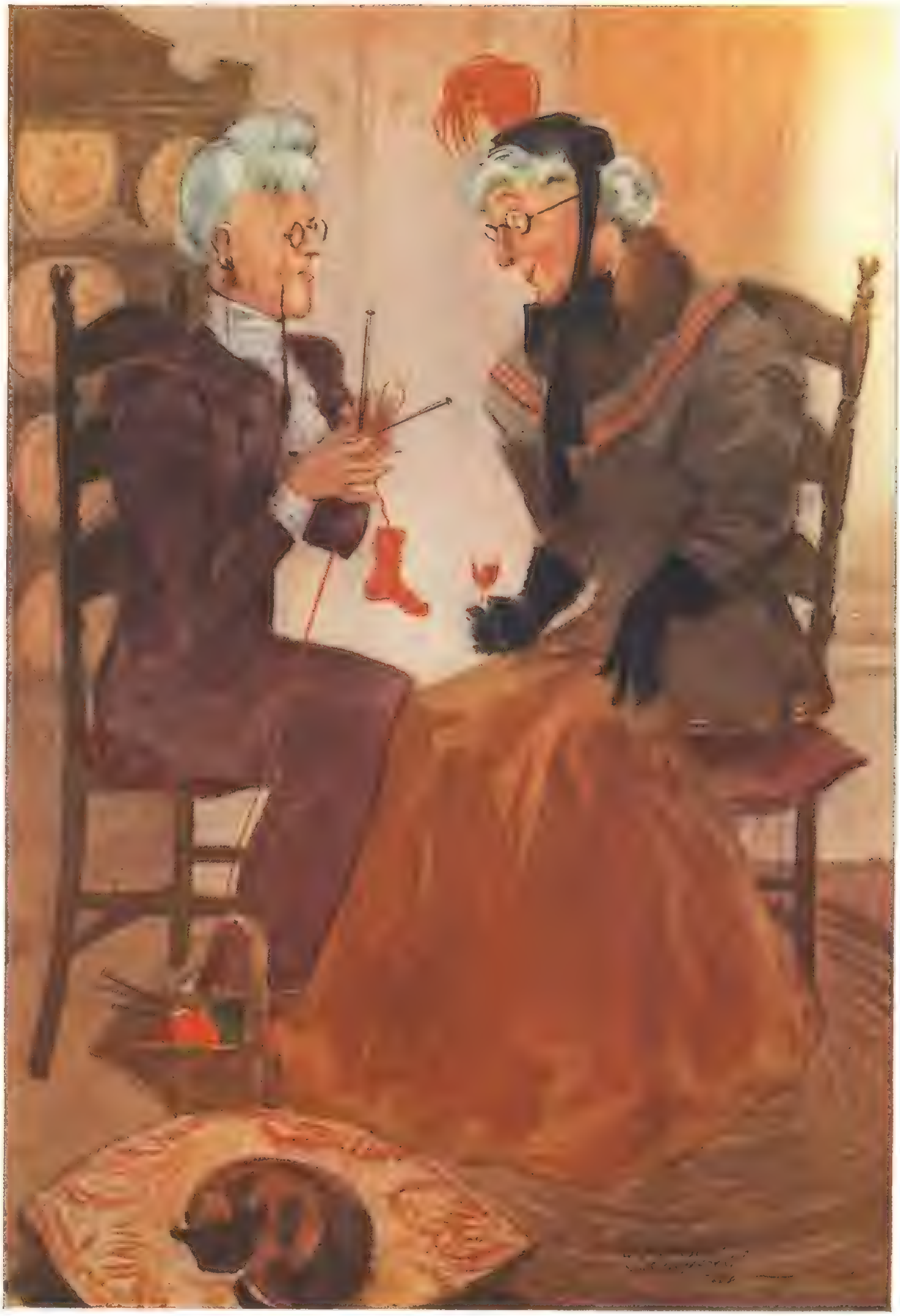
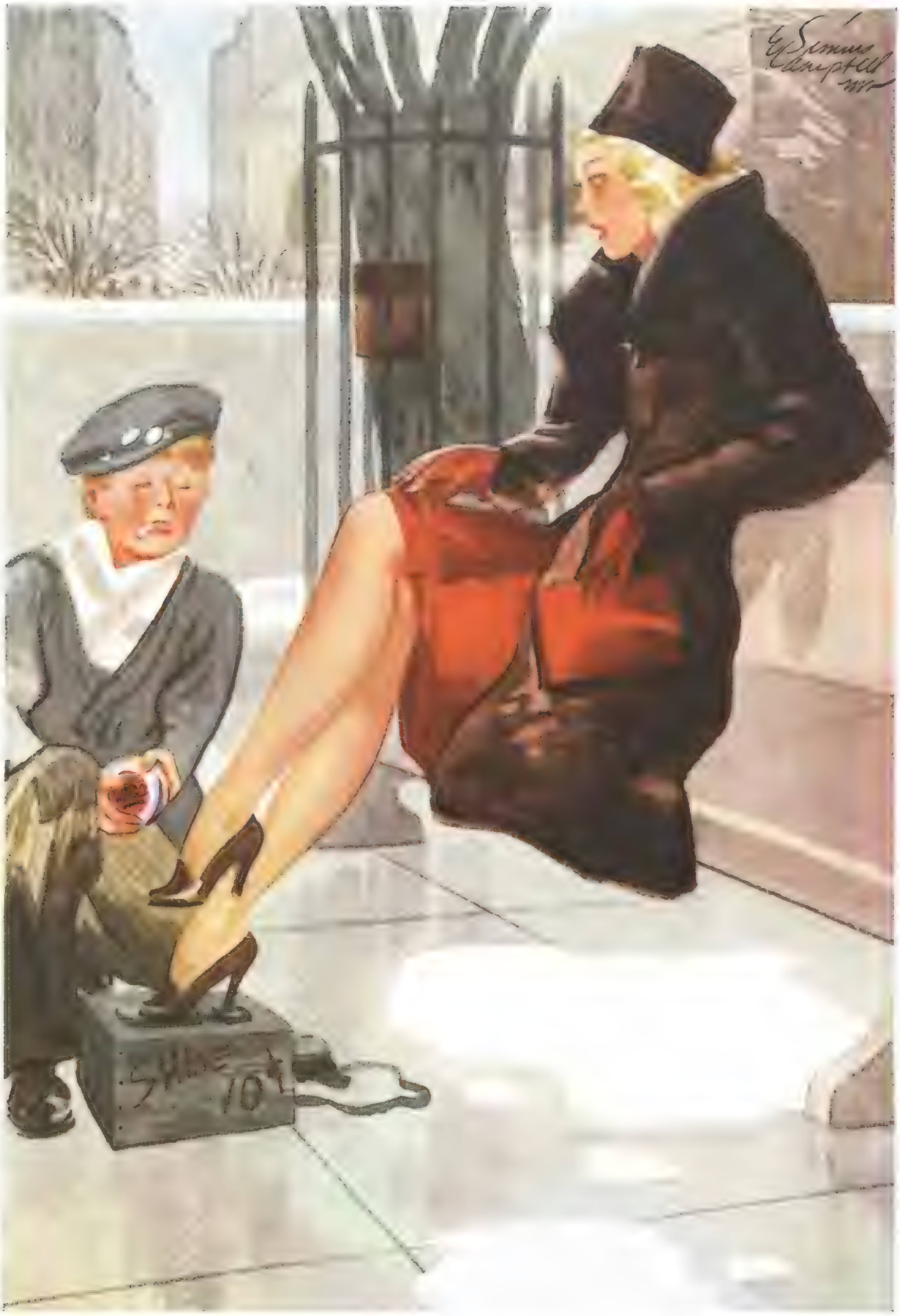


"Hell no—it's just sheer whimsey"


E. Simms Campbell
SHINE 10¢

"You're wastin' your time tryin' to impress me lady; it's still gonna cost you a dime"

Economics Are Fun

An argument between Me and Myself about who in the hell is in debt to whom, and if not, then why not

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SATIRE ▪

Me: What's the idea of the sour face? You look as though all were lost.

Myself: It is.

Me: What's happened?

Myself: The country's going to ruin.

Me: You mean *this* country?

Myself: Sure. The U. S. A. None other.

Me: Why is it going to ruin?

RODNEY deSARRO

Myself: Because it's going further and further into debt.

Me: To who?—I mean to whom?

Myself: Why—Well, I mean it's going into debt. It is, isn't it? Lots of people say it is.

Me: Yeah. But who's it going into debt to? Is it some other country or countries like England or France or Italy or Germany?

Myself: Why, no. I don't think so. They're all supposed to be in debt to us, aren't they?

Me: I asked *you*.

Myself: Well, now that you've asked me, I think they are.

Me: All right. Then who is this country going further and further into debt to?

Myself: Itself.

Me: How can anything or anybody be in debt to itself?

Myself: I mean the *government's* in debt.

Me: Oh, that's different. Well, who's the *government* in debt to?

Myself: Why, the people, of course.

Me: Is this a democracy?

Myself: Certainly it is. Who said it wasn't?

Me: I don't know. But in a democracy aren't the people the government? You know: "Government of the people, by the people and for the people."

Myself: Sure. That's right.

Me: Then if the government is the people, and it's in debt to the people, why then it's in debt to itself, and you just said nothing can be in debt to itself. Or, to take it another way, the government is the people, and in debt to the people—or itself—hence, the people are also in debt to the government—the same thing as the people—which would mean that the people are in debt to themselves, and you just admitted—

Myself: Say that again—No, never mind. And quit using all that sophistry, will you?

Me: *Who's* using sophistry?

Myself: You are.

Me: That's what people always say when they don't understand your arguments or don't agree with them.

Myself: All right, but I still say this country's going into debt.

Me: All right. It's going into debt. Why is it going? That's the next question, isn't it?

Myself: I suppose so. Well, it's going into debt because it's spending too much money.

Me: Too much money on what?

Myself: On running the country, of course.

Me: I get it. That means running the people, doesn't it? Spending too much money on the people.

Myself: Certainly.

Me: And where does the government get the money?

Myself: From the people, naturally.

Me: So the people are giving the government too much money to spend on them?

Myself: That's right. Exactly. And that's why the people are going further and further into debt.

Me: In debt to whom?

Myself: So we're back to that, are we? Listen, it's the future we've got to think about. Our children, and our children's children. They're going to be terribly in debt.

Me: Yeah, but who are they going to be in debt to, to us?

Myself: Sure.

Me: Yeah, but we won't be here—most of us. I can't be in debt to my grandfather if he's dead, can I? I've got to be in debt to someone who's alive.

Myself: I'm getting a headache.

Me: Me too.

Myself: Good. Well, all right. Who do *you* think our children are going to be in debt to?

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Me: Our children, of course. I mean if some of them are in debt, then others of the children have got the debt coming to them. That's the way I figure it.

Myself: You certainly do, don't you?

Me: Yes.

Myself: Listen, you're getting me all twisted up. Now look at it this way. The government is spending all kinds of money it can't afford—on big dams and fancy roads and buildings and parks and all that. It can't do that.

Me: How do you mean it can't do that? It's doing it, isn't it?

Myself: I mean it can't afford to do it when it's already in debt. I'm telling you our children have got to pay the bill.

Me: Sure, but I'm telling *you* they'll be paying it to other children. And all of the children will have those dams and things.

Myself: What's a child want with a great big dam or fancy roads or big buildings?

Me: They'll be grown up then.

Myself: O.K. I forgot that. But I'm not convinced yet. Look at the War. The government spent billions and billions on the War, and we're still paying for it, aren't we? That isn't doing us any good, is it?

Me: It might to the guys who are getting paid, but skip it. Listen. In the War the government paid money to destroy things, and so it went into debt. Now it's different. It's paying money to create things instead of destroying them, and so in the future, the people ought to show a profit instead of a loss.

Myself: Are you sure about that?

Me: Hell no.

Myself: Well, it sounded nice. Anyhow, maybe it's the people that are to blame, and not the government.

Me: How do you figure that?

Myself: I mean because I've heard lots of folks say that the trouble with this country is that the people are always spending more than they earn.

Me: Spending more than they earn? How can they do that?

Myself: That's easy, isn't it. A guy can earn three thousand dollars a year and spend four, can't he?

Me: Sure. For a little while. But how can *all* the people do it? Suppose *all* the people in the country put together spend say, fifty billion dollars in a year. Then all the people in the country are also earning fifty billion, aren't they? Because when you spend dough, the guy that gets it from you earns it, doesn't he?

Myself: He earns it if he collects from *me* all right.

Me: All right—Receives it, then. That's what people mean when they say earn, anyhow.

Myself: I still say the people are spending more than they earn.

Me: O.K. But if you say that, it ought to *mean* something.

Myself: How do you mean it ought to mean something?

Me: It ought to prove something—ought to prove what it implies.

Myself: What's it imply?

Me: That we're running down hill.

Myself: Well, aren't we?

Me: No, because it implies that the country's consuming more than it produces.

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The Rape of the Tooth

A bet is a bet even at thirteen and it was unthinkable to face Finny without the box of candy

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

Definitely she had a lot of sex appeal. She had a light gait and a clear skin. She was slender, and reminded me of a freshly murmuring mountain stream. I even loved her faults. I was in love even with her slightly crossed eyes. They lent a piquant aroma to Finny's violet glances. What did I care that I often found inkstains on her index finger! Even that ink was holy to me! I would have licked up all the ink blots from her notebooks, if she had asked me to. I loved her, I worshiped her, just as she was, from the heels of her shoes to the top of her head. I simply went crazy when I saw her bare, peach-colored legs above her socks.

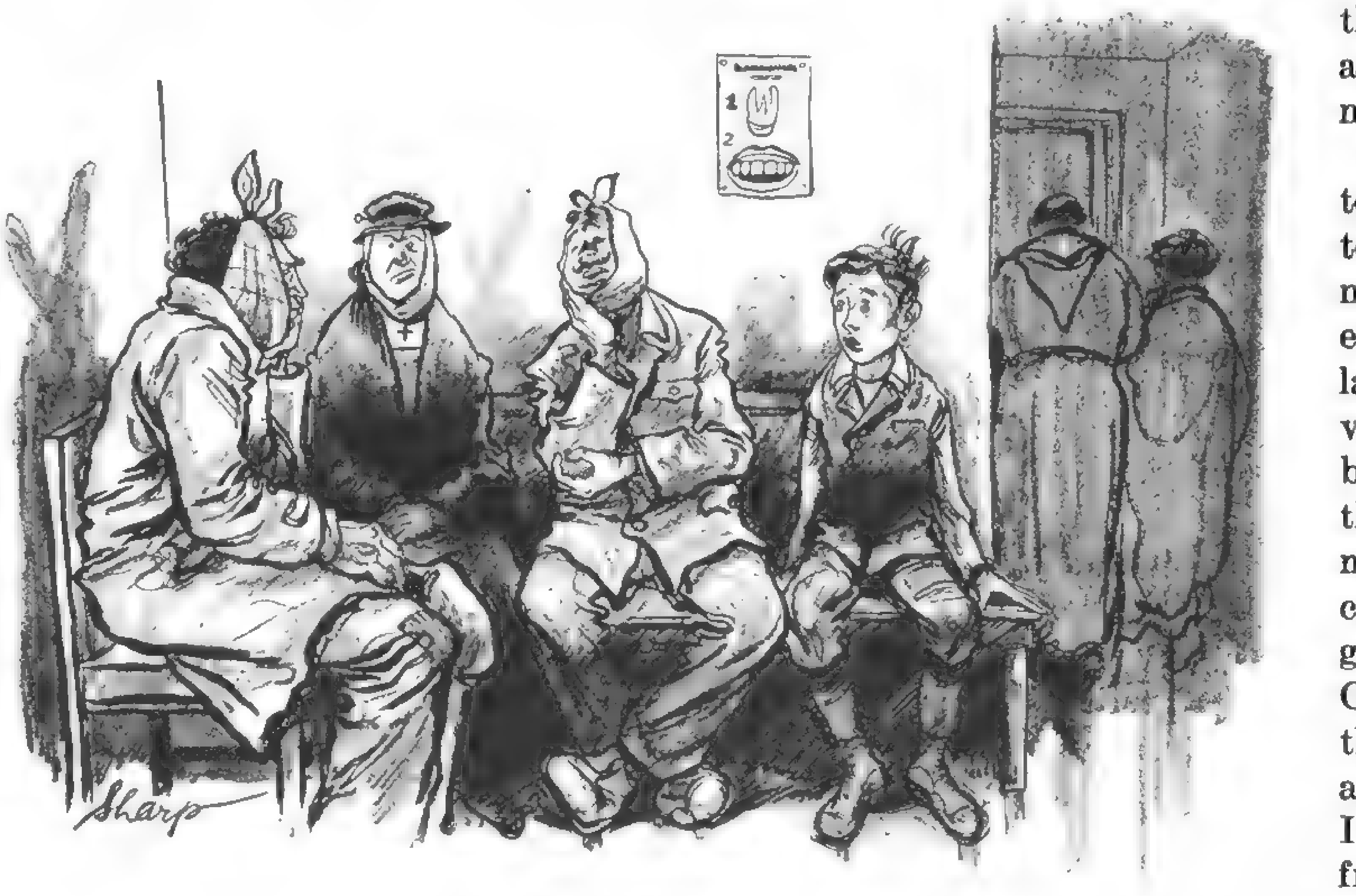
I believe that she wasn't quite thirteen years old. But I wasn't past thirteen, either. At that time I was a third-grade pupil in the Lónyai-Street *Gymnasium.*

We lived in a building on Lipót Boulevard on the same floor. Like Romeo and Juliet, we, too, had our balcony scenes, which took place on the loggia of the big Budapest apartment building, between the doors of our flats. Intoxicating minutes they were, though very cursory. We could hardly exchange a few sentences when one of us would be called away by some inescapable duty of either school or family.

The door opened and the chambermaid looked out:

"Finny, come in please! The *mademoiselle* is here!"

The girl disappeared. The loggia was empty. I, too, went into my room, opened up my mineralogy book, and stared at it with glassy eyes.



It hurt me that our families were not acquainted. But I realized, even with my child's mind, that friendship would have been more difficult between the two apartments than a task of conciliation between the Montagues and the Capulets. My mother was an actress. At that time she was studying Italian, because she wanted to read Dante in the original. Finny's father was an official in a steam mill. A sober burgher, who probably paid very little attention to the *Purgatorio.* There was a whole world between my mother and him and his wife. A cold atmosphere; stratospheric distances. I don't believe my mother even knew who lived next door to us. And my grandmother was a haughty woman. She was used to the village, to the castle. She hated Budapest and its inhabitants. She looked at me sternly through her horn-rimmed glasses:

"Who is this little chit you're always prattling with on the loggia?"

The blood rushed suddenly to my face: "But grandmother, she is our neighbor! Her papa is the director of a steam mill! Finny Goller!"

"Goller!" my grandmother repeated with undescribable haughtiness. And she added: "I don't like such loggia-friendships!"

Aside from this, I had observed certain symptoms which allowed me to conjecture that Finny's father and mother, too, had objections to me and to our family. At least, I could feel in the girl's behavior a certain nervousness when we stopped in the staircase or on the loggia to talk for a few minutes. With her crossed, violet eyes she was always casting furtive glances in every direction, as if she were afraid of being caught. The slamming of a door was enough for her to take to flight without a good-bye. I could see only the ruffles of her skirt as she slunk into their antechamber through the door which she had had the foresight to leave ajar. Perhaps it was a good thing that so many obstacles towered between us.

It is possible that in Finny's immediate proximity a great deal of suffering would have awaited me. The older I get the firmer the conviction grows within me that Finny did not return my love. She just flirted with me; she just played with my feelings. I was good enough for her to try her kitten claws on. I was there for the taking. She just had to peek through her kitchen door, and she invariably found me on the watch, with thirsty eyes. She probably smiled, the cross-eyed little peacock, as she sat down beside her teacher at the piano, with ruffled-up secret vanity.

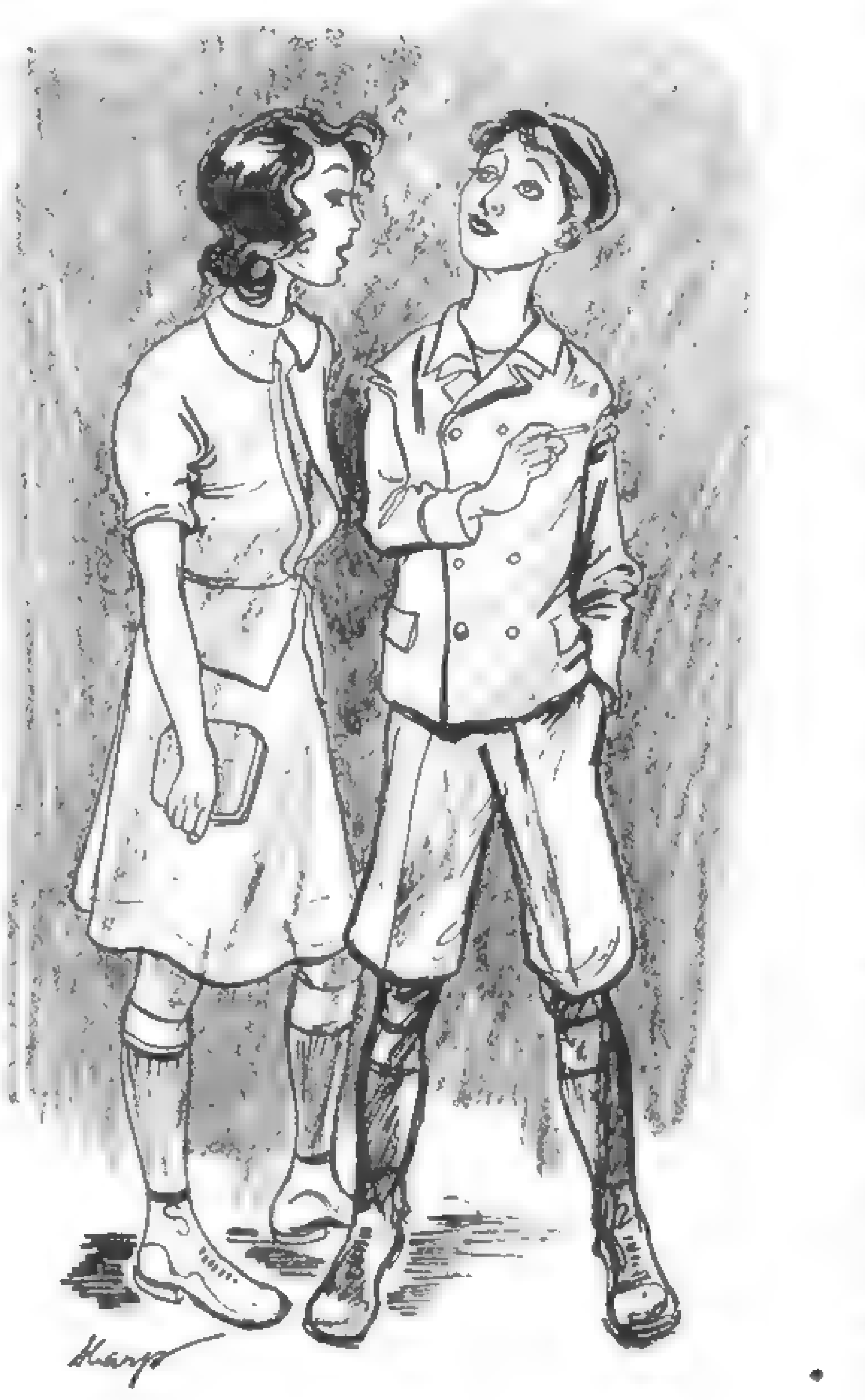
Well, what could she have loved about me? Thirteen-year-old boys are entirely children; thirteen-year-old girls are half women. In addition, there was nothing interesting about me. In accordance with my grandmother's conservative educational principles, my head was cropped. I wore sailor blouses. Finny would have been entirely justified if she had been holding out for something bigger. Which she undoubtedly did, and I watched her with a heart tormented by jealousy as she flirted with the bigger, fifth-, sixth-, and even seventh-grade boys who took the same trolley to school.

Because Finny and I went to school on the same trolley every morning. My grandmother was a conscientious Protestant, and she insisted on my being registered in the Lónyai-Street Calvinist *Gymnasium.* We lived on Lipót Boulevard, from where it was a long way to Calvin Square, where Lónyai Street began. One had to take the trolley; one had to have a season ticket. During the school year I boarded the car in front of the Comedy Theatre and stayed on all the way to Calvin Square. Finny always got off at the Basilica. I don't remember any more what girls' school might have been in that district.

Thus, we usually traveled together from Lipót Boulevard to the Basilica. It was only natural that I waited for Finny every day. She must have been lazy, and a slug-a-bed, because very often I got to school late because of her. This in spite of the fact that these trips meant more pain than joy for me. Because we didn't even travel together. Finny had her own set. Girls. Her school chums from the same class. I didn't dare to approach their chirping group. It was enough for me to see her from afar, to greet her. I stood out on the platform, with my books under my arm. It was at this time that I began to smoke. I loathed cigarettes; besides, I didn't have the money to buy them. But somehow I always had some, to be able to light one, to demonstrate my manhood before Finny, who was so liberal in bestowing the coquettish glances of her crossed, violet eyes on the boys around her.

But far be it from me to accuse Finny of anything. I remember her with a grateful heart. She was the first woman in my life. And the joys of those short minutes spent on the loggia shine toward me from the distance of thirty years like glow worms in the evening grass.

If I ransack my memory I can remember the subject of almost each one of our conversations. Somehow, curiously enough, it was usually Finny who at times seemed to be inclined to introduce a sentimental tone into our children's talk. But I was such a coward that I didn't dare to steer clear of the most boring school-*motifs*. I stuttered and lied. I bragged to her about what an athlete I was. I showed her my biceps. Sweet Jesus! How little will do for us when we are young! Since then I have passed through various things, but I shall never forget that shivering which ran over me and which penetrated to the marrow of my bones when I felt the touch of the girl's fingers through my coat-sleeve.



It happened once that we had a quarrel on the ridiculous question of the River Tajo's whereabouts. Was it in Spain or was it in Brazil? Finny said Spain; I insisted on Brazil. It was a terrible mistake, and I wasn't even certain of my statement, and still it was I who offered to bet a box of *Kugler* candy.

"All right!" said Finny. "I can bet because I know I'm right. And you can bet, too, because I know anyway that you're not gonna buy the *Kugler* if you lose! Then it's a bet."

She cast a despising glance at me. As she squinted with her lashes I could feel the venemous barb of her criticism.

I answered her with hurt pride:

"You don't know me, Finny! You don't!"

Finny giggled. Then, like a lizard, she sneaked in through the door. She disappeared in her own, strange world, leaving me alone in the dark staircase.

In a second I remembered everything. Of course, I wasn't right. I could see before my eyes as a projected picture the lines of my old geography book which described the rivers of Spain. And the Tajo was among them. With my fancy's eye I could see it sinuously winding its way across the greenish-brown spot of the school map, marked *Iberian Peninsula.*

So I had lost. I had to pay; that was certain. In this case the sanctity of the given word could not be violated. Here Love itself was involved in the deal, with its powerful instincts.

All right! I would pay!

In the beginning the affair seemed very easy, since we were not poor. It was only later, after minutes, hours, that it dawned upon me what a superhuman task I had taken on my shoulders. It wouldn't have been so bad if I had had time to wait till the *Kugler* might be produced from the womb of chance. But I had a definite time limit, like one who has to pay his card losses! It was plain that I could not go near Finny until I had the candy. How she would look at me, how sarcastically her lashes would squint: "Well, didn't I tell you?"

At that time a half-kilo box cost four crowns. Great God! How was I going to distill such a fortune from the air? It made no difference to me that just then Budapest was enjoying the most opulent years of her prosperity. Everything was booming, everything was soaring, bridges were being built, whole new districts were growing out of the ground. But the benefits of this general flowering avoided me. I stood there impotently. I didn't have the four crowns, and I didn't have the slightest idea of where I was going to get them. Where? Naturally, my bashfulness and my gallantry made it quite impossible for me to reveal my secret at home. On the other hand, the ways of sin were still unknown to me. Such as selling my textbooks to some boulevard antiquarian.

I had to attempt the impossible. To try to get money out of my grandmother. This was a difficult undertaking. My grandmother was an extraordinarily matter-of-fact woman. As for my mother, who had a softer soul, I couldn't approach her. She never had any money. She didn't know the value of, she didn't like, she didn't know how to handle, money. She entrusted all her income to my grandmother for safekeeping.

For a long time, I circled around my grandmother's easy chair in the salon. Finally, I gathered enough courage to stand before her:

"Grandmother, I need four crowns!"

She looked at me. The round lenses of her spectacles gleamed threateningly. Then she reached into her pocket, and drew out her old-fashioned purse. She opened it, took out four crowns, and held them in her hand. Apparently she thought that I needed the money for some school expense. She stretched out her hand to give it to me, when, in the last moment, something occurred to her:

"What for?"

I beat around the bush. Finally, I blurted it out:

"I can't tell you what for. But, on my word of honor, I need it for a very important thing! It's really important, Grandmother!"

The spectacles gleamed again. My grandmother silently clicked the balls of her purse together. She leaned above her sewing-frame. She didn't give me the four crowns. She wasn't even willing to stoop down from her grand-maternal dignity and ask questions about her grandson's foolishness.

Since then I have had worse days. But even from the distance of thirty years I can't forget those horrible moments which then ensued. For two days I had to hide from Finny. I went to school at a quarter past seven in the morning, so that I wouldn't meet Finny on the trolley. And in the afternoon I watched her through the opening of the curtains, as she stood on the loggia, waiting for me and the candy, the sun turning her brown curls into bronze.

I made plans. They were all bad. To save up four crowns from ten-*fillér* lunch-money? From gift-nickels? It would have been very slow. Stupid. The summer vacation was right on my neck. I knew that at the end of June we were going to Lovrana for the summer. What was I to do? In my despair I even thought of suicide. To jump down from the loggia, to the pavement of the court. To shout to Finny in the last second: "In place of the candy!" It might not be so bad, after all; she would run down to the court where I lay, lifting my bloody head into her lap!

I was beginning to get used to the idea of suicide. Then, amidst my torturing thoughts, suddenly the divine light flashed out before me: the practical procedure of acquiring the money!

I had a tutor, an eighth-grade student. His name was Pahocsa. It was this Pahocsa who had told me not so long ago about his toothache. He had gone over to Buda, to the clinic of the Charitable Brothers, where they had pulled his tooth free. He had to drop just ten *fillérs* in the urn. He had even shown me his extracted tooth; he carried it in his vest pocket, wrapped in tissue paper. It was an enormous tooth, with three horribly crooked roots.

There it was: the Charitable Brothers extracted teeth free! The regular city dentists, on the other hand, charged money for their work. For instance, the dentist who had set in place during the previous winter my irregularly grown eyetooth, got six crowns. I saw my grandmother placing the amount on the corner of his desk as we left.

It was a very simple thing: I just had to have a tooth pulled by the Charitable Brothers! To drop ten *fillérs* in the urn. And, at home, to ask my grandmother for the six crowns a regular dentist would charge for an ordinary extraction.

The rest depended only on the elaboration of the details. I had to simulate a toothache. And I had to arrange the whole thing so that they would let me go to the dentist alone, or, at the most, with my tutor, who was an evil-minded, voracious, grafting bastard. An extra ten *fillérs* would have bought his participation in the conspiracy.

The fact that my tooth was not hurting me didn't even occur to me. That I would have to sacrifice for money one of my healthy, young dogteeth! Because it was plain that I had to have a tooth pulled if I was going to keep the money! I would have to show my grandmother the extracted tooth, to exhibit in my mouth the fresh wound, raw and bloody.

I began at noon. I laid down my fork on

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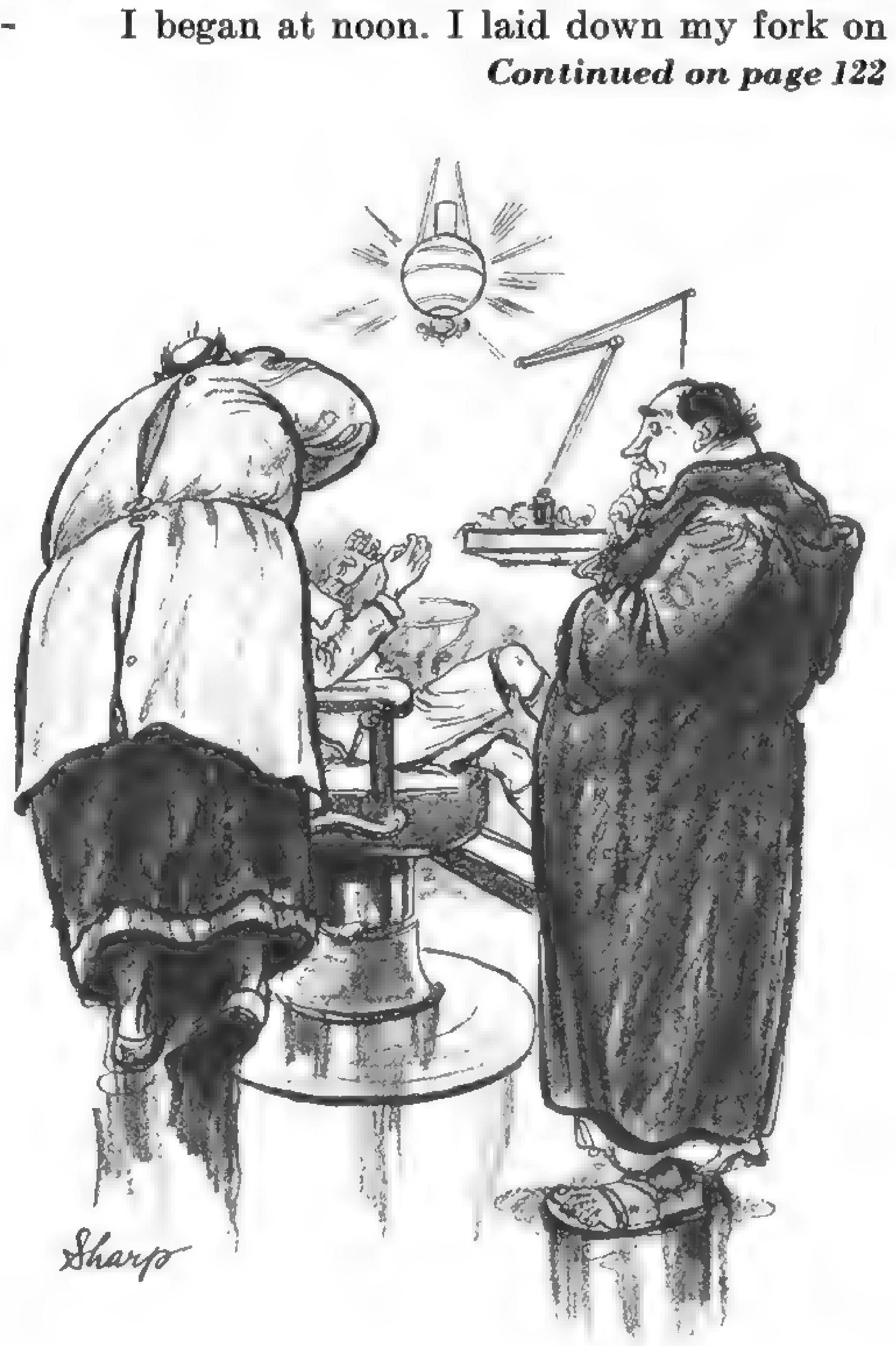

The Pit of Death

The Belgians had forbidden torture in Rwanda-Urundi, yet the natives would not speak the name of the pit, Kawena

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

•ARTICLE•

"Upi, Kawena?" Where is it, the Kawena? But although I repeated this question dozens of times to chiefs and witch doctors, to every man and woman I met, each one of them would suddenly grow shy and frightened and give me some vague and inconsistent answer. Of course I understood that each of them knew perfectly well where the Kawena was. But they refused to tell, seized by panic at the mere sound of this dreaded name.

However, I had been determined to find it ever since a district commissioner who had lived a long time in the country had told me what he had managed to piece together of this macabre mystery. Although he, himself, had never succeeded in locating it, he was sure that there existed in one of the most remote and savage corners of the country a natural crevice in the rocks forming a deep pit into which during tens or probably hundreds of generations the chiefs had thrown down alive their war prisoners and their own subjects who were guilty of some great crime. It is easy to imagine how terrible must have been the fate of these poor wretches. They must have reached the bottom of the pit horribly wounded and crushed and have perished slowly by atrocious pain, thirst and hemorrhage. And who knows if lions and leopards, disgusting hyenas or repulsive snakes did not consider that human charnel a meeting ground, adding to the terror, and making of it a real hell of ghastly cruelty?

Certainly from the dark depths of that sort of torture chamber piteous cries and lamentations could be heard throughout the years. And it was easy to imagine how the natives, whose life is built on the belief of spirits and supernatural forces, had handed down from generation to generation a legend of fear and terror, regarding as *tabu* even the speaking of the name of the pit—Kawena.

But how to find a crevice or pit, probably covered with thick vegetation, in such an infinite region so little inhabited, in the greater part not even mapped, as is that part of Northern Rhodesia which stretches west of Broken Hill to the big river of Kafue?

However, I wanted, I needed to find the Kawena in order to complete a study I was making of native punishments and tortures and had already collected some important documents on the subject. One of the most striking was a collection of photographs of the torture of impalation which the Kings of Rwanda-Urundi were accustomed to inflict upon their subjects who were guilty of stealing cattle.

Of course this cruel custom had been officially stopped by the Belgians when, soon after the Great War, they had taken over control of the country, but the actual practice still continued in isolated cases and in great secrecy.

It was therefore extremely important for me to find the Kawena, to prove whether its legend was based on fact and to learn if in spite of the recent white occupation the natives of this region also were still secretly continuing their barbarous customs. Moreover, if we could discover the "pit of death," we could come automatically into possession of an entire collection of skeletons and skulls, from the study of which it would be possible to reconstruct the succession of the various populations in the country through hundreds and probably thousands of years—a flash of light in the deep darkness of the past of this country whose history is unknown.

But every day we were wandering through the country, now in one direction and now in another; the weeks were passing, and we were always at the same point—nowhere—in our search. We had just about decided to give up the idea of finding the Kawena and to continue our trip when, one day, while we were following the tracks of some wart hogs through the bush, Milk, my cook, came to me, feigning an air of the utmost indifference.

"*Musungu*," he whispered in my ear, "*bonila lo bantu* (observe the natives)" and he desperately winked his eye.

I looked at the dozen natives whom I had brought with me to guide me through the bush and to carry the game killed back to camp. Instead of following the trail with their customary enthusiasm and rigid silence, they were gathered together, whispering among themselves and casting glances equally full of fear at me and in the direction toward which we were walking.

Milk was right. Certainly something was up. I ordered the natives to go ahead. They looked at each other, took a few steps forward hesitantly and then again they stopped. This time I gave them quite a brusque order. Again they hesitated, then quickly one of them laid down my reserve gun, another a roll of rope, a third the bag with my food and instruments, and the lot of them took to their heels.

I knew the natives well enough to be sure that they must have felt some very deep and exceptional terror to act in that way. What could be ahead of us? I told Milk to take the rope and the bag. I picked up the second gun and we started on again with our heavy burdens.

We advanced cautiously, trying to make as little noise as possible, on the alert for whatever danger we were approaching. After a few minutes of this nervous marching, a small hill came into view among the trees, a hill surrounded by large stones which had probably broken away and rolled down from the summit. A deep silence pervaded the place. We climbed up until we reached a rocky platform, a bare and stony desert. Not a living being, not a sound—not even the chirp of a bird or the chatter of a monkey could be heard. In the middle of the platform stood two huge stone blocks arranged in such a way that the two touching sides formed an angle of ninety degrees. I approached, giving an eye to Milk to see how his morale was holding up, but he was following me faithfully.

Hurrah!

Between the two blocks was a hole almost circular in shape, and more than twelve feet wide. I peered down, unable to see the bottom. From the dark depths a dank air blew up which made me instinctively recoil. I picked up a stone and threw it into the pit. It richocheted from the walls and finally reached the bottom with a dull thud.

"Milk," I told him solemnly, "there is the Kawena, and if you don't run away as soon as we reach camp I shall give you that famous silk hat of mine you want so much. But if you do run away you are more of a coward than a *bobojanni*."

Bobojanni means monkey, and the natives hate more than anything else to be compared to the monkeys. Probably because the truth is always offensive.

Milk looked sour, but he assured me that he was no *bobojanni* and he swore by all the spirits of all his ancestors that he would remain with his *Musungu*.

The worst of it was that I, myself, to tell the truth, though

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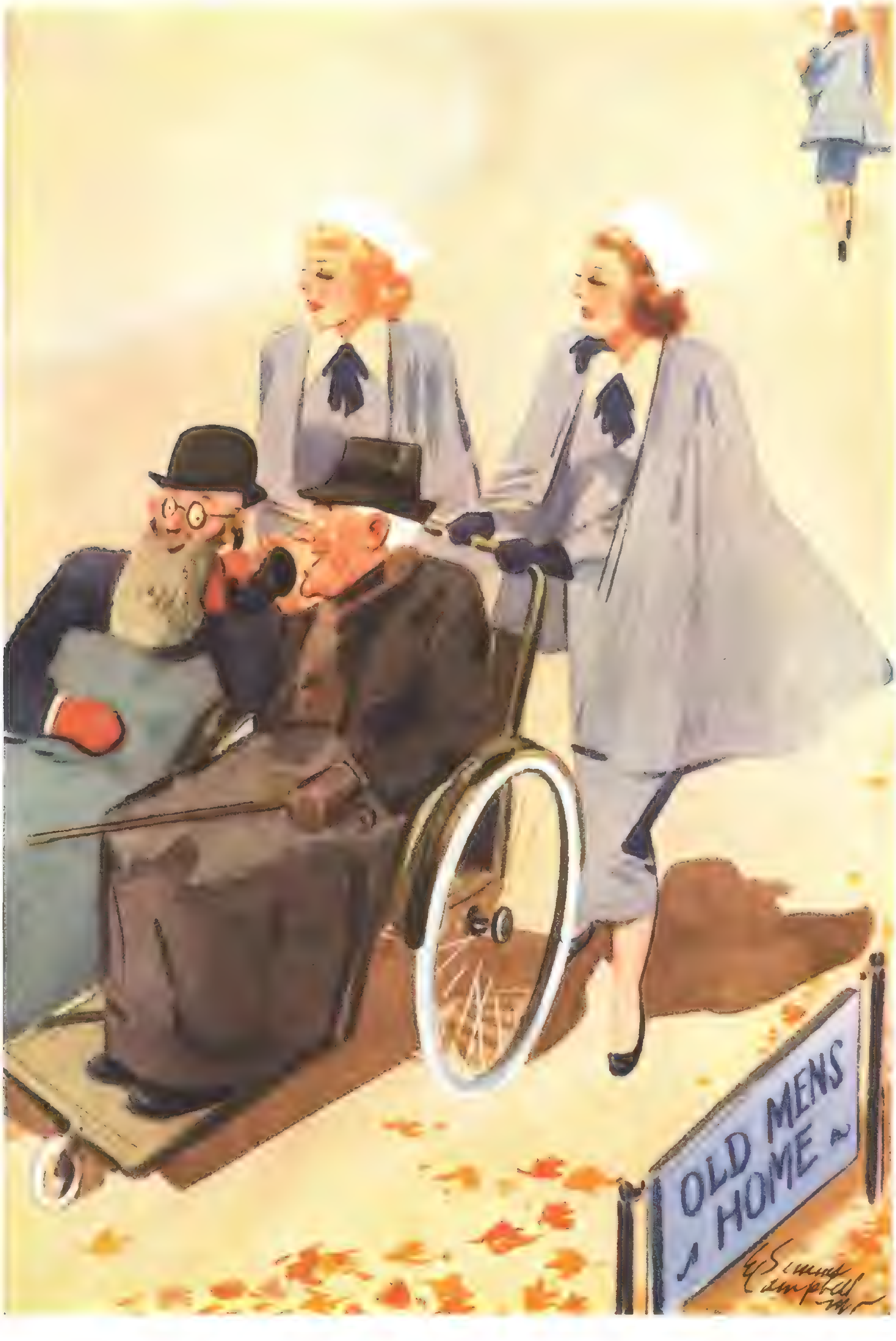
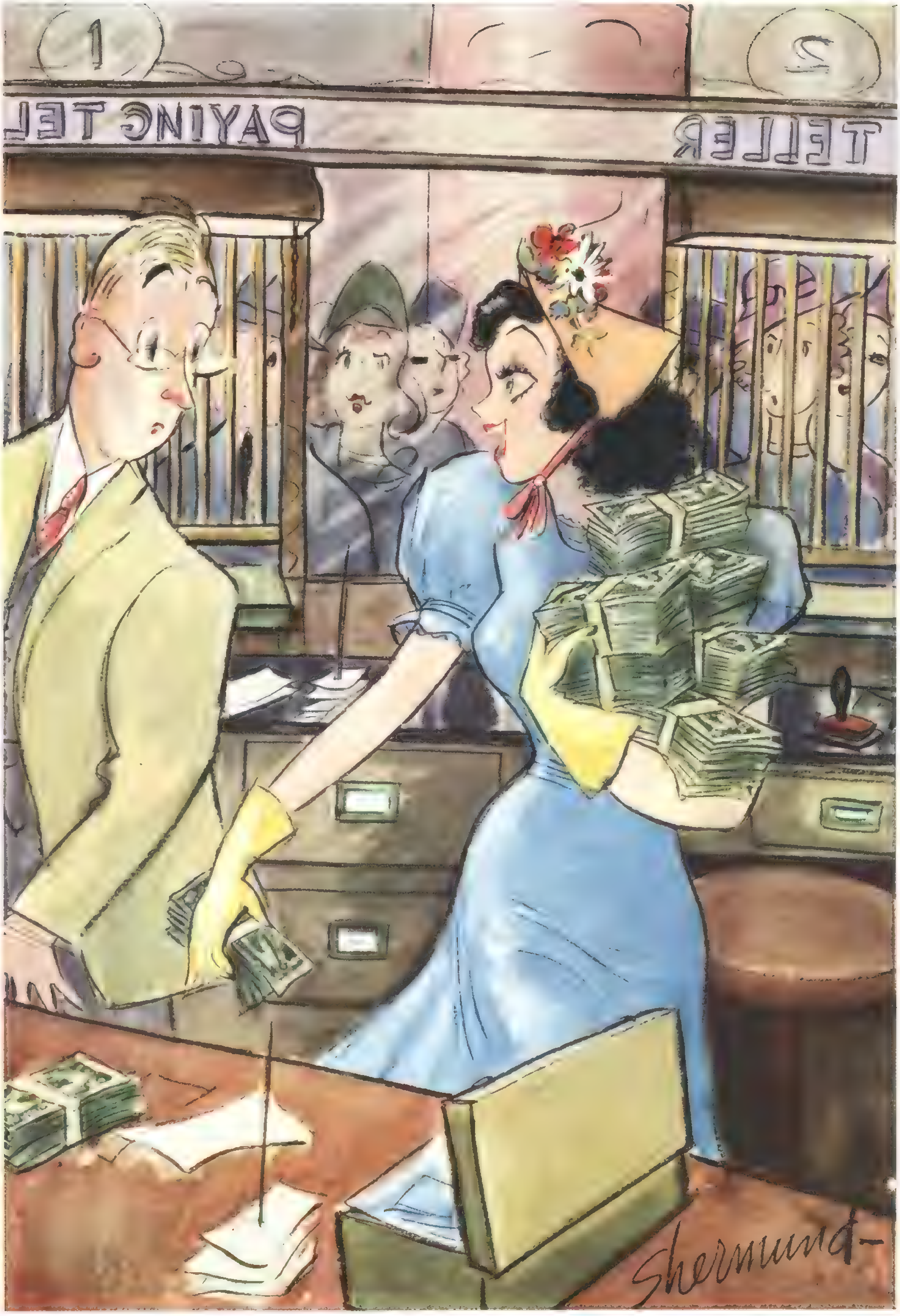

OLD MENS HOME

"I wish I'd been sent here fifty years sooner"


1
PAYING TEL
2
TELLER
Shermund

"It's all right—my husband is the new cashier"

Bookkeeper Wanted

Come the revolution, the cheap help will eat cake and the Big Shots will eat their own words

by R. B. JOHNS

SATIRE

"SOME big shot out there in the bunch is all peeved up because he has to wait."

George Smith's wife, Marge, is doing the talking. Marge has just returned to George's combination library and office after showing an applicant the way out.

"What's he beefing about?" George inquires.

"Says it's an outrage the way employers have to make appointments to see people they want to put to work."

"Oh—a Red, eh. Do you know his name?"

"I think it's old Koontz that used to have so much labor trouble before the twenty hour week put the unions out of business."

"Koontz—Koontz—" George thumbs through the pile of answers to his ad. "Yes, here's his letter—Koontz Manufacturing Company. Show the old buzzard in. Let's see what he's got to say."

Marge goes after Koontz while George calls up a friend of his. As Marge brings in Koontz, George is carrying on an important conversation about a round of golf played the day before. It takes about twenty minutes to play the eighteen holes over again during which time Koontz occupies himself looking at a small crack in the ceiling and alternately admiring his hatband. He is dumbfounded at the number of times this can be repeated in twenty minutes.

George hangs up, lights a cigar, rummages through his desk for a few minutes and finally lets on there is somebody else present.

"What's your name, please?" he fires at Koontz.

"Why I—why—Koontz. I'm Mr. Koontz of the Koontz Manufacturing Co."

"Did you file an application as I requested in my ad?"

"Yes sir—that is—yes, I filed an application."

George shuffles the papers around on his desk and locates the Koontz application. He rears back in his chair and reads the letter slowly, very slowly. Koontz tallies a few more times with the crack and hatband.

"Hm-m-" murmurs George, "this is a coincidence. Your letter says your company is desperately in need of a bookkeeper. I recall writing you a letter back in 1932 saying I was desperately in need of a job. Do you remember that letter, Mr. Koontz?"

Koontz allows he can't remember.

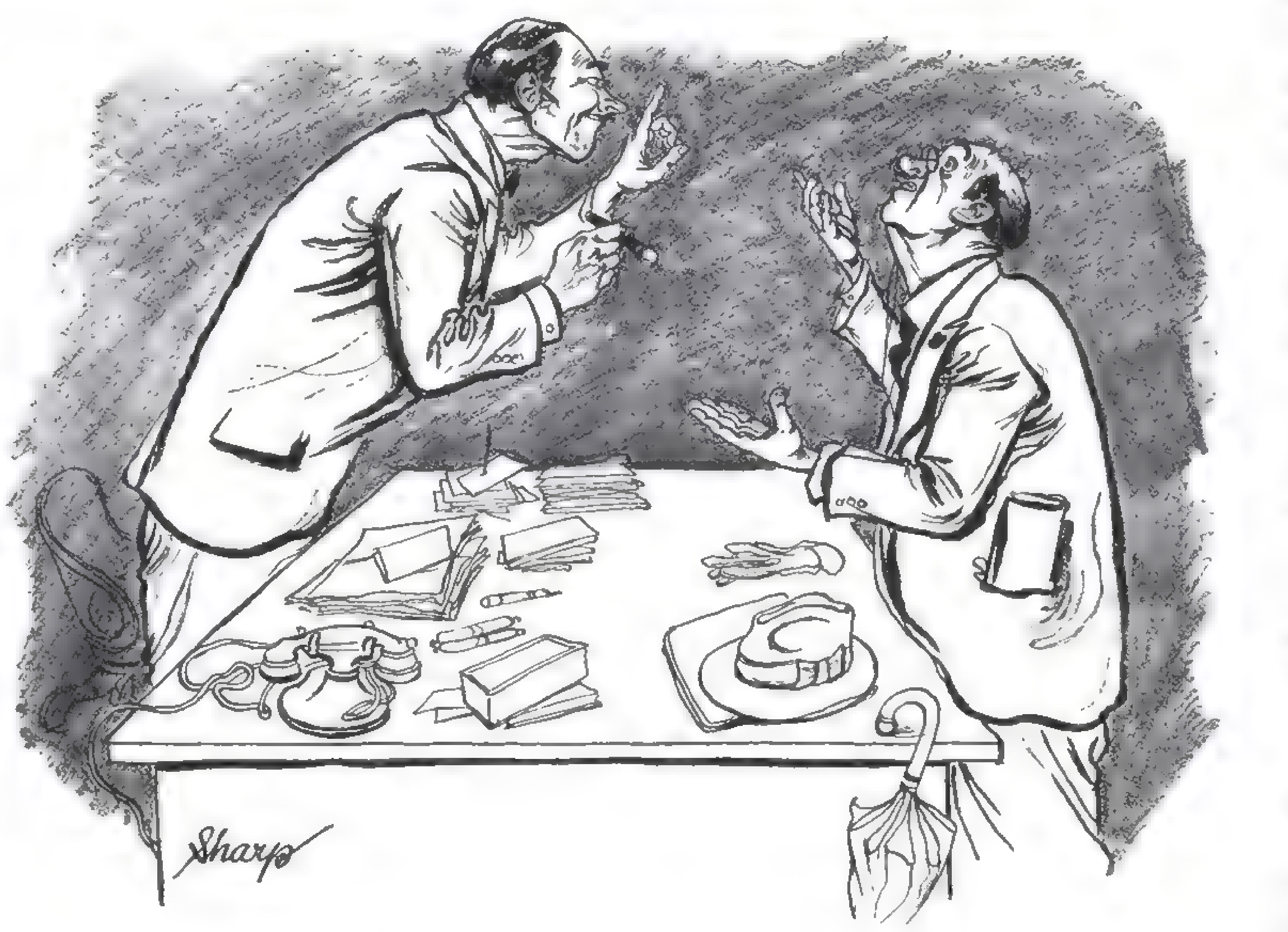
"At the time," George continues, "I had a tip your bookkeeping department was having to work night and day to keep up and you really could have used two or three men. I don't suppose you can remember why my application wasn't considered?"

Koontz has a little trouble clearing his throat. "You see, Mr. Smith, things were different back in 1932. Business was bad, as you know, and it was necessary to keep expenses down to the absolute minimum."

"Did you take much of a loss that year, Koontz?"

"Loss? Ah—ah—not exactly, but profits of course were way off."

"Is that the reason you decided to go out of business in 1932?" George asked sternly.



"Go out of business?" Koontz echoes, "I never intended to go out of business. The Koontz Manufacturing Company is a well established firm."

"My error," says George. "I thought when you bought up all that downtown business property they sold at foreclosure, you were figuring on chucking the manufacturing business."

Koontz goes one more round with the plaster crack and hatband. "I did buy a few pieces of business property then," he admits, "but they went so very reasonable I couldn't—"

"Let it go," says George, looking again at Koontz's letter. "You say in your application here something about the duty of workers to give preference to the older firms who have been established a long time. Just how do you mean that?"

"My idea is this," Koontz says, getting his shoulders down to a little selling, "since workers are at a premium now, it seems only fair that they should give first consideration to the companies who gave out the jobs for so long when jobs were hard to get."

"You figure you've got a sort of credit balance then, due to your having had various and sundry folks work in your outfit in the past."

"Something like that. After all, if it hadn't been for employers like myself providing work for people to do, this country never would have developed the way it has."

"Let's get this straight now. Your point is that you and others in your position put the country on a going basis because you started up a business and put people to work. Now since the twenty-hour-week law has created a shortage of workers, you claim the available supply of help should stick to the Old Guard out of gratitude or something like that."

"Well—yes."

"You own the Koontz Manufacturing Company don't you, Mr. Koontz?"

"Every nickel's worth and I built it up myself starting with almost nothing." Koontz swells up a little as he says this.

"You started with nothing. I see. And when your business grew a little you began putting people to work."

"That's it."

"With the idea in mind of developing the country."

"Why—ah—ah—perhaps that wasn't the paramount idea but the effect was just the same. As our business grew, the country grew right along with it."

"Tell me this, Koontz—did you ever hire anybody to work in your plant that you didn't make a profit on his labor?"

"I don't suppose I did. You can't conduct a business by hiring people you can't keep busy."

"Take the first man that ever worked for you, for instance. Why did you hire him?"

"I had more to do than I could take care of myself. My business was growing and it was possible for me to provide work for somebody else."

"Your increased profit after you hired the man was more than the amount you paid him, wasn't it?"

"Sure it was but hell, man, that's business. And besides, I didn't spend that profit. It went back into the business to build it up so I could hire more people. That's what I'm trying to tell you."

"I understand all right, Koontz," George answers, "but supposing you hadn't been able to hire that first man because there

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When the Foxes Flirt

The way Ma acted like a pullet in the spring, a body could tell she'd got young love in her head

by JESSE STUART

▪ FICTION ▪

THE Lord could have come down out'n the skies and told me Ma wasn't a good woman and I wouldn't a-believed 'im. That's what I thought o' Ma. Eleven children in our family. There never was a ought agin Ma.

Pa married Ma when she was seventeen. Pa was eighteen. I was born the next year. Pa bought three hundred and five acres of land. Ma worked right beside Pa in the terbacker fields to help 'im pay for th' land. W'y I can remember Ma workin' right up to five days before one of us youngins was born. Ma'd be big and wear a mother-hubbard dress. She'd haf to stop and rest. Ma'd sit on a stump and smoke her pipe. Pa'd plow and sweat and cuss.

Pa worked hard as a brute. You know Pa is a big man. Big fence-post arms and a bull-neck. Little bean-slit eyes set back in deep holes under big bushy brows. Pa's got teeth in his head yet hard as flint-rocks—about as brown as flint-rocks too. Pa's big and hard as a tough-butted white oak in yaller hard clay. Could allus plow th' mule down. Some said Pa rid th' plow-handles too much was th' reason he worked th' mule down. Pa said it was a lie. He said he was a better man than a mule.

I remember when one of us youngins was born we'd get to go some place and stay all night. When Effie was born I got to go over the hill to Newsome's and stay all night. Diddie was next to me and Minnie and they's too little to think anything so they got to stay at home. That was th' first time I ever got to stay a night away from home. I got homesick and cried when Mrs. Newsome put me in a big feather bed beside of her boy Jack.

Then the next year when Prudie was born, Diddie got to go with me over at Newsome's and stay all night and we slept with Jack in th' big feather bed and et honey and good flour-made biscuits for breakfast. Th' next year, when brother Ager come into this world, Diddie, Minnie, Prudie and me all went over to Mrs. Newsome's. Diddie and me slept with Jack and Prudie and Minnie slept with Gracie Newsome in a big feather bed. Prudie wasn't big a-tall but she cried to go with us and Ma let 'er go.

I was eight years old when Tanner was born. It was a night in August. I remember it well. Ager was just two years old then—a little squirt runnin' around th' house in dresses. He hollered and said "jah-jah" pointin' to me as we all started over th' hill for Newsomes. Pa says: "Take 'im with you Average-Alf." So I took him by the hand and led 'im part of the way and carried 'im the rest.

This time Mrs. Newsome put Diddie, Ager, her boy Jack and me all in th' same bed. She put Ager down at the foot of th' bed. He cried all night for Ma. Kept us awake all night. Prudie and Minnie slept with Gracie. Next mornin' we had good flour-made biscuits and honey for breakfast.

It wasn't quite two years. It was a night in July, hot as fire too. Pa says: "Average-Alf, you'll haf to take th' rest o' th' children to Newsome's to-night." I says: "Pa th' last time we's over there they didn't have bedroom for us. Had to put Ager at th' foot of th' bed. He cried all night and kept us awake. Now we got little Tanner to take. Mrs. Newsome ain't got so many beds 'erself."

Pa says: "You take Ager and Tanner and go to Washburn's. Let Diddie, Minnie and Prudie go over to Newsome's." I didn't want to do it. Washburns lived like we did. I wanted to go to Newsome's and get biscuits and honey for breakfast. But Pa was boss. I had to do what he said.

Widdie Washburn kicked the cat. She acted mad because we'd come. I never told 'er why. I didn't want to. We just drapped in on 'em. We et buttermilk and corn bread for supper and lassies and yaller corn-dodger bread for breakfast. Just what we had at home.

Next day sister Minnie says to me: "Goodie! Goodie! we got good honey and biscuits for breakfast and you got yaller corn-dodger bread and lassies! Ager said you did." Little Apricot was born that night. Ma called 'im Apricot because she could see the Apricot tree through the winder. She thought it was a purtie name too.

Ma didn't stay in th' bed with Apricot but three days. She's up doin' 'er work about th' house. In two weeks Ma was back in th' terbacker fields with us. She worked with Pa and us youngins like a man. We had to work hard to make our payments on th' land and to make our grub to eat.

The next summer Ma was big again. I could tell somethin' was goin' to happen soon. Ma and Pa driv the mules to town and took butter, milk, eggs and young fryer chickens. When they come back from town Ma was layin' in the wagon bed on a quilt with another baby. He's our brother Silas. Ma had 'im on th' way comin' back atter she and Pa peddled the eggs, milk, butter and fryer chickens.

It was two years now and Ma got awful big agin. Pa sent Diddie, Minnie, Prudie and Ager over the hill to Newsome's. Minnie and Prudie could sleep with Gracie and Diddie and Ager could sleep in th' bed with Jack. He sent me to Widdie Washburn's with Tanner, Apricot and Silas. Old Widdie kicked th' cat agin when it come close th' churn. She put all four of us in th' bed together and little Silas slept at the foot of th' bed and cried all night—just like I was the first night I went away. We got yaller corn bread and buttermilk for supper and yaller corn-dodger bread and lassies for breakfast.

This time when I went home, Pa says: "Son go in there and see what your Ma's got. She's got a litter." Ma did have a litter, Ma had three. Mattie, Pattie, and Cattie. It looked funny to see Ma in bed with three. Ma stayed in bed three weeks this time.

Pa says: "Son you'll never haf to go anymore. We won't get our dozen. Your Ma won't have any more babies."

I says to Pa: "Eleven now. Looks to me like that's enough.

Pa says: "People now-a-days don't have big families like they used to have. I'm one of eighteen boys. Your Ma is one of sixteen children. Families gettin' littler all th' time. Th' Word says: 'you'll marry and replenish the earth.' People not livin' right now-a-days."

Ma went back to th' fields with us. Pa says: "It takes your Ma to hold you youngins straight and make you hoe your terbacker right. I'm behind the plow and can't do it." Ma made us do it right. She'd use the larrup on us—right around the bare legs too. When Ma told one of us to cut a weed or rake more dirt around a stalk of terbacker we done it and didn't give 'er no back-talk neither. Ma's a big woman and pretty with a red neck and face. Big hands like Pa. Ma was a woman for a livin' the way she worked and saved.

"We're goin' to lose th' farm" says Pa to Ma once, "we can't make ends meet unless we sell the timber, so I've sold off some of th' timber. Goin' to bring a mill in and saw th' trees on th' place. You can keep boarders and make some money."

Pa wouldn't sell one acre of his three hundred and five. He says: "I'd rather sell the trees. They can grow back. If I sell the land it can't grow back."

The mill moved in. It was in June. Eight men came with it. They worked at settin' up the mill and choppin' out roads to the timber for the twelve yokes of cattle and th' log carts. Pa built a shed on to our house for the men. Ma got three beds on tick at th' store. She aimed to pay for 'em out'n her board-bill money. Th' men come in th' house and had a big table to themselves. Ma and Minnie done th' cookin' and waitin' on the table. The men were all old as Pa—all over forty years. Big men like Pa—with hard knotty hands and big fence-post arms.

Ma got like a pullet in the spring when 'er comb gets red and she starts huntin' a nest. Ma got to walkin' plum to town—eight miles there and eight miles back. She'd just pace the streets when she got there like a hen lookin' for a nest and not tryin' to find it. She'd go to town and not bring back a thing. She'd just go to town. She'd leave Minnie and

Prudie at home to cook for the lumber men, Pa, and us youngins.

Ma quit workin' in th' fields with us. Her face got paler and her hands softer. Ma bobbed 'er hair and started doin' it up different. Pa says to me: "Average-Alf, your Ma's actin' funny these days. She's goin' to town too often. She's jined that school-thing where all th' women meet every Friday. Your Ma can't read. Wouldn't know 'er name if she'd meet it in th' road."

We laid the corn by—hoed th' corn over the last time. September come and the corn turned the color o' light Jersey butter. Th' leaves started fallin' from th' trees. Th' terbacker got ripe—leaves turned oak-leaf brown. Th' men started cuttin' timber now. "Yep, we can tell about the timber atter th' leaves fall," says Burton Burrwell, "old Beardy Burt," the rest of th' lumber-jacks called 'im.

One night I heard Pa say: "Old Beardy Burt, give 'em to you did he?" And Ma says: "you know Horse Leadingham I ain't had a pair silk stockings in my life. Yes he give 'em to me for bein' so good to wait on th' lumber-men. Don't you think I deserved 'em?"

Pa says: "If I hadn't had eleven children by you I'd doubt your chastity. But you've been a true little wifey all these years. You've been so straight you leant forward a little." Pa and Ma made up and went back to bed atter th' awful fuss they'd had.

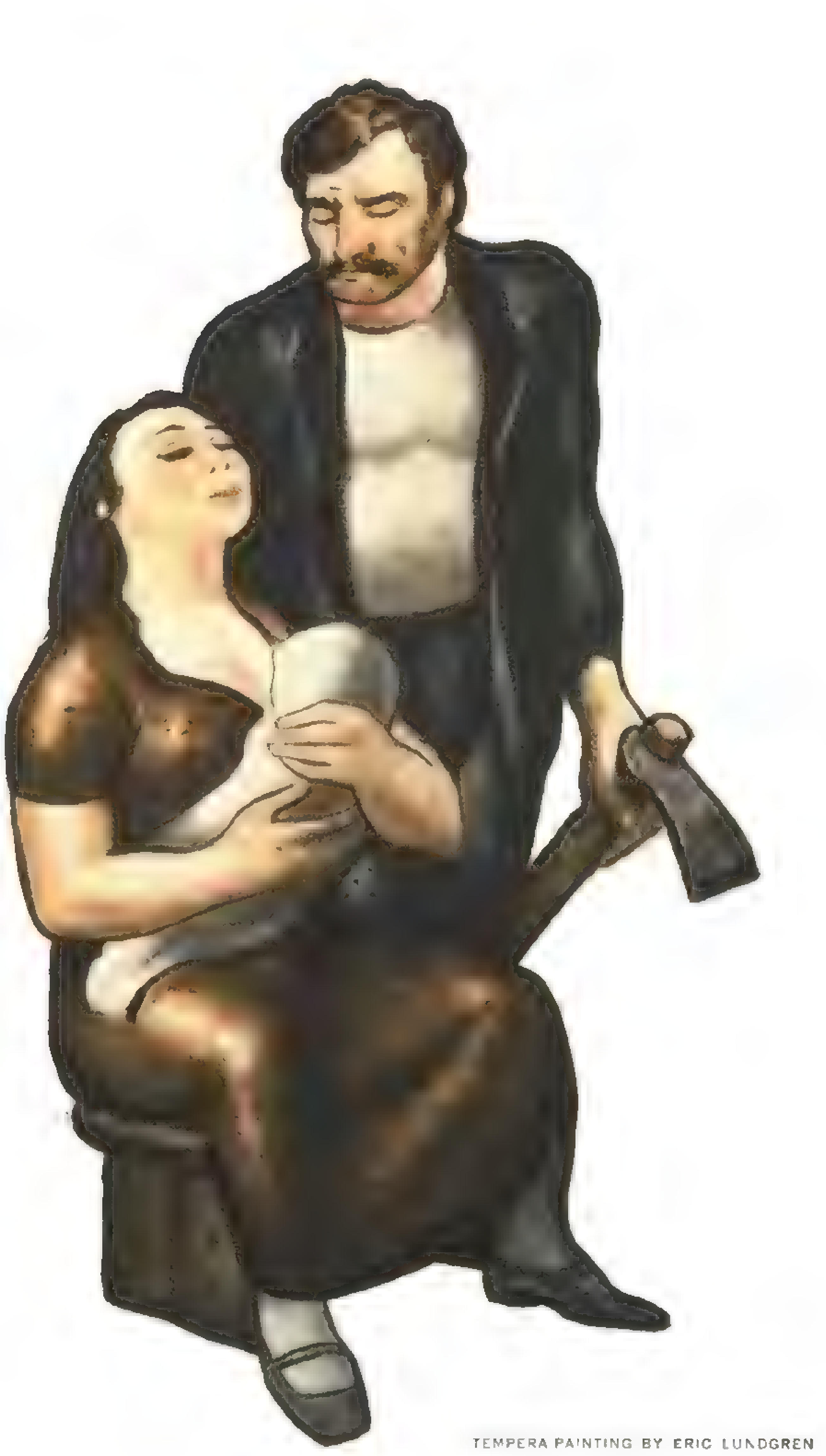
Th' leaves left the trees bare. Snow lay on th' ground in big white sheets. It was gettin' near Christmas time. Ma went to town one day. I thought I'd just go to town and see what Ma was doin'. Pa worked at home cuttin' firewood. Old Beardy Burt went to town in th' evening. Ma went in th' mornin'. I walked to town over a thin layer of snow. Yaller sun stood up in th' sky. Wind made mournful sounds in th' bare limbs o' th' trees.

When I got to town I saw Ma just pacin' up and down th' streets. A fellow standin' by me and didn't know who I was, says: "Old Horse Leadingham's wife out here on Shadey Fork, mother of eleven children and gone wrong. She comes here every Saturday and paces th' streets. She meets Old Beardy Burt in here, th' saw-mill boss on old Horse's farm. Stayin' in th' house with old Horse. Goin' on right under his nose and he don't see it."

"He'd be th' last one to see it," says the tall bean-pole, beardy-faced man. "It's atter forty when the foxes flirt. Talk about young people! Hell, they ain't half as bad a-foxes as them above forty. The young foxes ain't so sly. They get caught quicker."

You just don't know how I felt. I wanted to say somethin'. I couldn't. It was about Ma. She'd brought me into th' world and worked like a dog for me. I was a young man now and ten children younger than me. Ma'd forsook all of us. She'd got young love in 'er head. I stood on th' street and saw my own Ma go in a flip-jint with Beardy Burt and through the winder I saw them drinkin' big mugs o' beer together.

I just thought I'd tell Pa. I wondered if Pa'd believe me. Then I thought I'd shoot Ma. That wouldn't do to have the stain of my own blood on my hands. There'd be more blood too. Pa'd get Beardy Burt. He'd get riled and no tellin' how many of the saw-mill men he'd kill. I just went back home and tried to forget about Ma. When she come home I couldn't be th' same to 'er. She didn't seem as near to me as she did when I was littler.


TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

The heavy snow lay on the ground. Icicles hung from the clapboard roof. Pa'd been out haulin' wood. Th' saw-mill men didn't work that day. They stayed in th' shed and played cards. Pa come in and caught Beardy Burt puttin' a pair of silk stockings on Ma. Pa says: "I thought by-God I told you about takin' that other pair of stockings from this beardy son-of-a-bitch! Now he's puttin' 'em on your legs and fastenin' them above your knees. You two have just a few seconds to live." Pa pulled a long blue .38.

"Oh Horse," Ma cried, "don't kill me. I love Beardy Burt. Let us go free." All o' us youngins crowded around and begged for Ma's life. Pa weakened and let Ma go. Pa says: "Get your duds all you sons-of-bitches and get out'n here, you've broke up my home."

Mattie, Pattie and Cattie cried when they seed Ma trapse off through the snow with eight men. All had their turkeys across their shoulders on their canes. Ma had a bundle that looked like a washin' o' clothes. We stood and watched them walk across the snow. I remember Ma walked beside of Beardy Burt. I remember how the blue snow glistened in the yaller winter sunlight—how all us children cried—how Pa stood in th' door mad as a hornet with his finger on th' trigger ready to shoot if Ma or Beardy Burt looked back. I remember the dark bare trees on th' hillside against the snow and th' trouble they'd caused Pa.

Pa says: "I can't understand. A wench the mother o' my youngins." He fell across th' bed—a big man, he almost covered it—had th' gun in his hand. "I ought to have blown their God-damned brains out."

We stayed with Pa and done th' best we could. Minnie and Prudie done th' cookin' and all th' rest went to th' fields. Spring here agin. Ma in Ohio livin' with old Beardy Burt. Pa says: "I feel cheated. I feel like I bought a horse one minute and he died th' next. Beardy Burt cheated me and he'll have to pay someway. By-God I'll sick th' law on 'im. He's got money so I hear. I'm a ruint man. Was just six hundred dollars in debt on my farm. Now I'm a thousand dollars in debt. Timber job broke me up."

Pa got Lawyer Boone a-hold of it. "Th' devil can't uptrip Lawyer Boone," Pa says, "and old Beardy Burt will pay me for breakin' up my home. Th' beardy son-of-a-bitch." Pa would get riled when he thought o' Beardy Burt.

It wasn't th' same in th' fields without Ma. Th' terbacker got weedy. Sprouts nearly took th' corn. Pa was gone so much now. Got to runnin' around just like Ma did—left all th' work and management of th' farm to me. Th' youngins wouldn't work for me like they would for Pa or Ma. They wouldn't mind me. I done th' best I could and fit the weeds with my hoe like a soldier fights in time o' war with his gun. But I wasn't a good general over th' rest o' my soldiers like Napoleon or Stonewall Jackson.

Pa come in one night. He says: "I'm suing Beardy Burt for five thousand dollars. Lawyer Boone don't expect to get that much but he's makin' th' suit big so we can get what we want. I give Lawyer Boone forty per cent o' all he gets and nothin' if he loses."

Pa starts goin' to church now. Somethin' Pa's never done before. He sets in th' choir and sings. Pa wears a necktie and clean blue shirts and his blue serge pants. Pa leaves us at home to work. He don't take us to church or let us go. We stay around th' house and listen to th' bull frogs in th' creek and watch th' lighten-bugs light their way in th' dark air.

Pa went to town. It was Saturday mornin'. It was early. Th' sun hadn't dried th' dew off'n th' corn yet. The dew was goin' up in big white streams o' air. Old Shell Pennix comes down th' road. He comes up to th' barn where I'm workin' with a gun in one hand—a hat in th' other.

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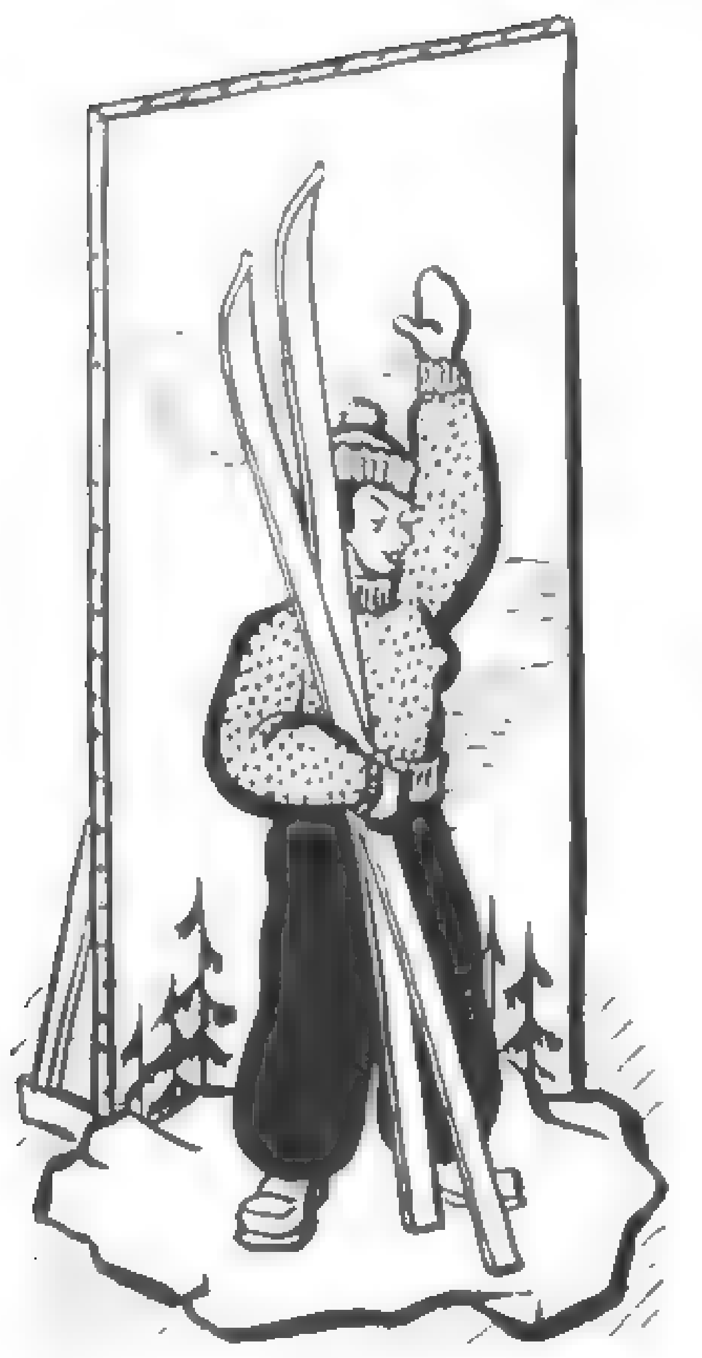
Big League Snapshots

Finding props for faking a scene is no snap, and each slip brings squawks from eagle-eyed readers

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪



So you think $1500 is a lot of money to get for a single snapshot?

Well, there are a dozen or more photographers in New York who command just such prices as this for prints ordered not one at a time but in series of from six to twelve. And there is so much business at those figures that one illustrator to my knowledge turned down a $24,000 contract for twelve shots because the advertiser wouldn't let the photographer do the job his own way.

Probably $3500 is tops for a single camera illustration, but such fancy figures are exceptional and depend mainly upon incidental expenses. Generally the big leaguers like Steichen, Bruehl, Hesse, Hiller, Finley, Keppler, Green, Muray, Waxman, and others get anywhere from $150 to $500 a shot for black-and-whites and from $1000 to $2500 apiece for color stuff, the range depending upon the complexity of the job, number of models, props, traveling expenses, construction costs on sets, etc.

These are the pictures you've seen by the score on magazine covers, in advertising columns, as fiction story illustrations. And if you want to see just how the quoted price adds up, take a look at a run-of-mine job from a job-flight studio and see what happens.

This order, supported by the agency's rough sketch, says: "We want a shot of an African village in the Congo showing the client's product being used by the chieftain surrounded by a dozen tribesmen with a row of native huts in the background."

Briefly, this is the way they went about it:

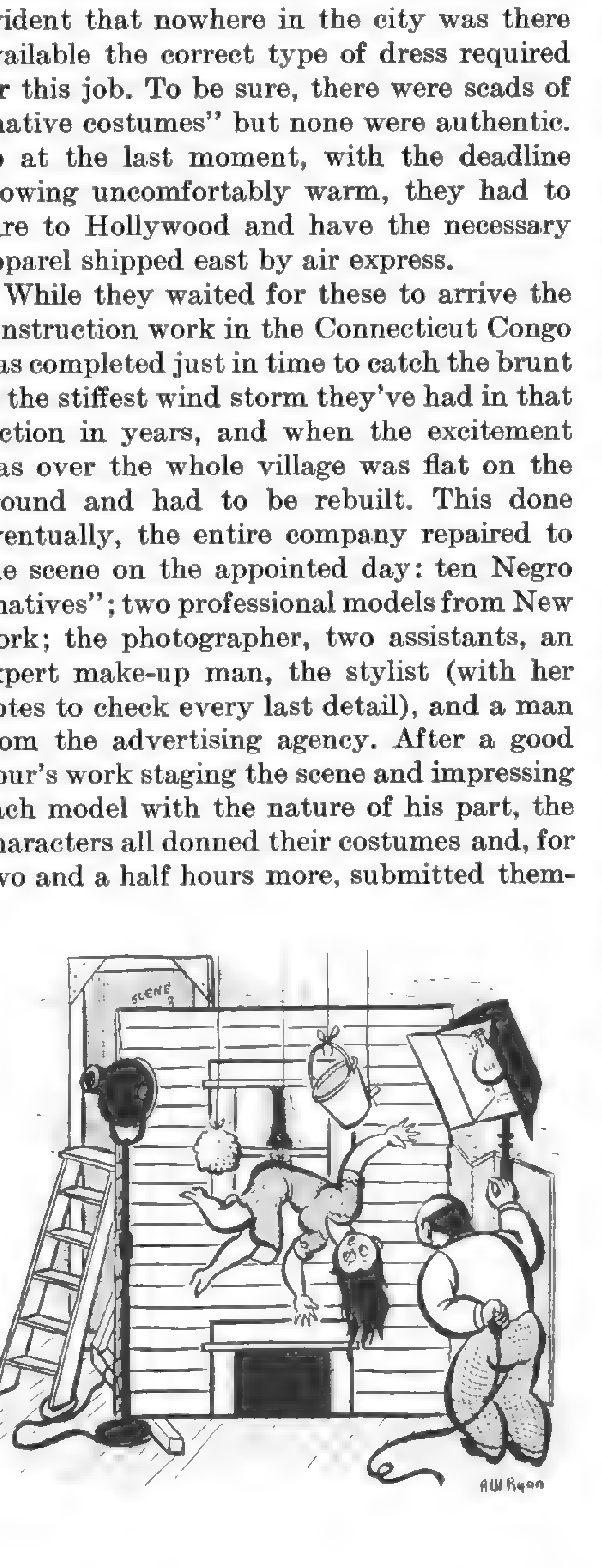
For two weeks the photographer's stylist delved into African lore at the library and the museum, checking native types, hut construction, costumes, foliage, ornament, native weapons, etc., etc., finally calling in Mrs. Carl Akeley for consultation.

These details covered, the illustrator and his aide started out to find a suitable location for the set which, after some scouting, proved to be in a Connecticut woods about five miles from the nearest house. A path big enough for a motor truck had to be cut in from the road about a hundred yards, then a clearing of about 200 yards had to be made by felling trees and removing the stumps.

Into this space carpenters brought lumber and straw for the row of native huts, and as they worked building them, other men busied themselves trampling the earth to give the appearance of long use. Meanwhile the photographer himself was scouring a nearby city for characters who would be suitable and willing to pose. Into laundries, bootblack parlors, restaurant kitchens, pool rooms he went, scanning Negroes until they glowered at him suspiciously; finally finding about one hundred prospects in two days from whom ten were ultimately hired. The chieftain required another day's hunt before a good, hefty, jolly band leader was finally turned out of his bed at 10 a.m. by a friend and seized upon by the illustrator with a shout of joy.

In New York at the same time the stylist was making the rounds of theatrical costumers getting together the necessary paraphernalia in the way of spears, shields, a few household utensils and other props, and it soon became evident that nowhere in the city was there available the correct type of dress required for this job. To be sure, there were scads of "native costumes" but none were authentic. So at the last moment, with the deadline growing uncomfortably warm, they had to wire to Hollywood and have the necessary apparel shipped east by air express.

While they waited for these to arrive the construction work in the Connecticut Congo was completed just in time to catch the brunt of the stiffest wind storm they've had in that section in years, and when the excitement was over the whole village was flat on the ground and had to be rebuilt. This done eventually, the entire company repaired to the scene on the appointed day: ten Negro "natives"; two professional models from New York; the photographer, two assistants, an expert make-up man, the stylist (with her notes to check every last detail), and a man from the advertising agency. After a good hour's work staging the scene and impressing each model with the nature of his part, the characters all donned their costumes and, for two and a half hours more, submitted themselves to the tender mercies of the make-up man.



After the shots were made the village had to be razed, the building material removed; costumes and props returned to their sources while technicians in the dark room took care of the negatives, blew them up to bromide prints of the desired size, converted them into carbro prints in actual color, retouched them, submitted proofs, got OK's and finally set to work delivering the finished prints to the engraver.

In a few quick words that is a very sketchy story of a $1500 snapshot: a story of ingenuity, imagination, craftsmanship and artistry—not to mention Patience and Perspiration in caps. The picture you ultimately saw in the magazines was, true enough, shot in one twenty-fifth or one-fiftieth of a second which, on a time rate, makes the price seem staggering. But the thing to remember before you decide to embark on this adventure yourself is that, from the time they started until they finished, something like twelve men and women (aside from the models) worked on that job at various intervals for several weeks. Which makes it a horse of a different color.

Take the item of research alone: here is a job going through the works which calls for a scene in an old Scottish manor house in the 19th century. It sounds simple enough, but the first point of importance is that one man spent three weeks in research on the details of character types, interior decorations, furnishings and clothing for the models.

The first snarl was that the script called for a specific type of dog in the shot: a Scottish Deerhound. Investigation developed the sad fact that not in all New York City—or New York State, for that matter—was there one good specimen of this breed. And when they resorted to a classified ad in three Sunday papers with millions of readers, they got exactly three replies—from people who had never seen such a dog! Eventually one turned up in Boston, and by the time they get that one and its owner to New York and back, that single item will have cost over $100.

The second snag is that you can't rent an authentic Scotch costume for this particular shot in the entire city. There are thousands of kilts and plaids to be had for a few dollars a day in the threatrical district. But this scene is an evening affair and, it appears, the

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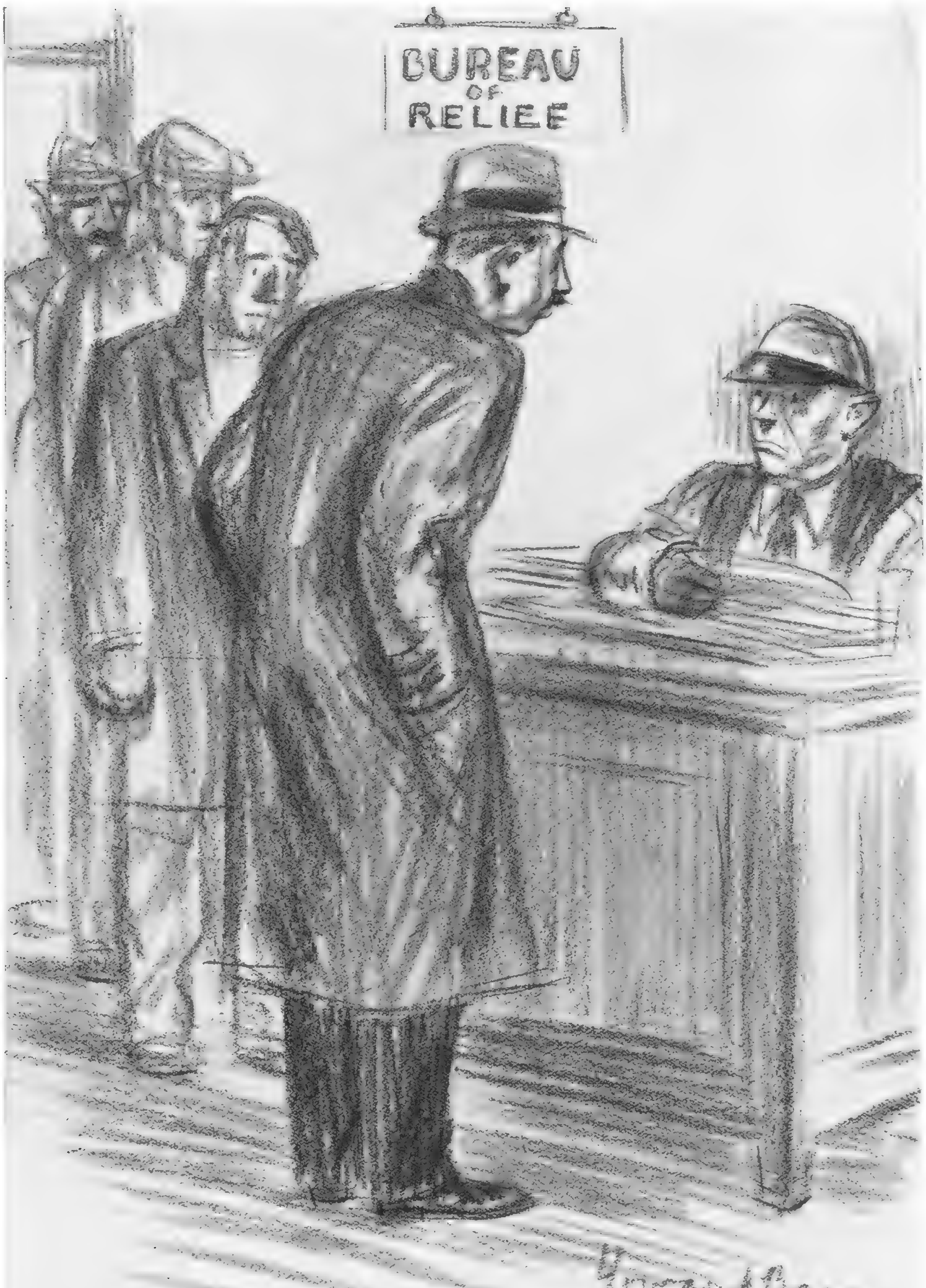

BUREAU
OF
RELIEF

"I want to fill out an application—I just paid my income tax"

Ladies of the Evening

How would you like one of those gorgeous creatures to transform your life into a blaze of glory?

by HUBBELL ROBINSON

• FICTION •

It's happened to me. It's happened to you. It's probably happened to all of us, at one time or another. You sit in a movie or a theatre or a night club. Under the spotlight one of the great ladies of the entertainment world goes through her paces. Her performance enchants you. Wit, physical beauty, tenderness—they're all there.

"God," you think, "it would be swell to know her."

To have a woman like that would make your life a glowing thing. You aren't daunted by the fact that, up to now, your rather indifferent success as a lover has been with lassies whose demands must surely be less exacting than those of this bewitching wench. You feel sure that the spell, the stimulus of this wonder woman will transform you. Your dull days are numbered. You'll be a fitting mate for this bundle of glamor. She's all you need to flower forth into the guy you could be, could have been years ago, if you'd had someone like that to love and play and fight and scream with.

That's what you think. And when you start thinking like that, one of two things happen. You just go on drifting along with those pleasant vaporizings or you get decisive and decide to do something about it. If you're wise you drift. But maybe you're not wise. Maybe you're like me. You take steps. You decide to flood your days—and nights—with gorgeousness.

Your first jolt comes when you discover that getting to know the high priestesses of enchantment hardly classifies as the neatest trick of the week. They're about as inaccessible as the Grand Central Station. So you meet her—the dream queen who's going to make your life a lovely burning thing. You meet her and you begin to go through things. You begin to go through things like this with girls like Thalia and Tonia and Julia.

They're this way.

Thalia's full name, at least the one she operated under, was Thalia Thurston. That's quite a name. It needed to be. Thalia was quite a girl. I first saw her in one of the smaller and smarter bistroes which spread like a rash through Manhattan's East Fifties. This one is notable chiefly for its high prices and its decorations. They look as if they had been conceived by a big-game hunter on a drunk. And here the upper crust of New York's café society jostled the denizens of Park Avenue and chi-chi Long Island to hear Thalia do her stuff. And it was some stuff.

Thalia sang torch songs. She tore the heart out of them—and out of you. Her voice was husky sweet and as she chanted the sad, sad story of how she'd loved and lost—with variations—your insides played tricks on you.

You forgot, for a fleeting moment, the too, too, sleek bodies and the too, too, well-groomed faces that walled you in. You forgot them under the spell of this woman who sang you a hackneyed tale of things that might have been.

For into each pat lyric, she seemed to pour so much of her, such richness and depth and understanding that you envied the guys who'd loved her and pitied the ones who'd left her. As that haunting tremulous voice lilted out at you from her lovely sophisticated body you felt she had a great, warm, knowing sympathy for all the emotional bruisings and cuffings you'd plodded through. If her life was a shattered thing, you were the lad to pick up the pieces. When Thalia sang *Where or When*, the only thought you had was "Now!"

Audiences loved her. And so did I. She wasn't beautiful but as she "gave" for *you*, you had an inescapable feeling that here was a brilliant, exciting woman, a woman with depth and warmth and a fine heady intolerance of the second rate. Anyway that's what I felt. And I decided, quick as a mouse, that the time for action had come. I'd begin right now. I did. I shouldn't have. The guy I was with knew her. We arranged to take her out for a drink after the show. She said she'd come for just one. Thalia always underplayed her caricatures but I didn't realize then that she also underplayed herself. I found out.

We went over to the Round Room at the Ambassador. It was crowded. I liked that. It's a good room. The tables are far enough apart so the waiters can get by you without beginning a beautiful friendship. When it's crowded the very fact that there are a lot of people around, isolates you at your own table. You can speak up without feeling as if you were on a coast-to-coast network. We settled back and ordered. Hanson had a Scotch and soda. I had a Scotch and soda. Thalia said, "Straight brandy, please." Hanson said, "hmmmmm."

Thalia said, "Don't be silly. I'm tired."

We all laughed. I didn't know just what we were laughing at but I was nervous. Who knew what this evening might bring? Hanson did.

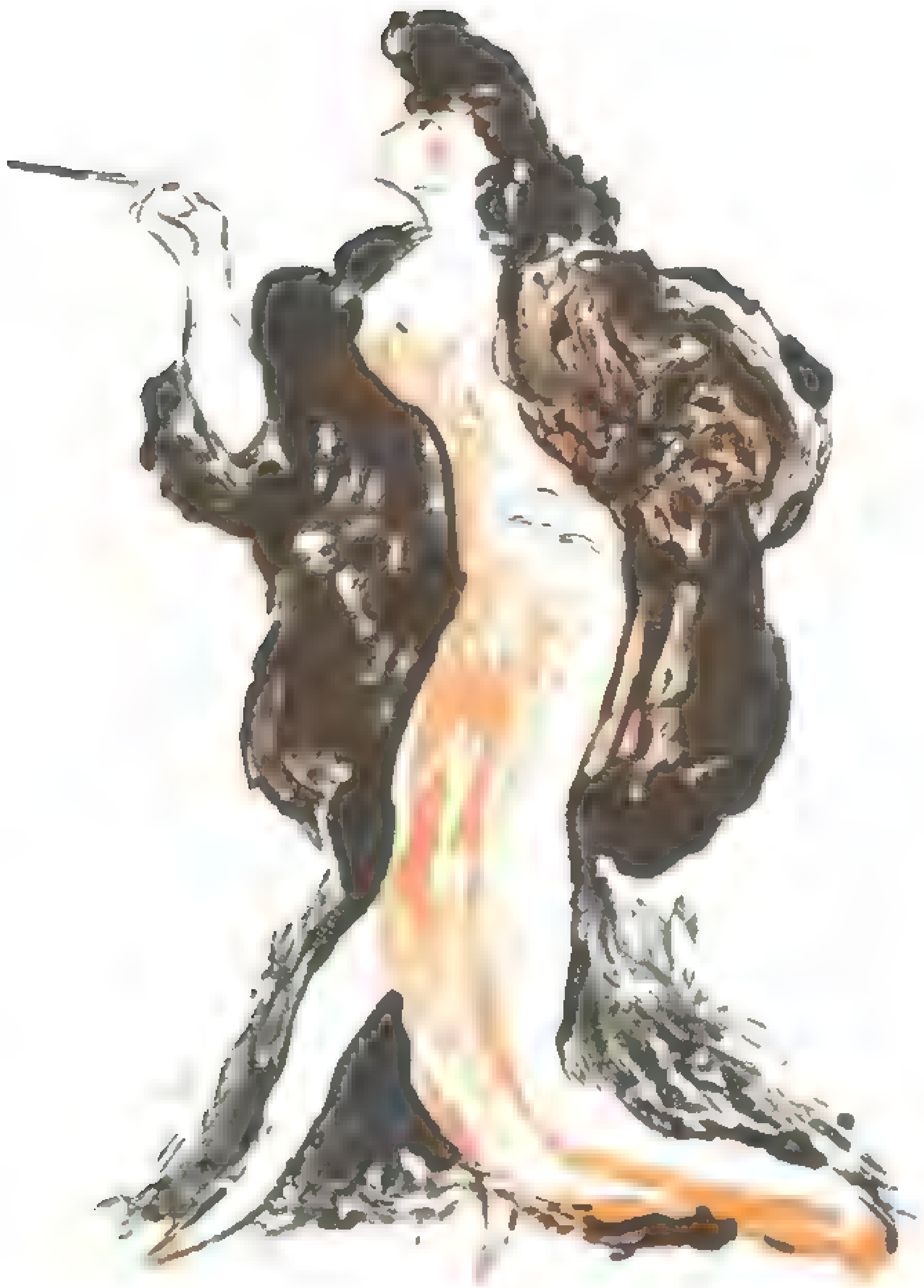
I said brightly, but, anyway, honestly, "God, what a swell job you did tonight."

Thalia looked me straight in the eye. Her eyes were violet and direct and deep. And very alive. The contrast with the quietness of her face in repose was startling. There was an obvious pause. "Good God," I thought, "have I said the wrong thing? Do you suppose she'd rather not talk about it?" The suspense crashed.

Thalia started to talk. And when that baby talked, you listened. You couldn't do anything else. She talked for two hours. The only chance we had to be anything but audience was when she said, "Another brandy, please."

Then our contribution to the evening's beautiful companionship was, "Waiter, another brandy for Miss Thurston, please."

Thalia explained things to us. She explained why La Algiers was a lousy place to work. She explained just how lousy the management was with specific references to their doubtful ancestry. She explained how she'd packed 'em in in Cleveland and Chicago. We celebrated Thalia's triumphs in all the cocktail lounges from coast to coast. We compared her "box-office" with that of her contemporaries in the more important hot-spots in Manhattan. Those poor contemporaries—shreds of their artistic reputation were scattered from one end of the Ambassador to the other. The guests were up to their hips in the shreds. And don't think they didn't know it. For Thalia's powers of projection mounted with her indignation. She was coming in well in every corner of the room by the fifth brandy. There was hardly a soul there who didn't know she was well worth a tidy bit more than the thousand a week she was getting. Hardly a soul but Hanson. He gave up.



He gave up ten dollars to me and retired. I thought, "Maybe she's been working hard." And after all she could put it out. Anybody can go wacky when they're tired and sore. I underestimated Thalia.

She pulled a change of pace on me. Her voice dropped. She went into a new routine. She clutched at my hand. It kept me from getting at my drink, which I needed badly, but who was I to choose. She said in a low hushed voice. "You know, I know you know how badly I've been acting."

There was a slight pause. I tried to gather my somewhat addled wits to protest from the depths of what remained of my splintered illusions. I needn't have tried. It was a stage wait—not a conversational hesitancy. Thalia was only using her gift for timing.

She went on.

She said, "Sometimes I'd like to go away from it all. Last year I flew to Omaha. It was a return engagement. They simply had to have me back. We got lost in a fog on the way out. I hoped we'd never come down. I just wanted to go on flying forever and ever into the night. Up and on and away and never come down. May I have another brandy?"

These sudden flights from the here into the there into the brandy are a bit bewildering at first. But by now I knew that the only flight I was interested in was the flight home.

I said to Thalia, "It must have been wonderful feeling like that. But it *is* getting late and I suppose you want to get home. Shall we go?"

Thalia said, "And after that can you imagine those pikers paying me only a thousand a week?" I said I couldn't. And with a grim doggedness renewed my offer to take her home. Thalia said, "Oh, no, I couldn't sleep. I'll just run over to Manny's. He's having a party. Why don't you come, dear?" I said I couldn't possibly, but I'd drop her there.

She said, "Oh, no, I wouldn't think of it. Just put me in a cab. And could you lend me a dollar."

I did—gratefully. That was the week Thalia made a thousand and one dollars. It was a cheap cure.

* * *

Tonia's fame sparkled brightly from coast to coast. Her picture adorned the rotogravure sections with almost monotonous regularity. Her name appeared frequently, if somewhat libelously, in the smarter columns. And her candle burned at both ends. She was accepted as one of the great actresses of the day and her private life was rumored to be in the grand tradition. Almost everyone had a story about her. And none of the stories were exactly meat for the kiddies. Her love life, if half those stories were half true, combined the appetites of a lumber-jack with the inventiveness of a French postcard photographer. Yet side by side with that phase went a glowing reputation for wit and loyalty and kindness.

A woman worth knowing, you'd say. I said so too. I said so to one of my friends who did know her. He said, "Well, let's give her a ring and go up and see her." I gasped a bit. "Come, come, my lad." I said, "Surely, one doesn't go barging in on the great ladies of the theatre as casually as that."

But we did—just as casually as that. Tonia lived in one of the town's slightly faded but smartly genteel hostelries. She had a suite with a living room large enough to hold a small regiment. She needed it. When we arrived the small regiment was mobilized. Tonia was holding court. She stopped spellbinding the worshippers long enough to greet us and for me to be introduced. She had the grand manner nicely garnished with friendliness. Her voice as she said hello had the same husky, liquid throatiness that set you by your heels in the theatre. And her rather exotic beauty shone as brightly amid the rococo furnishings of that hotel living room as it did across the footlights. Her personality burned into you, it flamed so brightly even in the brief and meaningless business of saying, "How do you do. How nice of you to come."

At least it seemed to me it did. And I was all prepared to say so right then and there. I suddenly found myself bewilderingly articulate. By the time the shock of that unprecedented experience had passed the opportunity had too. Tonia had returned to her guests. Someone asked her what we'd like to drink and I said, "Scotch and soda."

It arrived and as I explored it I explored the faces of the other guests too. They were a glittery looking lot. The men were just a bit too well turned out except for two young ones who looked as though they wouldn't worry about how they looked if they could just eat. The women were the same except that there were none too young.

I got a chair as close to Tonia as I could. I wanted to talk to her. And by leaning around or between three other people and raising my voice to a small shout I could have. I could have if anyone had. But no one did. We all listened to Tonia. She said, "It's the most wonderful game. Someone goes out of the room and the others think of a person and when she comes back she tries to guess who it is."

Everybody gurgled with enthusiasm. Everybody but me. I don't like games. If people want to leave rooms that's fine, but why do you have to think of them as General Custer or John Alden to get them back? And these people didn't look to me as if they could think of anyone north of 52nd and west of Broadway. But the game was on. There was a moment of argument about who should have the first chance to prove their uncanny powers of divination by being "it." It wasn't really an argument. It was just a few lines to let Tonia come full stage and center. Of course, it was her game—why shouldn't she be "it"? As she started to go out I asked her if I couldn't get her another drink. She said she'd love it. Aha! I thought, I'll ensconce myself in the pantry and hoist one with her while the dullards grope for a name. So I trotted out after her, our glasses triumphantly clutched in either hand. She showed me the pantry.

"Do you want soda or plain water?" I said as I reached for the Scotch bottle.

"Just straight with ice," Tonia said.

I thought, "If she keeps to that diet it won't make much difference what they dream up."

I said, "That makes a nice heady thing of it." And made the drink. I handed Tonia hers. She took a sip and choked. She said, "My God—that's Scotch." I told her she'd hit it right on the head. "But I never drink anything but Coca-Cola. Didn't you know?" Tonia said.

I admitted I didn't. And got her the Coca-Cola. While I was pouring a bucket of Coca-Cola for Broadway's most glamorous actress, the boys in the front room came to a decision and she went to find out if she was Tecumseh or Herbert Hoover. It took her five minutes to find out she was Sarah Bernhardt. It was no news to her. The claque screamed with joy.

"Tonia, you're so bright." "Darling, how clever of you." "We never thought you'd guess, dear." The applause was sustained, if a bit shrill. She accepted it graciously. She accepted her Coca-Cola graciously. The other people all had another Coca-Cola as she explained how she'd figured it out. It appeared I was the only one having Scotch. It appeared to me I was the one that needed it. Then they insisted she give them another

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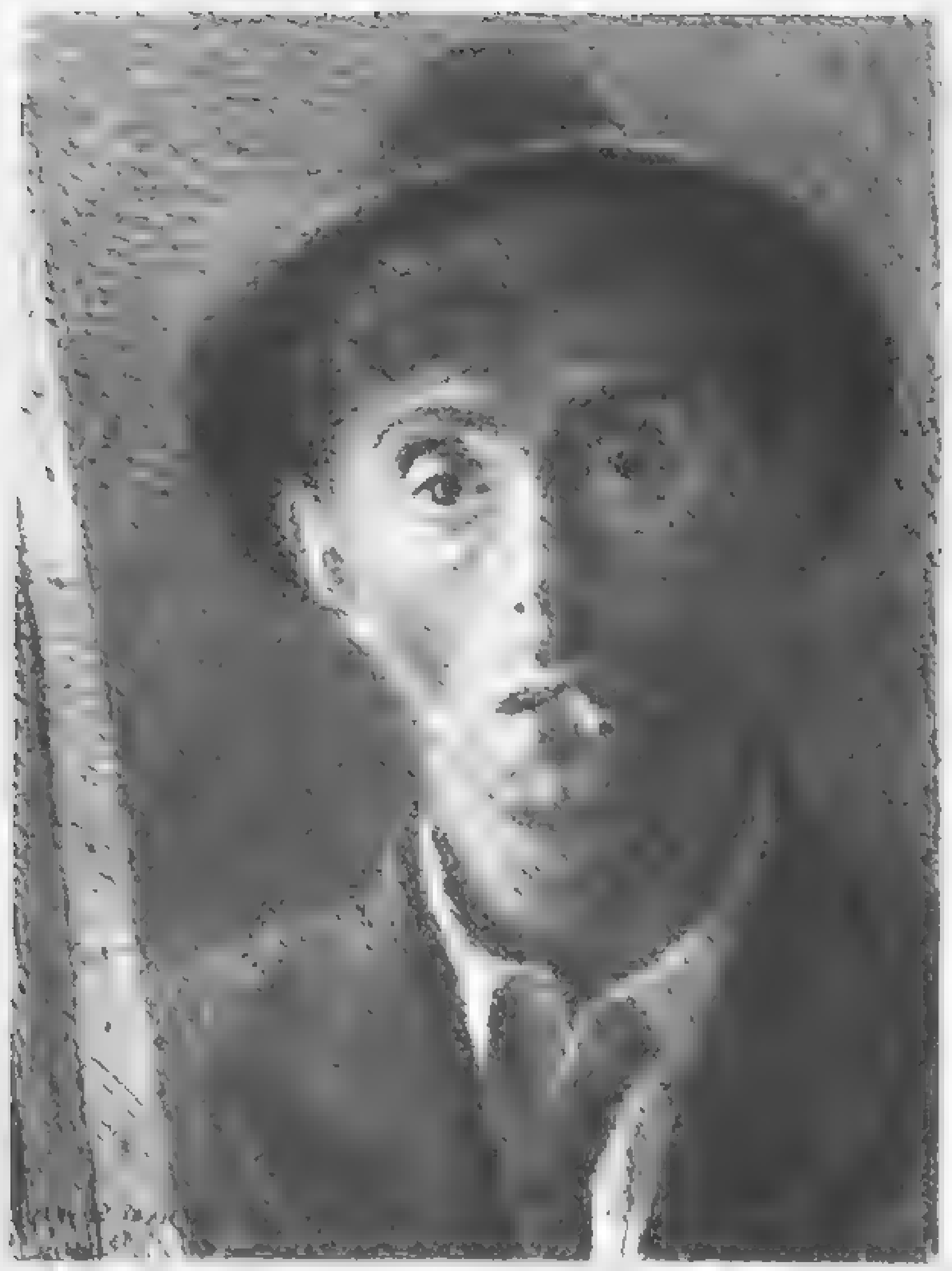
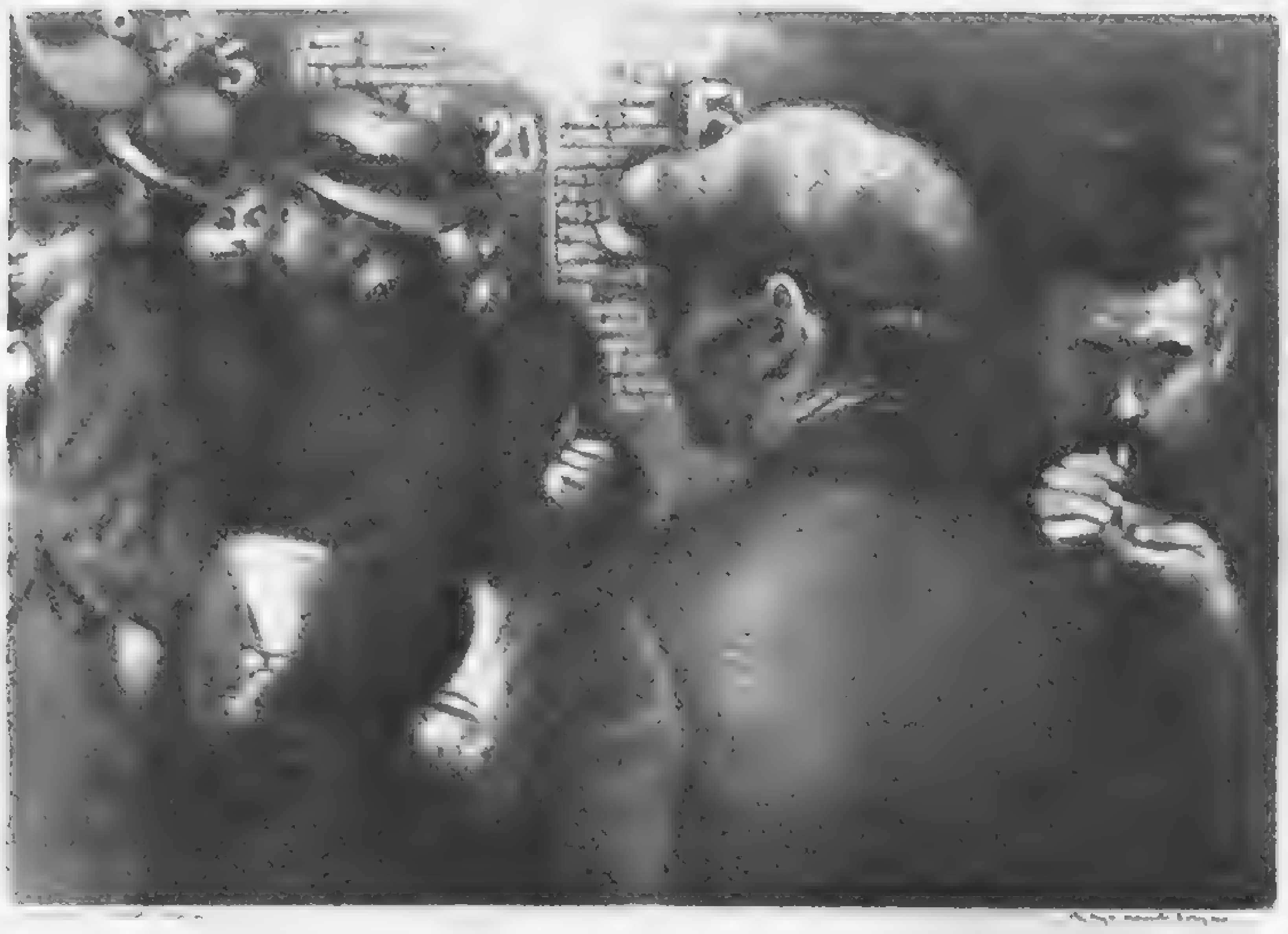


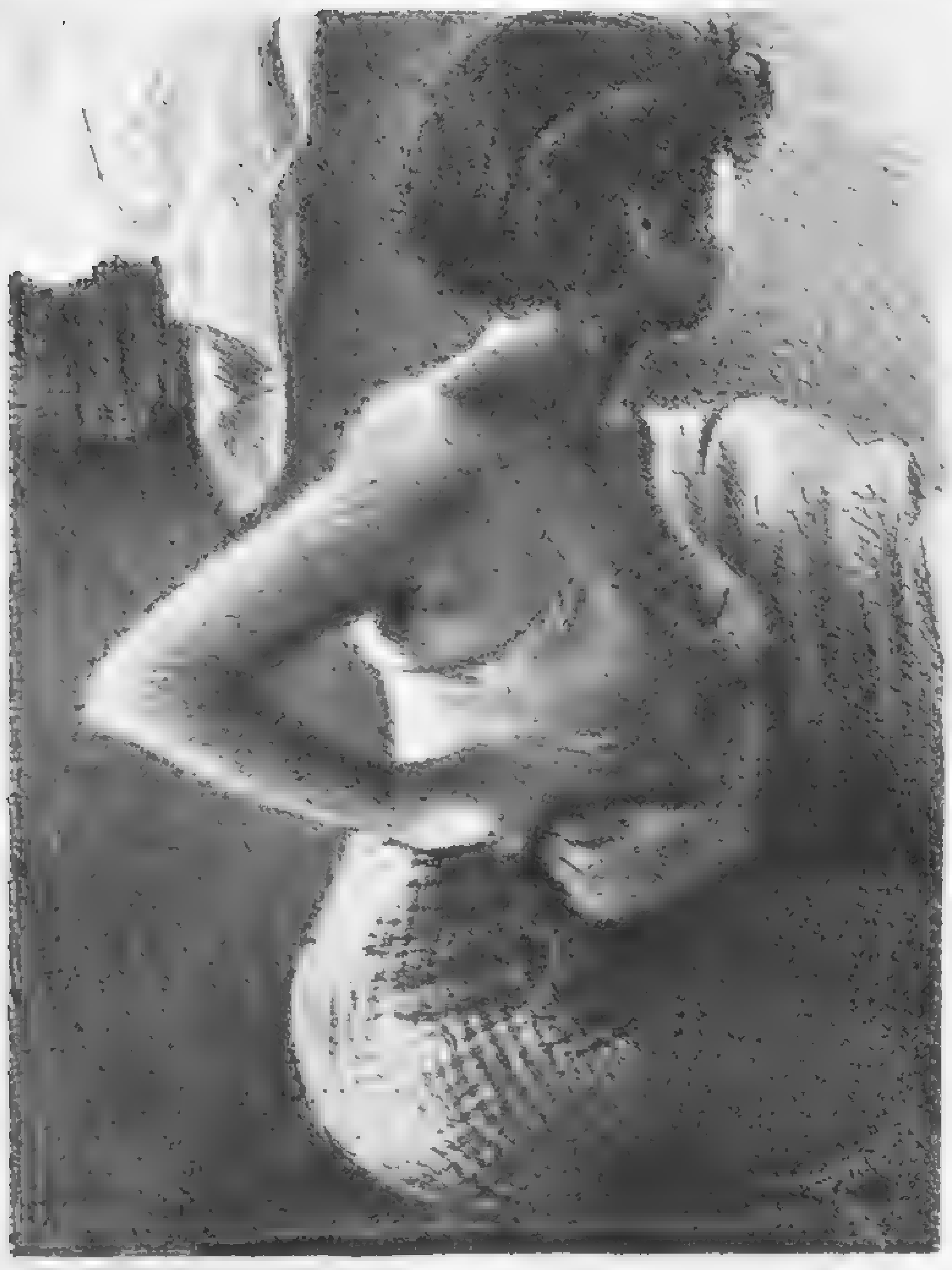
SELF-PORTRAIT



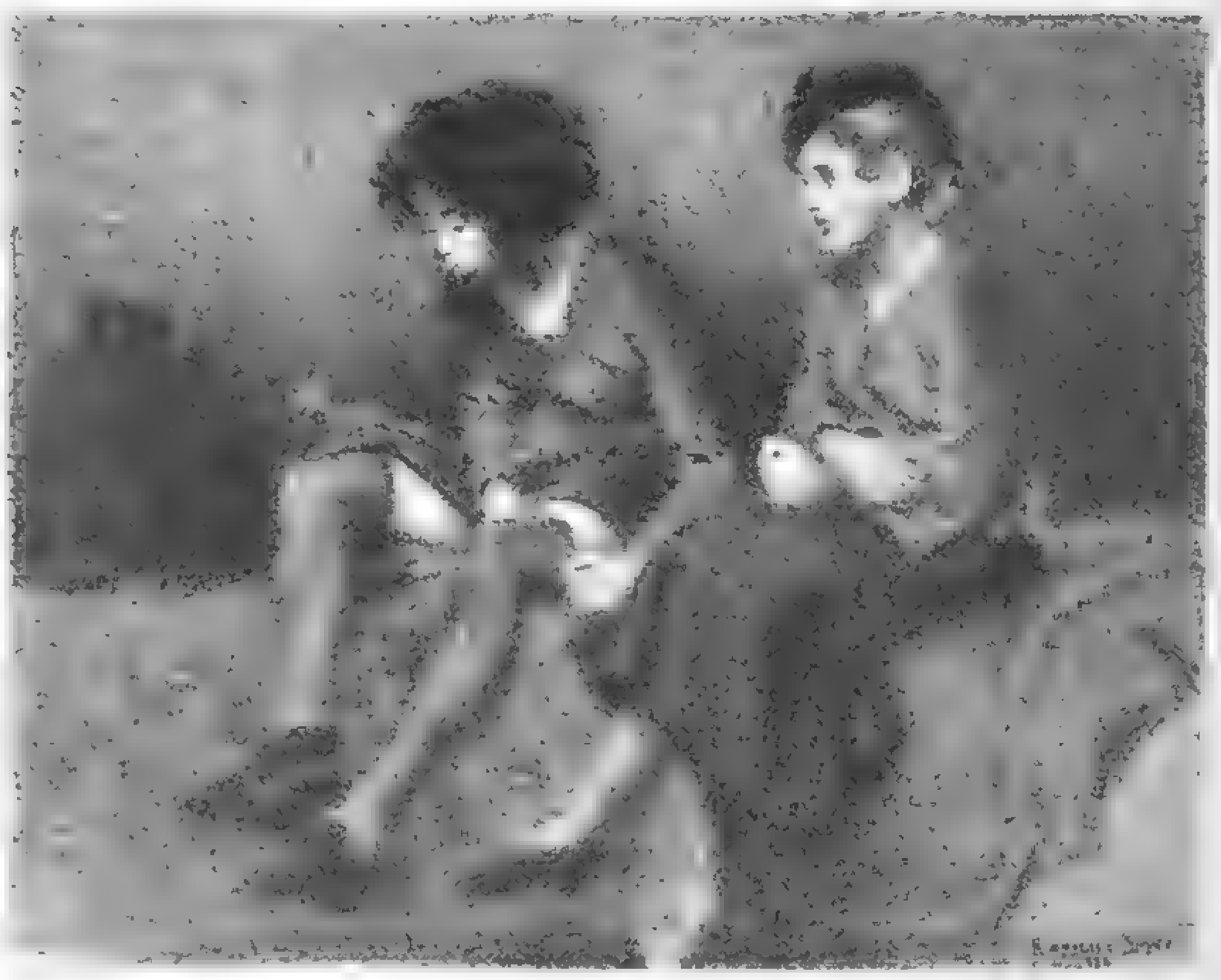
BOWERY NOCTURNE

Six Lithographs

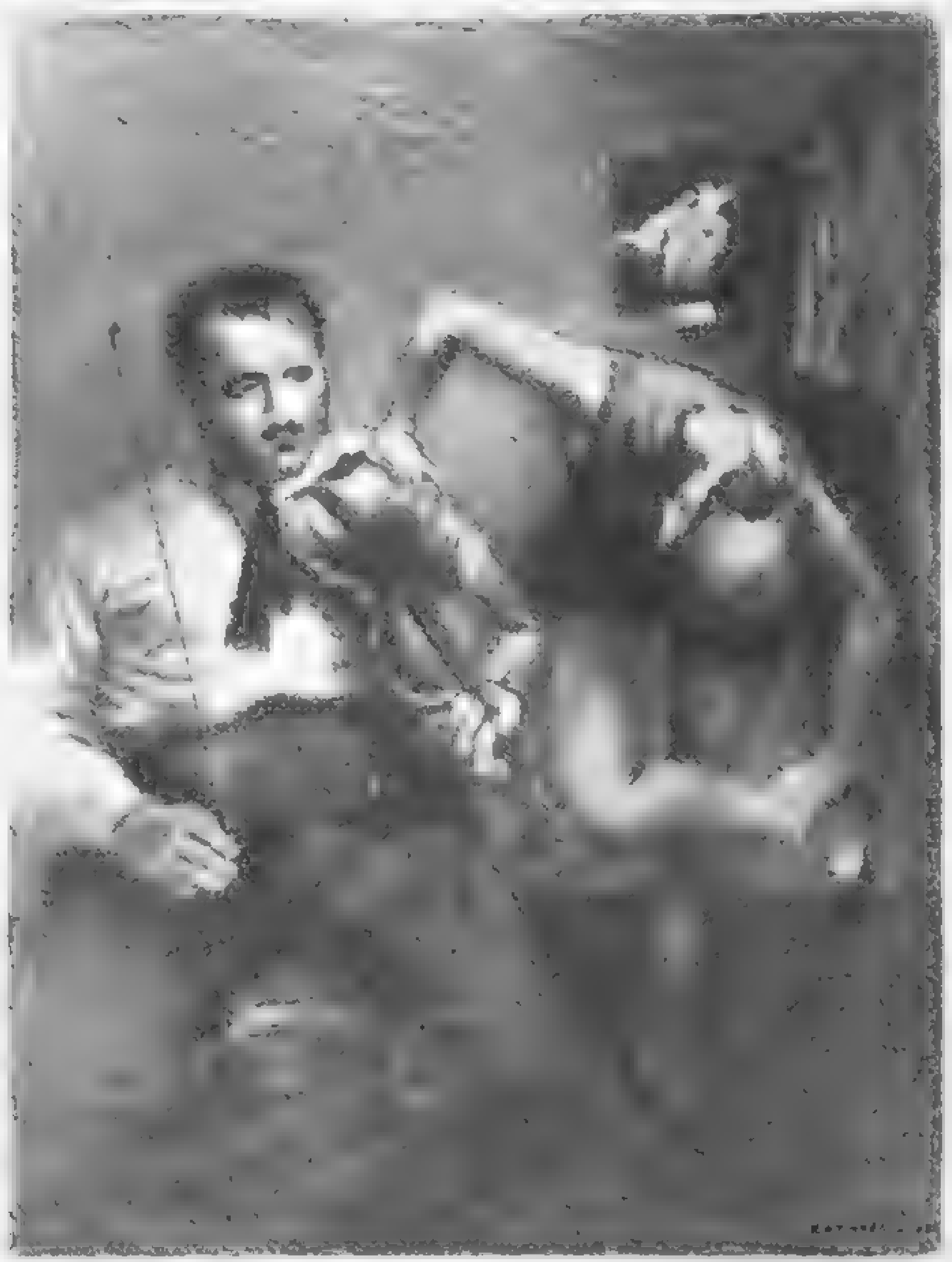
by RAPHAEL SOYER



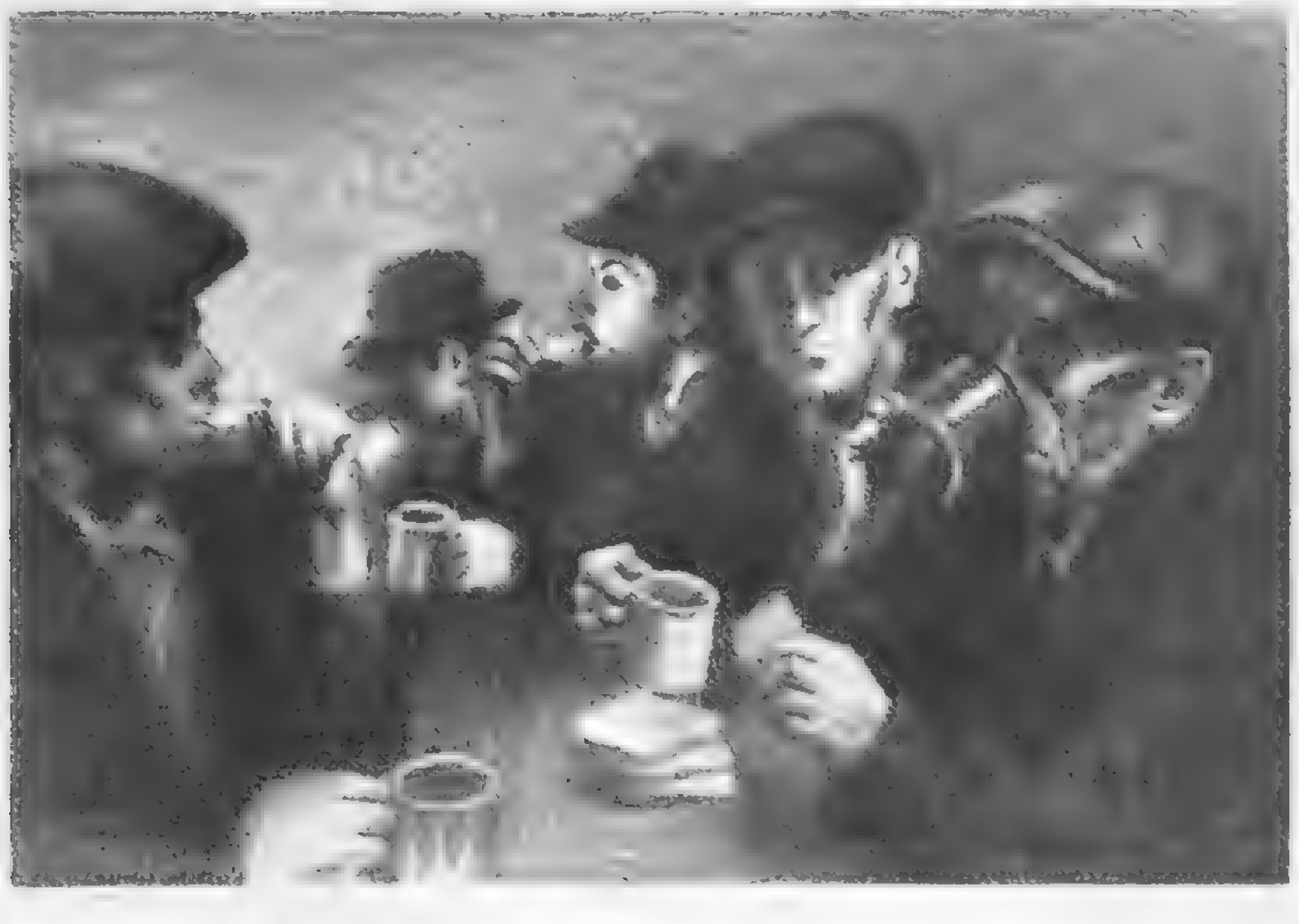
THE MODEL



TWO GIRLS



BACKSTAGE



THE MISSION

Raphael Soyer: East Side Degas

He paints dancers and derelicts, the latter supine and dispirited, apparently waiting—for nothing

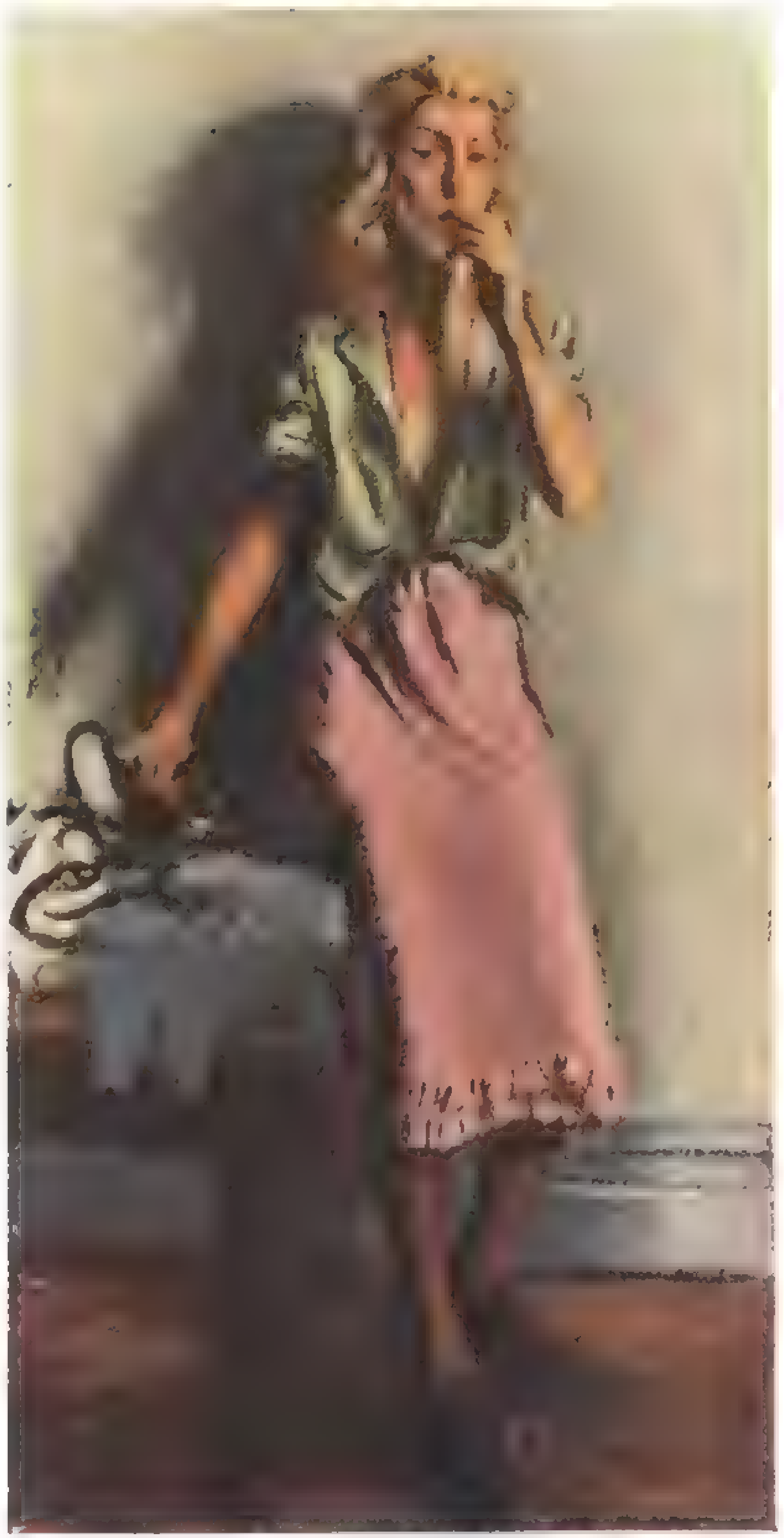
by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

A fairly stiff wind might knock Raphael Soyer down, he looks that frail, and almost nondescript enough for the cat to have dragged in. Some years ago Alexander Brook did a full-length portrait of him, dressed in a sack of an overcoat and with as formless a hat pressing down upon his fawn-like ears. The figure looks so lost and forlorn, and so funny at the same time, that the impulse to laugh at the queer-looking fish checks the impulse to cry at the soul that seems too frightened to ask its way. The success that has come to him since that picture was painted has not altered him in any essential. His body is as thin and small as it ever was, his eyes no less tired and his voice is still the husky whisper. His pictures, however, have spoken more eloquently for him than he has been able to do. More robust, but less successful, colleagues have expressed resentment at what might be called the alas and alack, the poor me, the *nebich*, bearing and expression of Raphael Soyer. They regard the posture of his personality as an inverted commercial asset and suspect that it is not so innate as it seems.

On whatever basis you may choose to criticize the paintings of Raphael Soyer, you must grant that Raphael Soyer's attitude is not a premeditated pose. He is, however, more ambitious than he seems. A go-getter he is not and cannot be. He is ambitious, but only for the things that other people expect as the bread and butter reward of merely commonplace competence. He has been conditioned to work hard for a bare living and with never the slightest expectation of unearned increment. They call him a genius and he is rather pleased if they give him a little jam with his bread and butter. He wouldn't know what to do with such things as pâté de foie gras and peacocks' tongues; for all you know they might make him sick. Perhaps he is limited and incurious in his appetites and perhaps also he has a low boiling point of gratitude. Besides, since he has taken his stand by the side of the underdog, it would be most inconvenient to have so much success that his underdog friends would turn on him and growl with envy. Even at this late date he is knocking at the door of the Guggenheim Foundation for a fellowship that would give him, his wife and his baby daughter a year in Europe. He is humble, but not too humble to ask; he rates as an important contemporary artist, but he is not so important that he does not have to bring into play the patience of the humble.

Raphael Soyer came into the world and has lived in it with a body less than robust. His vitality has always been a little under par. This fact has had a definite bearing on his art, its subject matter and its treatment.



DISHEVELLED GIRL

Having no surplus energy, he has not wasted any, but has driven it the more deeply into the single furrow of art creation. His lack of physical stamina has served to throw him back upon himself, to make him, perhaps, somewhat of an introvert. It is his twin brother Moses, also a painter, whom he calls the more "optimistic," by which he means the more outward looking, the more striving, the more hopeful. The cheeks of Moses are ruddier, his eyes the brighter. But both brothers had difficulties in adjustment. Raphael in particular shunned schoolmates, stayed indoors, submitted tamely to unavoidable persecution. Often his father had to shoo him out into the street to play when he preferred to stay home, to brood and draw. His inclination was to reduce to the minimum contacts with the world, it was so cruel and uncomprehending. Raphael recalls one young bully who made life miserable for the twins until, one day, Moses turned on him and gave him a beating. It was a day of rejoicing for the whole family. But Raphael has preferred to beat the world in a less spectacular arena.

Half an hour after his birth, December 24, 1899, his life was despaired of but he pulled through. He had his usual allotment of childhood ailments, in addition to the special experience of being bitten by a mad cat. During the influenza epidemic of 1918 he was one of the victims and for much of the time that he was on his back he was hardly conscious. He has conducted a tenacious battle for the right to work and the right to create. He has had to pay a price for the right to go to school, to study art, for the right to be an artist.

Through poverty, physical deficiency and temperamental affinity he has been thrown into contact with the weakly maladjusted rather than with the strongly rebellious. His hero is not the brawny workingman but rather the Bowery derelict who may once have been a workingman but since has been discarded. Raphael Soyer finds the models through whom he embodies his sympathies in Bowery missions and relief stations, on park benches, and aimlessly wandering the streets. They are inclined to be supine and dispirited. They are usually waiting—for nothing. (His dancers, about whom anon, are another story.)

Soyer's relations with his derelict models are with human beings. That is, his down-and-outers create the environment in which they exist; they are not secondary picturesque effects added to the scene. There is not a derelict, not a Bohemian or a hobohemian who has sat to him who has not been given a night's shelter and who in a number of cases has not overstayed a lengthy welcome. Reginald Marsh, for example, uses Bowery derelicts as only slightly differentiated elements in a city landscape. The fact that Soyer rates his industrial discards as human beings worthy of portraiture and creating their world instead of being subordinate to it does not, of itself, make him a better painter; the nature of the models with whom an artist chooses to establish rapport merely tells us something of the human quality of the artist. Raphael Soyer is sympathetic with failure and he takes pretense at its word. He high-hats no man. Perhaps he does not say of any one of his rejects, "There but for the grace of God go I" but he may think something very close to it.

He has his reward, even as a painter, in the collaboration of his sitters. He finds that the derelicts he invites to his studio not only know how to pose but that they have the rare faculty of bringing with them their atmosphere, their environment. At first, reports Soyer, they cannot understand why anyone should want to paint them, and even pay them a small fee per hour, but once they understand they become something like partners in the enterprise. It is to one of these sitters that Soyer owes the bright idea of painting into one of his Bowery mission

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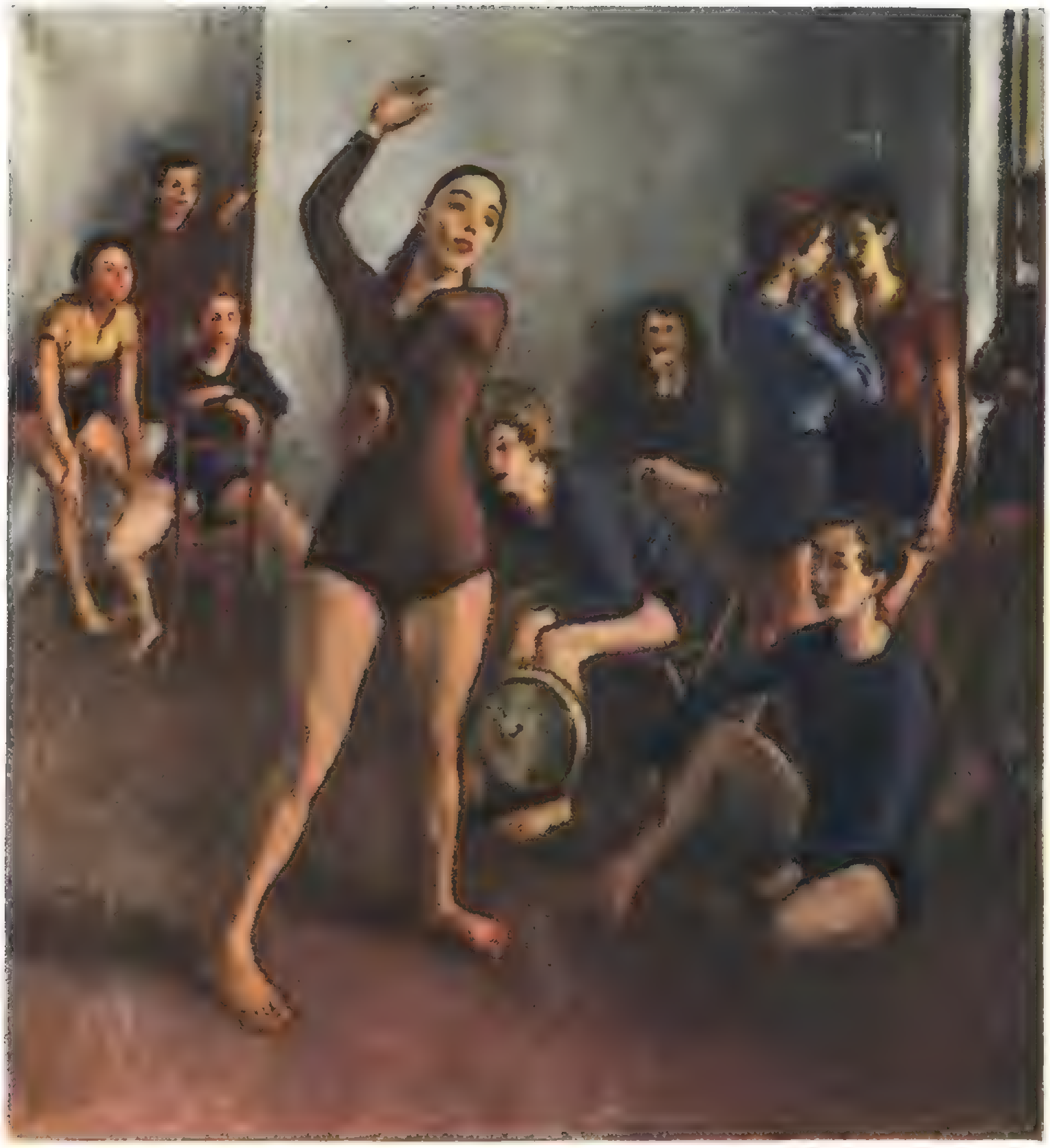
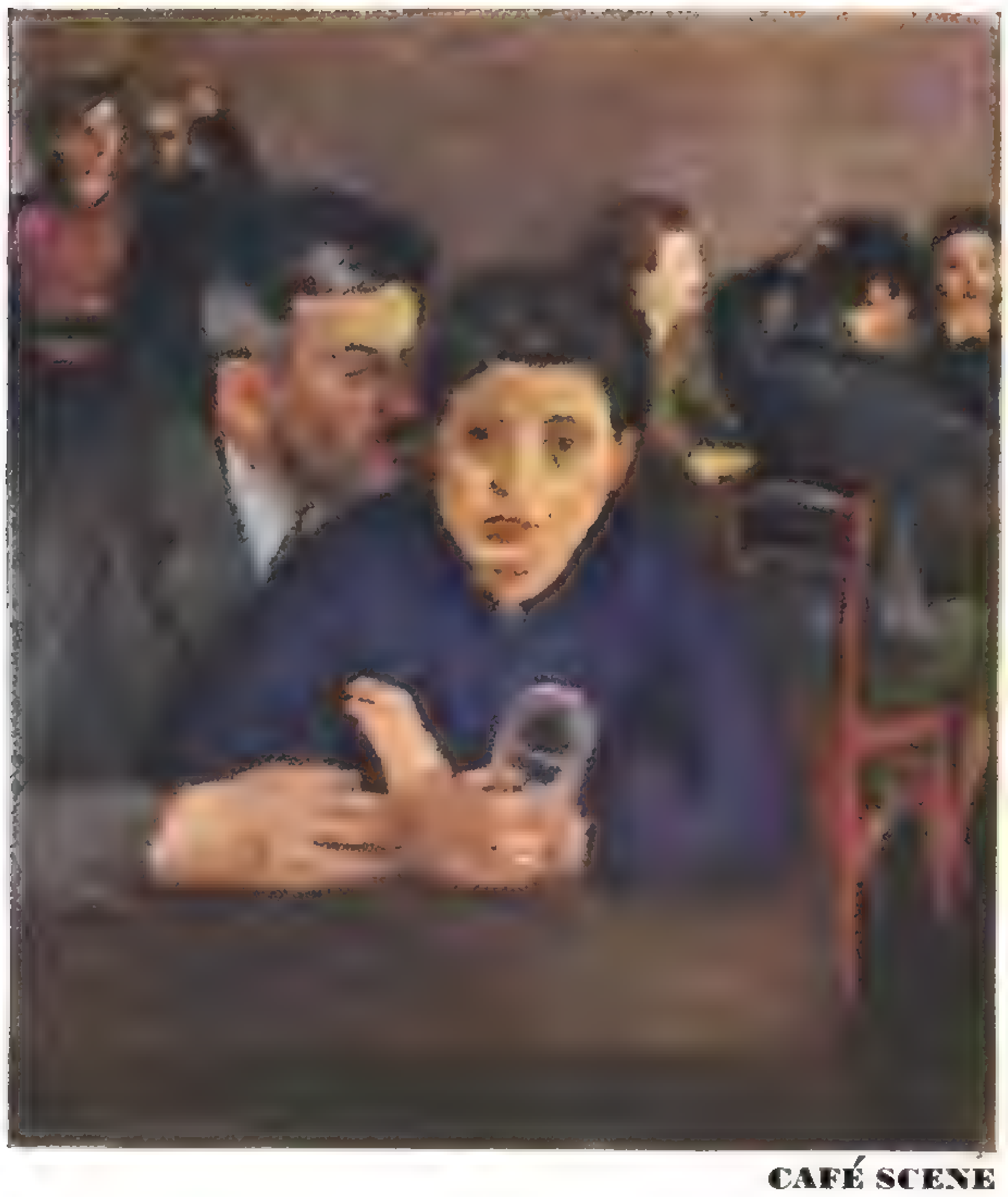
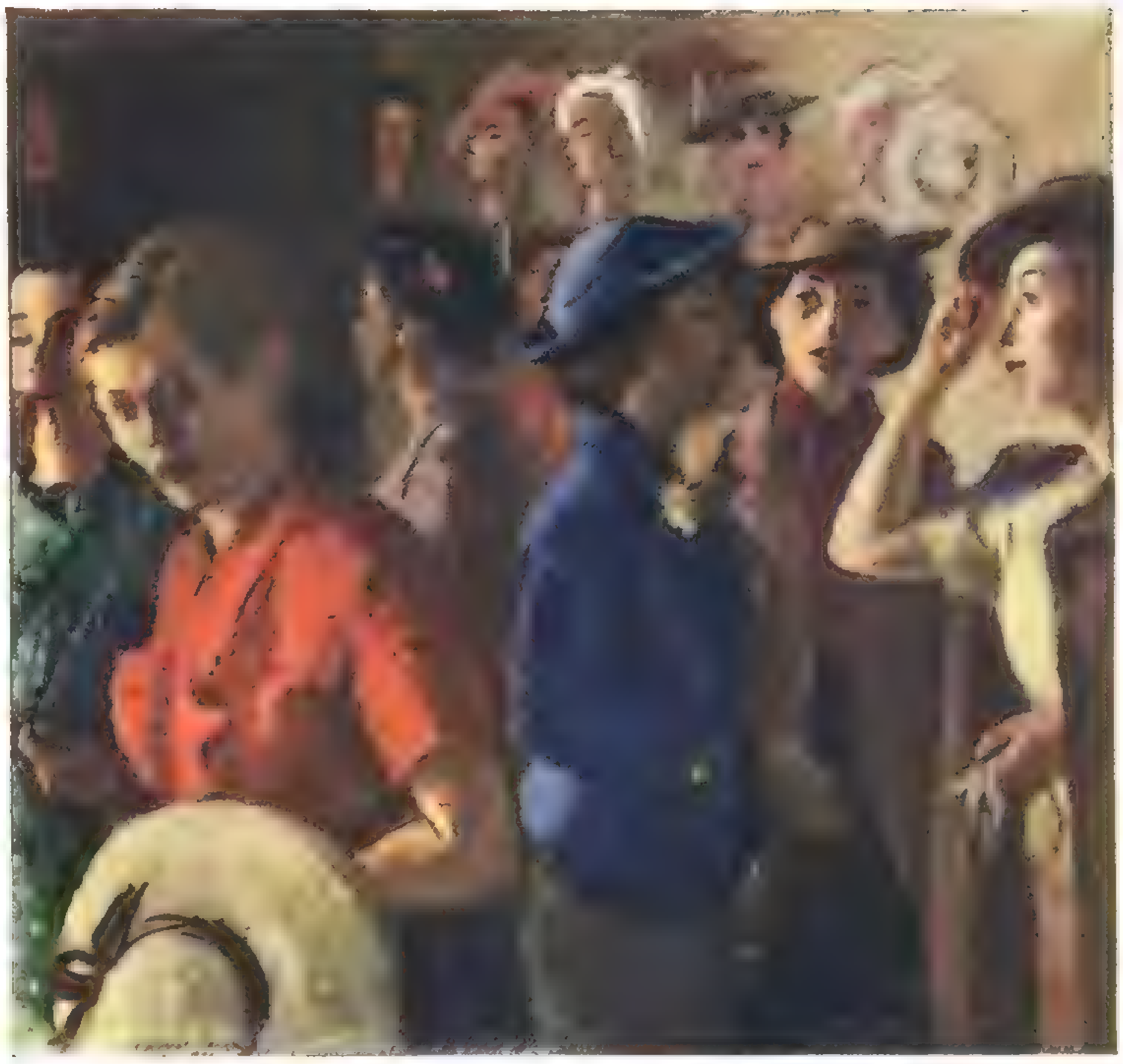


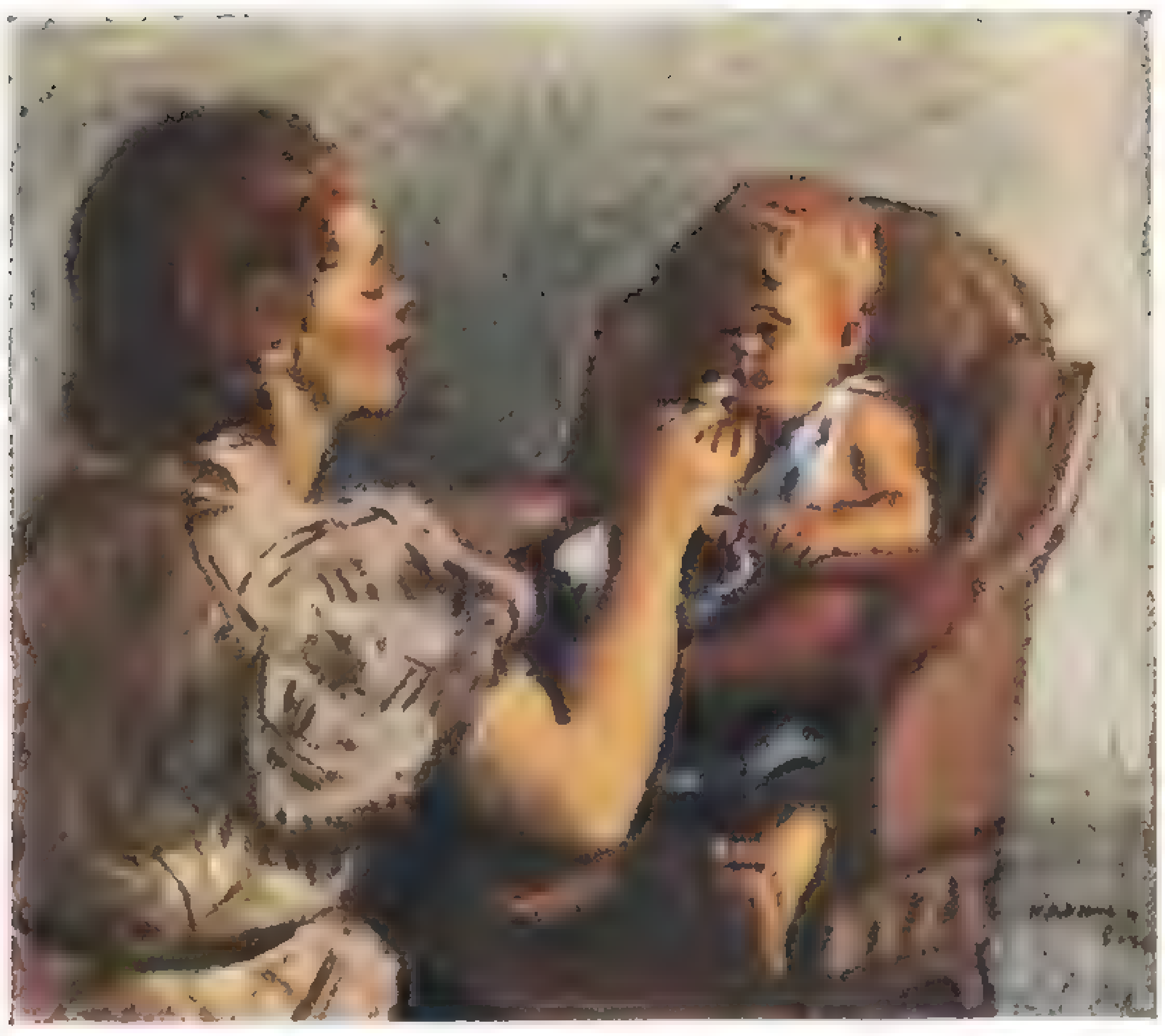
MODERN DANCE GROUP



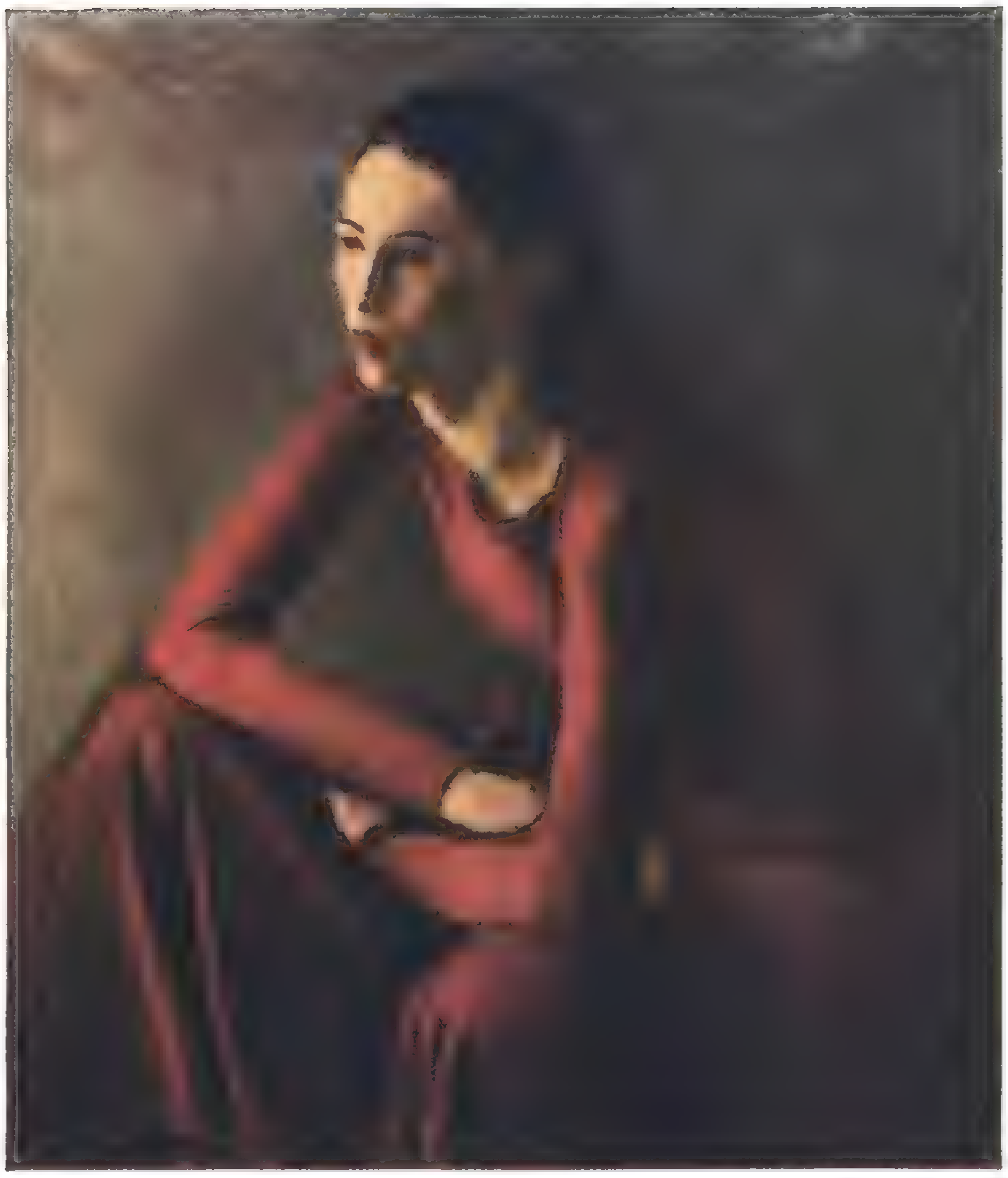
CAFÉ SCENE



14TH STREET MIDINETTES



MOTHER AND CHILD

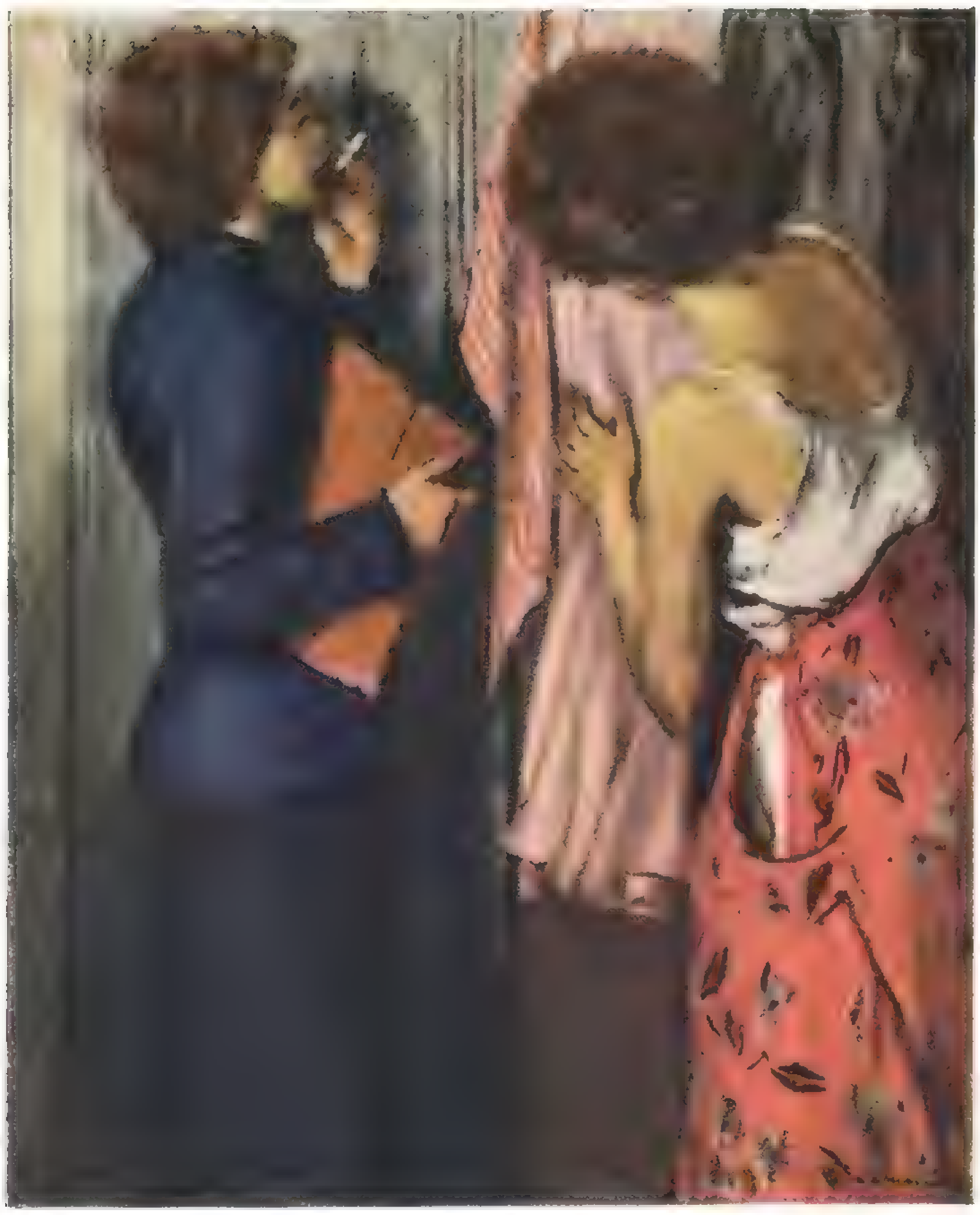


JANE DUDLEY

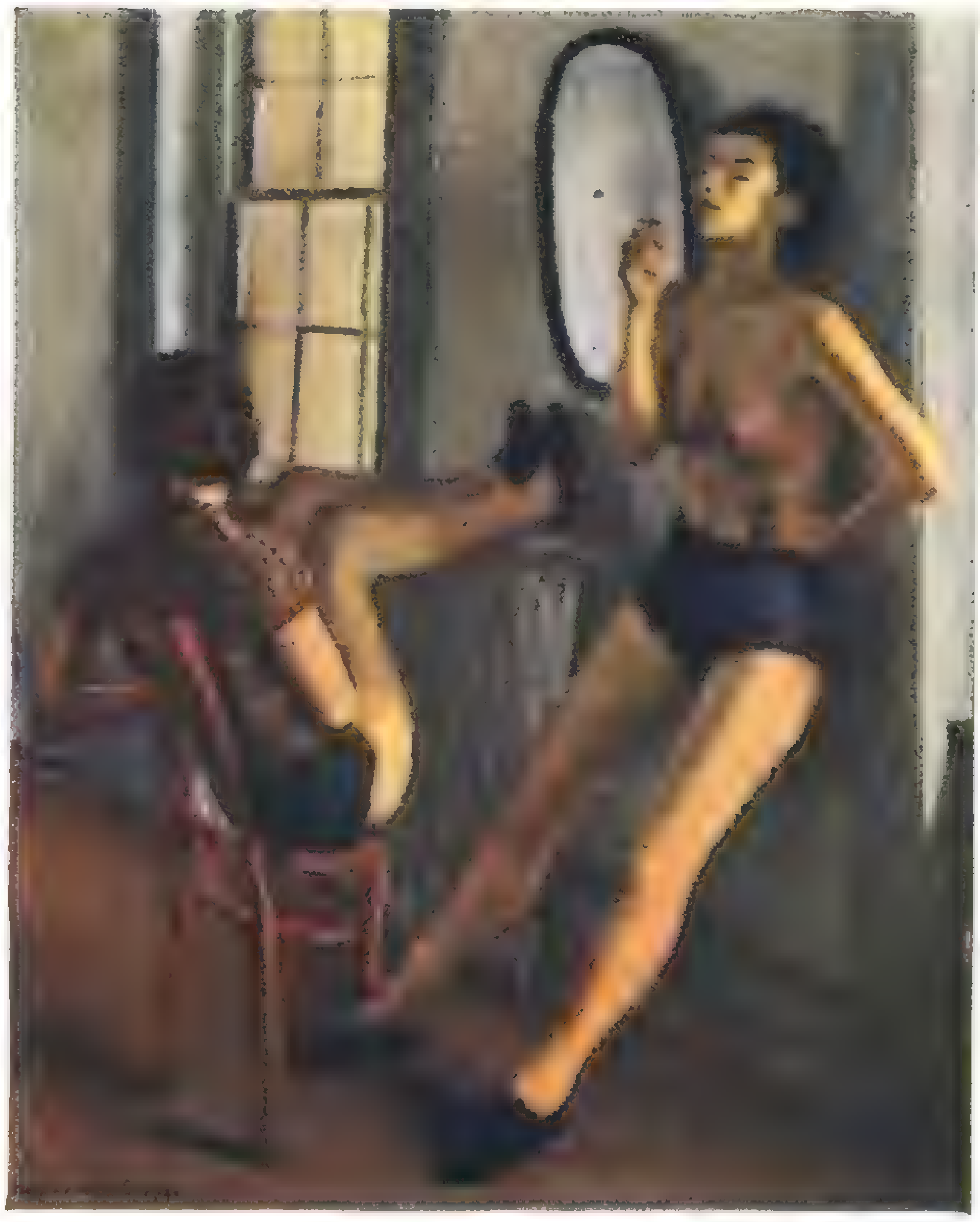
A Portfolio of Paintings

by RAPHAEL SOYER

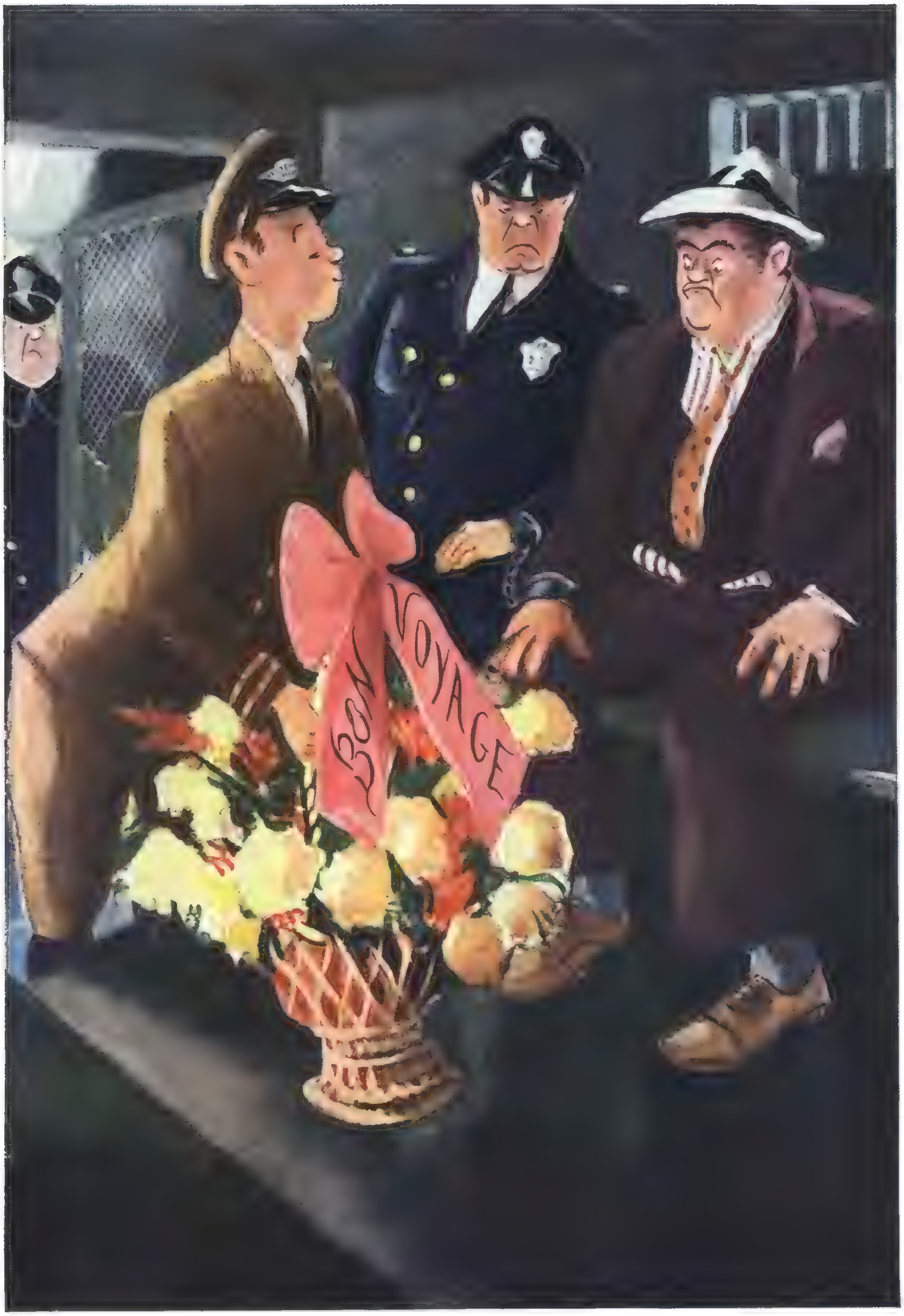
Paintings reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Valentine Gallery of Modern Art, Inc., 16 East 57th Street, New York City



ROOMMATES



DANCERS RESTING


BON VOYAGE

Agents of Mercy

He could not help feeling, in spite of all the Coast Guard had done, that he was allowing three men to die forsaken

by ALLAN CARTER

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

"I hope they died quickly!"

Lieutenant Kellog shuddered and his fingers tightened on the control stick of his plane. Despite a heavy fleece-lined flying suit he was rigid with cold. A thin fretwork of ice trailed across his hunched shoulders and the backs of his gloves, his cheeks and nose purple; wrinkles of worry and fatigue frozen on his forehead and around his eyes.

Below him moved a vast panorama of black and white, the snow-encrusted coastline of Maine merging into the inky waters of the Atlantic. Approaching night and newly gathering snow clouds swiftly were draining the last feeble light from the sky, marking the end of the fourth weary day's search by Coast Guard aircraft for three men lost in a fishing motorboat "somewhere off Jeffrey Ledge."

"Suffering seacooks!" he muttered to himself again, "it must be a tough way to die!"

Not the thought of their physical pain that was horrible. If their boat had been crushed by the seas in the first day's heavy gale and they were drowned, that wouldn't be so bad. The gnawing alternative was that they were drifting somewhere, freezing and starving slowly; waiting and praying for help; and forced to watch these three, four, possibly even five days, this eerie fall of night and the end of their hope. The worst of dying, thought Kellog, must be the utter loneliness, and how cruel it seemed that while they waited for some part of that immense expanse of water to close eternally over them, they must also suffer day by day a sharper feeling of being abandoned by all that lay over the horizon; comfort, life, fellow creatures. . . .

Kellog choked. He was young, and taking his first serious failure hard. Three planes had searched and re-searched over fifteen thousand square miles every day, yet he could but feel that he alone was allowing three men to die forsaken. How many times had hopes been lifted by sight of a faint speck on the horizon, then plunged into despair when it proved to be only some wandering sea gull. Coast Guard—"Agents of Mercy!" He cursed bitterly. But the Coast Guard was not at fault. It had earned that figure of speech, in spite, he admitted gloomily, of the few like himself who had failed.

Toward the west clusters and thin chains of light began to appear, defining towns and highways along the coast. Too late now to sight a boat without lights. Lieutenant Kellog switched on the lights of his ship, noted on the fuel gauge that gas was running low, and barked into the mouthpiece of his telephone to the radio operator in the rear cockpit:

"Tell the Base we're coming in."

As the Grumman tore through the cold black sky it seemed to the pilot that the roar of the engine was a torrent of self-reproach pouring into his heart. He had failed dying men. He had let the Service down. But it was not until the motor was cut for the landing at the Salem, Massachusetts, airbase, thirty minutes later, that his heart full of gall and wormwood suddenly swelled up and overflowed. The final depths of humiliation awaited him below—to face the Skipper —the Commandant.

The plane hit the choppy waters smoothly, taxied across the floodlighted harbor, and then, like some mammoth sea bird graceful and at home in the water, but awkward on land, waddled with staccato roar of engine up the ramp, turned slowly on the apron and came to a standstill with a final weary pawing at the air of propeller blades. Kellog and the radioman climbed down from their cockpits with stiff, wooden limbs numbed by cold, the mechanic slid through from his cubicle in the "hold." In cumbersome flying suits, fur-lined boots and gloves, flat parachute packs strapped to their backs they looked like some strange breed of men from another planet. Their tired, shuffling steps, and bent, stooped shoulders added to the fancy. Halfway to the hangar they were stopped by Commander Martin.

"Not cold, are you, son?" addressed to Lieutenant Kellog. A broad grin crinkled a leathery, weatherworn skin in what patently was intended for amusement. Certainly not a reception anyone would dread, but Lee Kellog knew that the kindly twinkle had been hastily summoned up for him, and that for long hours the Skipper's eyes had burned with anxiety. In the last analysis, failure of any junior officer always settled on the shoulders of the commanding officer, and it was the latter who bore the brunt of adverse public opinion or official censure. It wasn't fair, and Kellog wished for a good bawling out, a welcome which would have been much easier to take. He felt like saying so, but instead only answered:

"No go, sir. I searched every single inch of that area—nothing. I'm sorry."

They walked together to the hangar and entered the office. Kellog threw his gloves and helmet on the desk and ran a hand through sandy hair.

"Maybe," he hesitated, in the reluctant manner of a child who knows the answer will be "No," "maybe tomorrow I'll have better luck."

The Skipper shook his head. "No use, Lee. You and I know, their friends and relatives know, the newspapers know—they're gone."

"Guess that's the probable conclusion," Kellog admitted reluctantly. "Still, men can live much longer than five days without food, and they can keep themselves alive in twelve below temperature, too . . . if they're rugged enough."

Skipper Martin laughed impatiently. "You're on the wrong tack, boy. I wouldn't argue with you on that score, and we'd still be searching a month from now, if we imagined that were the case. The bitter truth is that nobody honestly believes their boat could've survived Monday's storm, and a four day's search has pretty conclusively proven that!"

"Yes, I know that, but still, hang it all, there *might* be a chance . . ." Lee's

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Blue Brass Laughter

There was something oddly obscene about this music maniac, who had strayed too far from Africa's sun

by HARRY SPALDING

▪ FICTION ▪

Bathed in the white brilliance of a baby spot, he was a tall angular figure. Constant movement at his major joints—hips, knees and elbows—continually jerked his amazingly thin body into fantastic patterns which changed with each beat of the music like a human kaleidoscope.

The music—hot and brassy—made a tuning fork of his body; each short off-beat was matched by a nervous syncopated movement. The intensity of his reaction to the blatant music, the continuous rhythmic motion inspired his bandsmen. Instrument after instrument broke into fantastic riffs; ebony fingers on the ivory keyboard picked out a swift caricature of the melody—the high, squealing clarinet snatched the last note before it broke, sped into an insane twisting dance that brought the leader to his knees.

His mouth opened wide and from the depth of his brittle body came a wordless song to match the clarinet's cry—wordless, hot vocal vamping that characterized his music. His trembling hands reached for the ceiling, fingers splayed, erect. He rose slowly, controlling a terrific upward surge that shook his drum-stick figure. From his mouth poured unrecordable wails and cries to match each instrument's voice. Here was jazz anthropomorphized, the human personification of improvised syncopation.

In a split second silence the pianist hit a chord—the band jammed. Trombones, trumpets, clarinets fought for the melody, perverted, twisted, inverted it. Sweat pouring down his yellow face, the leader rose to his full height, his arms straight above him. His body hummed with electric intensity; on an off beat he plunged into a series of supple, rhythmic contortions, matching the band's jamming with vocal counterpoint.

The dancers, black and white, went mad. Here was the melody interpreted by an idiot. His eyeballs bulged in their sockets; suddenly heavy saffron lids covered them. An inner emotion too great to control gripped him, shook his body until he shivered like struck steel.

He spun, turned to the band. Both hands went out, fingers reaching.

"Give it to me, boy. Give it to me."

From that jerking whirlpool of black and brass came his trumpet—lean, golden, wicked. He turned to the dancers, placing the horn to his lips, paused while the drummer beat a syncopated dice-rattle on the taut face of his snare drum. For the space of ten beats there was the dramatic expectant quality of a rising curtain. This was the present crushed between two eternities.

Then a silver arrow of sound splintered against the smoke-scarfed ceiling. Note after note, higher and higher, poured from the glistening bell of his trumpet. And when it seemed that his lungs must burst, when it seemed that no man could sustain a note for one more second, he let go a tumbling, swirling cascade of music—a maniac's bugle call.

The band accepted the challenge. Wild, rhythmic melody from a dozen instruments blended into—into . . . into what? Brassy blue laughter of a muted trombone answered the insane trumpet, blended into:

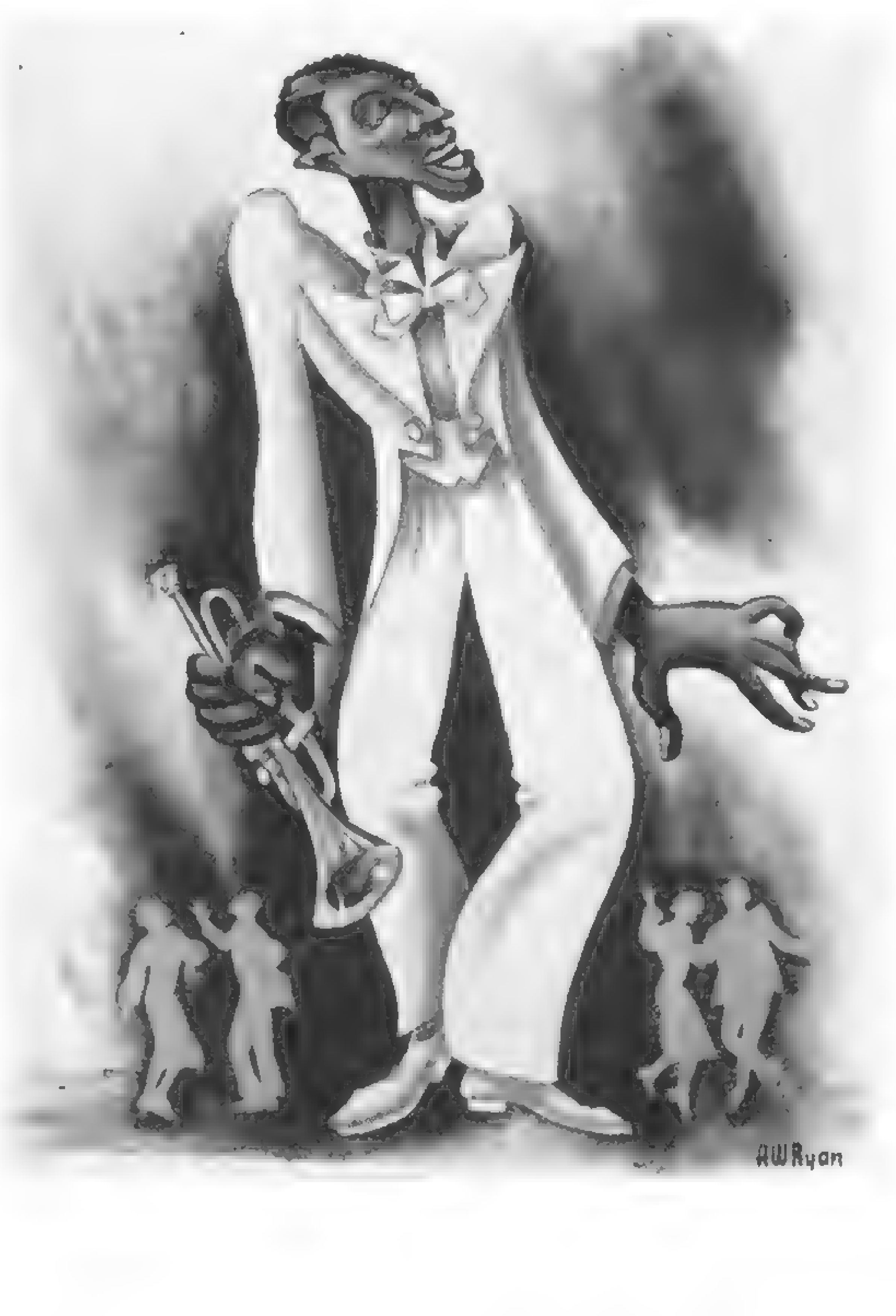
Hot music. Sizzling syncopation by Laddie Casselle, the madman of melody, with top-billing from London to San Francisco—Park Avenue's passion if you believed the 24-sheets!

Laddie Casselle as I saw and heard him again in Harlem in 1932.

II

I met him, at the height of his fame, one afternoon in 1933. I say at the height of his fame, because the brief flash of musical brilliance that brought him back into the spotlight two years later halted, did not stop his swift disappearance from the American scene.

In 1933 Laddie Casselle commanded one of the highest salaries of all American band leaders. He produced song after song, a large percentage of them hits. His *Hattie the Hustler*, after the famous *Minnie the Moocher* appeared to be fast becoming a folk song. He was paying alimony to two wives. His records were collectors' items and sold well in spite of the radio. For three thousand dollars any dance hall proprietor could have him for a one night stand. In 1933 Laddie Casselle was tops.



I had been sent from the office because he wanted a loan of ten thousand dollars.

A valet ushered me into his penthouse apartment. Two pastel abstractions in the manner of Georgia O'Keeffe and a composite photograph of Casselle, his trumpet and his band served to decorate the cream-colored walls. In the center of the room was a white grand piano; against the wall an enormous white Capehart phonograph rested in the mottled shadow of Venetian blinds which covered huge floor length windows.

Casselle, dressed in a white linen suit, a cigarette dangling from the long, yellow fingers of his left hand, rose to greet me. In the dim light of the room I was struck with his extreme slenderness, the brittle quality of his movements. He was handsome in a dissipated, world-weary way. He was quite light for a Negro. High cheek bones accentuated the hollows between his ears and temples, sharpened his pointed chin.

He asked after my health, ordered drinks, offered me a cigarette. In contrast to the speech of most Negroes, his was sharp and staccato.

Over Scotch and soda we settled the terms of the loan. As an investment Casselle was good business. In short, hard sentences he outlined his financial difficulties: fifty per cent to his agent, weekly alimony checks, clothes, entertainment . . . The last item remained unexplained. Bleach-faced night club habitués told tales of vice, of laughing degeneracy.

I found it difficult to keep my eyes from his face, apparently calm, yet mobile, mirroring for fleeting seconds inexplicable moods and emotions. The yellow skin drawn tight over slender prominent bones tightened and flexed as he spoke or listened.

He was Laddie Casselle, a short century and a half removed from the lush, steaming jungles of Africa, at home in a slick white apartment in America's Manhattan. Rich, famous, exploited, victim of nameless vices, there was a latent obscenity about him—as though within him a well of contradictory emotions rotted slowly, tainting his blood, his actions, his thoughts.

He had undeniable musical talent. He was a prolific and clever composer. Jazz classic followed jazz classic from the keyboard of that white piano, tossed aside like consumed cigarettes. Without a compass, he seemed to be searching endlessly for true expression of significant

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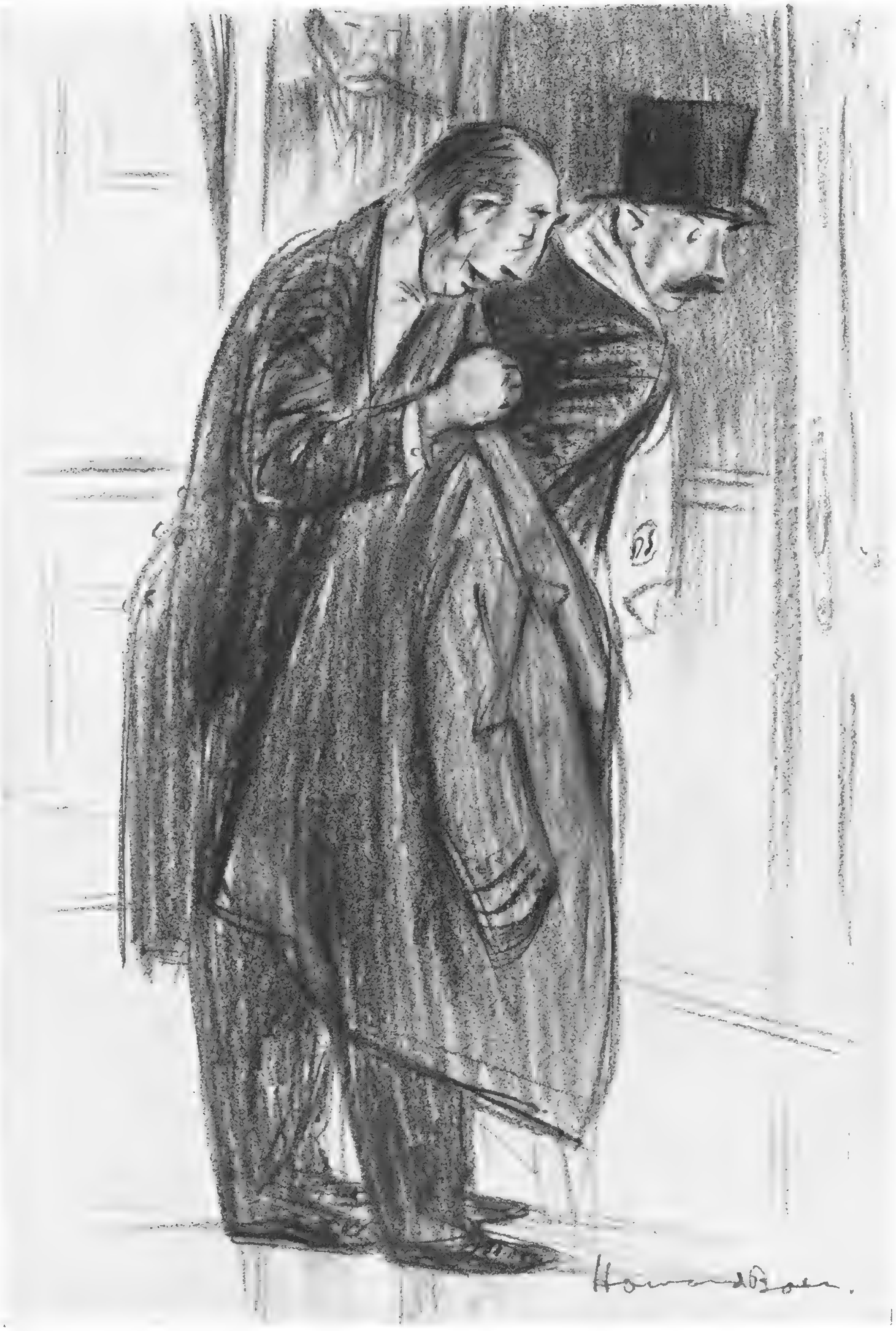
Howard Baer.

"In case she sends me out looking for you later, sir, where shouldn't I go?"

The Vest-Pocket Sailboat

You can build one for peanuts in your own back yard, and there's no sport like sailing a Moth boat

by WM. KEITH SAUNDERS

SPORTS

If someone were to ask you what is the world's most popular small sailboat, the chances are 100-to-1 that you would not be able to give the right answer.

You'd probably say a cat, a snipe or a dinghy, or any one of a dozen other varieties of sailboats, and it's altogether likely that you will not have even heard of the world's most popular small sailing craft—the Moth boat.

The reason is that the Moth boat's rise to popularity has taken place in so few years and with so little publicity and fanfare.

True it is that there have been several national regattas devoted exclusively to the Moth class, but the sports writers, the yachting and boating magazines and the newsreels have paid but scant attention to this little boat which bids fair soon to become the favorite recreation of tens of thousands of Americans and other thousands of foreigners who live on or close to a creek, a lake, a river, a bay or a sound.

Already, believe it or not, there are upwards of fifteen hundred of these little sailing craft, and in countless back yards more are being built.

The Moth class was started almost unwittingly by Capt. Joel Van Sant, of Atlantic City, New Jersey, back in 1929. Capt. Van Sant had been interested in sailing for years, but his employment as master of a yacht which was taken to Florida and placed under charter each winter prevented him from sailing as often as he wished.

He had a small sailboat at Atlantic City, where he was a member of the Evening Star Yacht Club, but the genuine thrill of sailing is in matching one's nautical skill against that of the other fellow, and there were not many competitors at the Jersey resort where his family lived. In the wintertime, at Melbourne, Florida, where he was a member of the Melbourne Yacht Club, Capt. Van Sant could usually borrow a sailboat of some description and go out for a sail, but it was much the same as in Atlantic City. There wasn't enough competition to make a good race.

After leaving Florida on his way back North in the spring of 1929, Capt. Van Sant applied himself to the problem. What this country needs, he told himself, is a small, cheap, easy-to-build sailing craft which could be both designed and built by amateurs and which would be suitable for use on small, restricted or shoal bodies of water where larger sailing craft would not be adapted.

By the time the yacht had reached Elizabeth City, North Carolina, where she was to be hauled out on the ways and painted, Capt. Vant Sant had formed a somewhat definite idea of the kind of sailboat he wanted to build.

With the help of Ernest Sanders, one of the shipyard officials, and Harry O'Neal, a veteran boat builder, he had completed the first Moth boat within a few days. He had originally planned to call the boat a Zephyr, but her tiny white sail standing out in the breeze half a mile down the river inspired him to call it a Moth boat. The boat was named *Jumping Juniper.*

At first, the waterfront hangers-on at Elizabeth City poked fun at Capt. Van Sant and his tiny Moth boat.

"Why, that thing ain't even big enough for a kid to sail in," they said, "let alone a man."

But Capt. Van Sant, Harry O'Neal and Ernest Sanders sailed the little craft for hours at a time and obviously got a great kick out of it, so it was only a few days before others around the shipyard were asking for a chance to go out in the *Jumping Juniper.*

Whenever anyone took the boat out, there were several interested onlookers on the pier, and when the boat returned the skipper could count on plenty of free advice from the spectators.

"If you hadn't gone so close in to shore before starting your tack, you would have made lots better time," one would advise.

"Why didn't you head her more into the wind when you started back across the river?" queried another.

And so forth and so on. Every fellow thought he could give the other fellow some pointers on how to sail a Moth boat. The fellows took to chiding one another, and such remarks as "If I had a Moth boat I bet I could sail circles around you" became frequent.

There was nothing to do but build another Moth and settle the question of who could beat who. So Ernest Sanders built a Moth which he named *Ruby Taylor* and Harry O'Neal built the *Sadie Blake.*

Each afternoon after working hours the men would get together, decide on a course and hold friendly races. After the races were over, the real fun began. The air around the docks would be blue for an hour after the last race was finished.

Just as every football game is played over by the "Hot Stove League" on fall nights, so were these Moth races sailed over on the dock at twilight. Such remarks as "If I had stayed outside instead of trying to follow that puff down the shore line," "if you hadn't stole my wind," "if we had sailed the race and stayed out of that luffing match we both could have licked So-and-So," "why didn't you give me enough buoy room?" and so forth would start the races all over again on the pier.

Wives wondered if their husbands were working overtime and the shipyard telephone began to jangle. But having to eat a cold supper was the least of the sailors' worries. Finally, when it got so dark that they could hardly see one another, the skippers would set out for home vowing to beat the other fellow "tomorrow." It was good, clean fun and nobody was mad. Each loser took his licking with a smile and tried harder next day. A great form of sportsmanship was in the making.

When Capt. Van Sant reached Atlantic City that summer, he told some of his friends what had happened at Elizabeth City. The idea met with instantaneous approval, and in a short while the framework of a Moth boat could be seen in many a backyard along the waterfront of Atlantic City. Interest grew there just as it did in Elizabeth City, and it wasn't long before the inlet was dotted with the tiny craft.

Quite naturally, the Atlantic City skippers thought they were better sailors than the Moth boat skippers down at Elizabeth City, and vice versa. So it was inevitable that someone should suggest a series of home-and-home races to settle the matter. The first of these inter-club races was held in 1930 in Atlantic City and the return races were held during the same year in Elizabeth City. These inter-club races are still being held and are the oldest of the inter-club Moth boat races.

When Capt. Van Sant returned to Florida in the Fall of 1930, news of the Moth boat had preceded him there, with the usual result of more plans, more Moths and more interest. Questions were being asked everywhere. "Where can a fellow get some information about the Moth class?" "What are the restrictions?" "Whose designs have proved to be the fastest?" Capt. Van Sant and other Moth enthusiasts were daily besieged with such questions.

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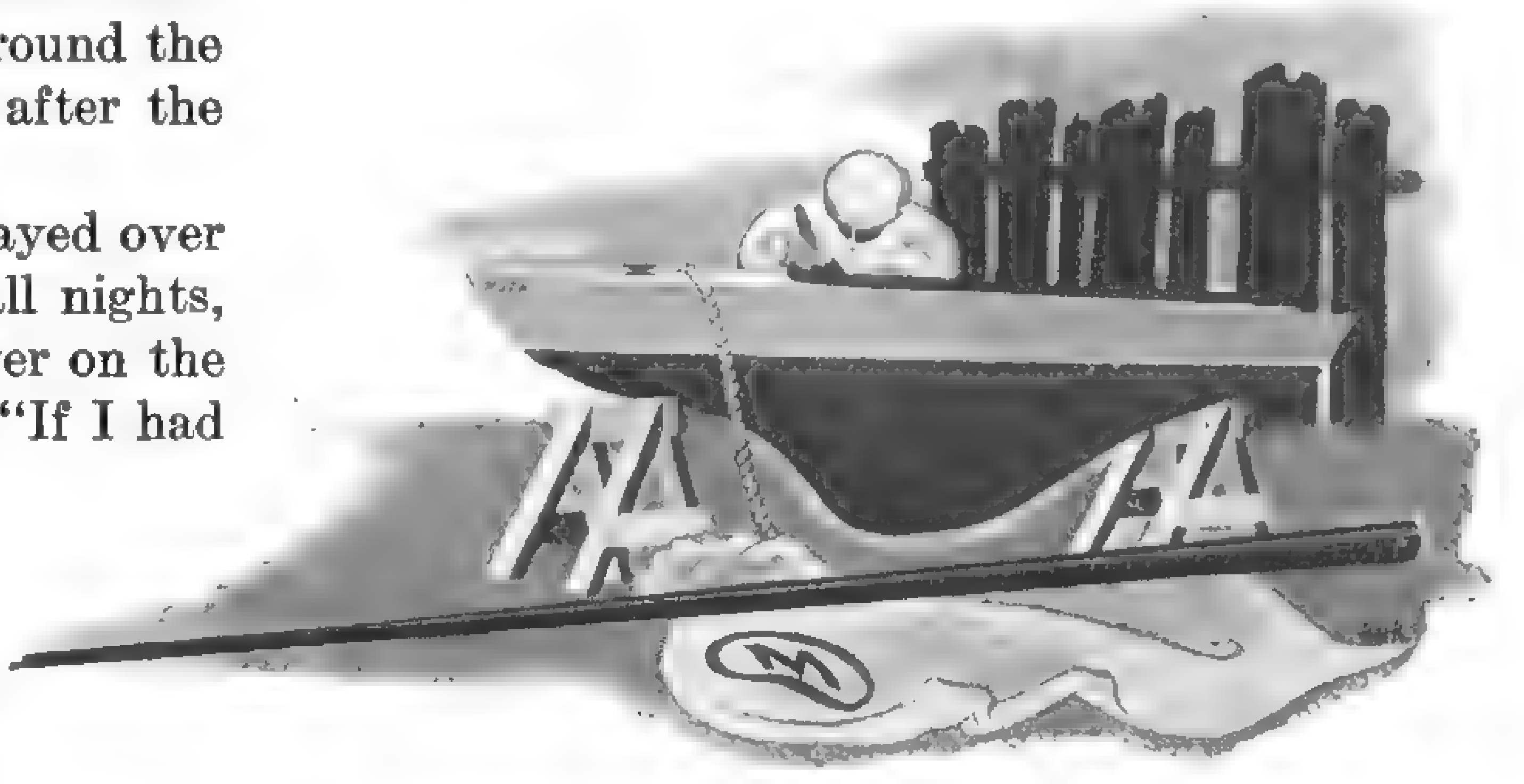
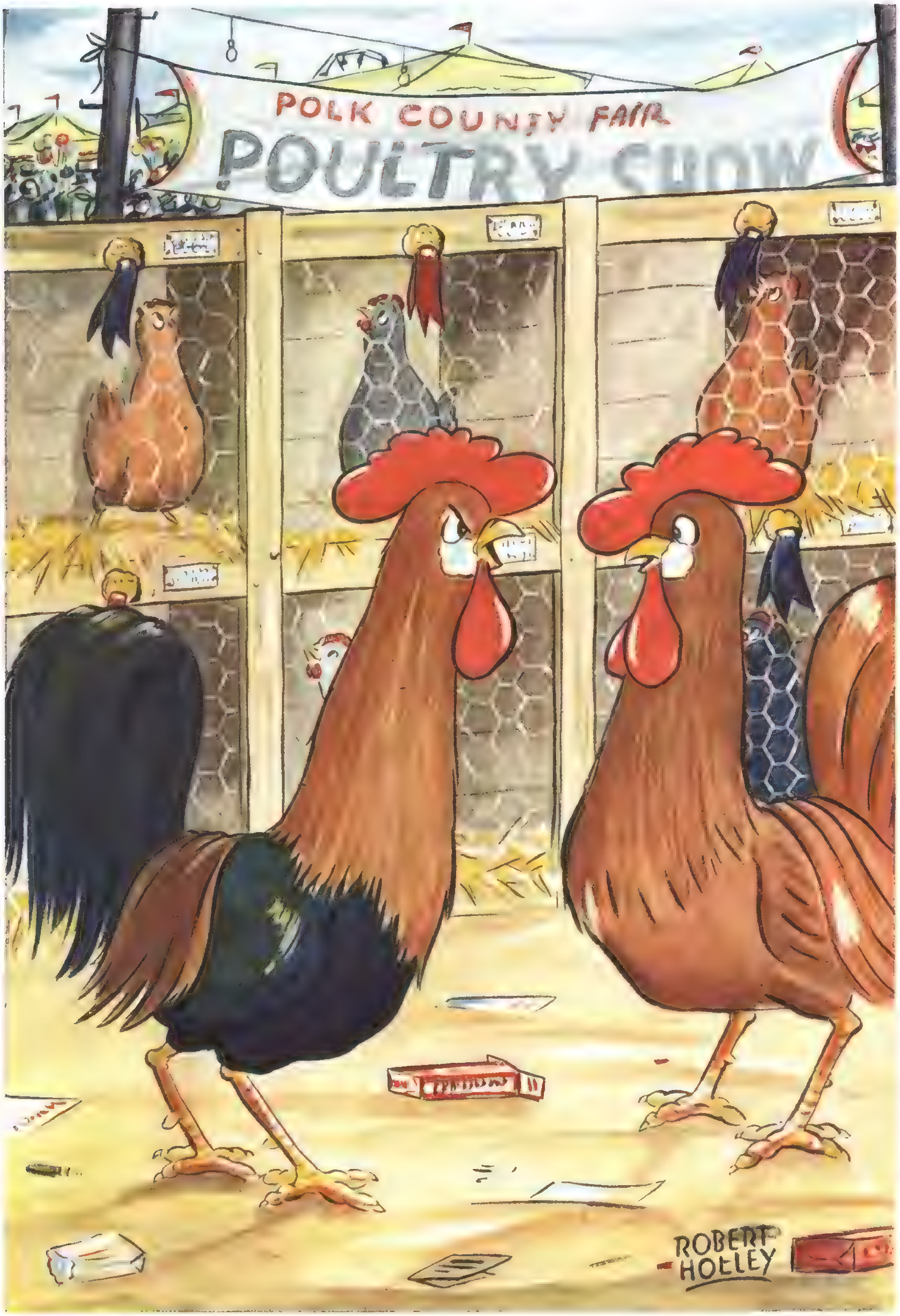
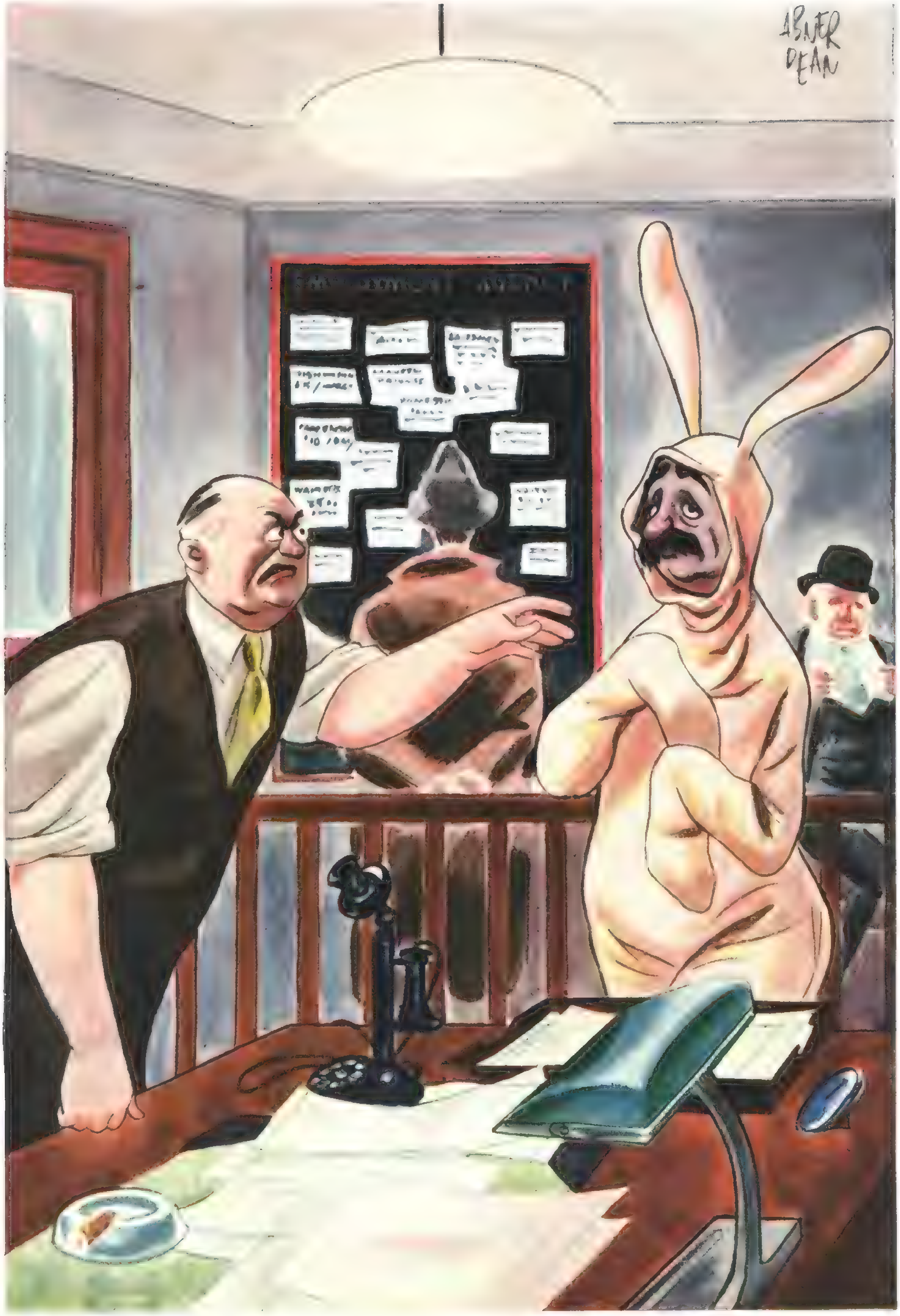



POLK COUNTY FAIR
POULTRY SHOW
ROBERT HOLLEY

"We do all the work and they take all the credit"



"You're alright as a Santa Claus, Shultz, but as an Easter bunny no!"

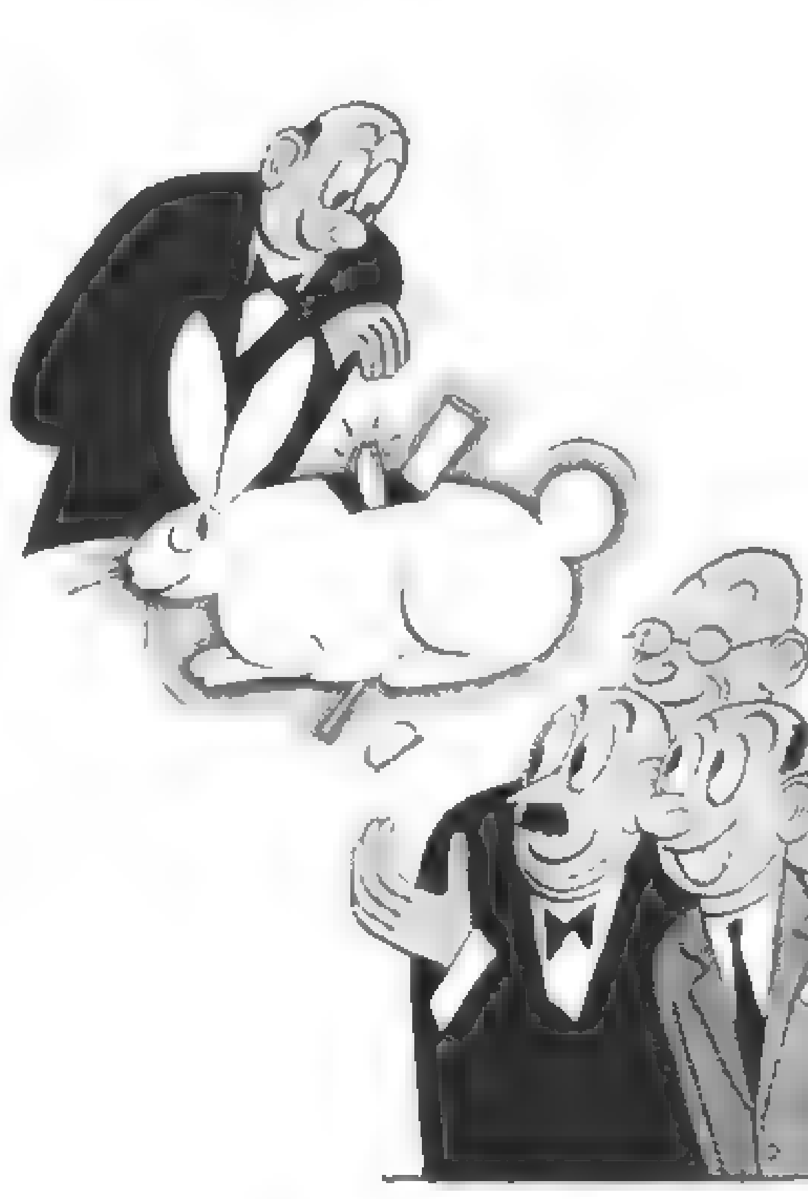
Education of Rev. Farice

He flinched at the thought of taking money from egg-laying, golden bunnies on Holy Easter

by SIGFRED A. ROE

▪ SATIRE ▪

The pastor looked especially young and ineffectual at meetings of the trustees. When he met with the deacons, who were the congregation's spiritual guides, he looked more like the Boy Christ speaking thoughtfully and authoritatively with the wise men in the temple. But the trustees were Philistines, hard-headed about the building debt, the price of coal and the pastor's salary. They always looked at Rev. Mr. Farice's chin as if they expected to find fuzz on it.



Now they were in the living room of Mr. Lindsay's home with their after-dinner cigars. Smoke already had formed a blue haze near the ceiling. It would thicken and deepen until it achieved the degree of suffocation which had brought Mrs. Constable's goldfish to the surface, not dead but turned on their sides and gasping. "This special meeting was called at the request of Mr. Lindsay," Mr. Constable, the president of the board, said from an easy chair. "He has a proposition."

Mr. Lindsay coughed, rose, walked to a table from which he took a package, and returned to his chair. He began to unwrap the package but then changed his strategy.

"This," he said, tapping the parcel, "will cut the building debt of St. James church by $5,000." He paused to allow the impact to be fully felt. "It is a Golden Easter Bunny. One of our churches in Minneapolis used 1,500 Golden Easter Bunnies last year and netted $6,500 for its building fund."

Mr. Rask, who had been slouched in a corner of the davenport, straightened.

"It will be a favor to me if the Golden Easter Bunny is hereafter called the Golden Easter Rabbit, or simply the rabbit. I so move."

Rev. Mr. Farice smiled gratefully.

"The idea is this," Mr. Lindsay continued. "In each rabbit there are ten chocolate Easter eggs wrapped in gold foil. The rabbit has a slot in its back. Every time a half dollar is placed in the slot it releases a golden egg through a trapdoor in its belly."

"Any chance of a multiple birth?" Mr. Rask asked.

Mr. Lindsay frowned and hurried on.

"There are ten eggs in each rabbit. At 50 cents each that amounts to $5. We can pay a percentage or flat rental for 1,500 rabbits to the candy company which owns them. That is for the board to decide. Personally, I favor a flat rental. Our church is productive enough so that I am sure the rental would be less than the percentage."

He unwrapped the rabbit and handed it to Mr. Constable for inspection. The others gathered around.

Mr. Rask found a half dollar in his pocket, put it in the slot, and pressed the lever. A golden egg not more than half an inch from tip to tip dropped into Mr. Lindsay's lap.

There were pleased exclamations. Rev. Mr. Farice winced.

Mr. Rask retrieved the egg, removed the gold foil and took a bite.

"It's cheap chocolate," he said. "It tastes soapy."

"Cream?" Mr. Constable asked.

"No, solid chocolate."

Mr. Constable looked disappointed. "But that will be better for the children."

"The children are the key to the proposition," Mr. Lindsay said. "Mr. Farice will make an announcement on Palm Sunday after the sermon. The idea is that the church is always filled on Palm Sunday, so these rabbits will catch the twice or three-times-a-year people we would miss on any other day except possibly Christmas. Then, during Holy Week, the children will pester their parents to put half dollars in the rabbits. They should be out of eggs and full of money by Easter. The rabbits will be returned to the church Easter morning."

Rev. Mr. Farice said quietly:

"They will not."

He said it so mildly that at first the others did not comprehend, but when they saw that Rev. Mr. Farice was pale, they understood clearly enough.

"No Golden Easter Bunny will enter St. James church during Holy Week," Rev. Mr. Farice said. "Gentlemen, Easter is the Resurrection."

Except for Mr. Rask, the others looked at their young pastor with expressions blended of pity and anger.

In this crisis, Mr. Rork said:

"I'll match every dollar the rabbits bring in."

There was a general exclamation.

Then, to the pastor's hurt surprise, Mr. Rask, who had been his only ally, said: "Mr. Rork's offer is too generous to be refused. I suggest that St. James church rent the rabbits at the best price Mr. Lindsay can wangle for Holy Week. I so move."

"You've heard the motion, seconded, those in favor say aye, those opposed no, carried," Mr. Constable intoned.

They looked at Rev. Mr. Farice to see how he was taking his defeat. The young pastor was serene. His eyes were half closed. He was praying.

The rabbits were placed in rows on long tables in the vestibule, so worshippers found themselves in a warren when they entered St. James church on Palm Sunday. There was mystification until after the sermon, when Rev. Mr. Farice advanced slowly from his chair near the altar to urge, as persuasively as a bruised heart could, that the head of each family return home with a Golden Easter Bunny. As he spoke he occasionally flicked the corners of his eyes with the knuckle of his right forefinger, and his voice broke twice, once when he said *half dollar* and again when he said *slot*. He was hardly pleased with the trustees who came to him after the service and told him that his plea was as moving as any ever made in St. James church.

Thursday, he called on Rev. James Brimptner, who had grown venerable in the service of God's kingdom. The young pastor told his story and said:

"It's all so crass."

Rev. Mr. Brimptner shook his head sadly.

"Call it mundane, son. Call it mundane. There was a time when I, too, might have put up a fight. But we grow older, and perhaps lesser."

Easter Sunday was easier than Rev. Mr. Farice had hoped for. The rabbits were left in the entry before the service, and he was able to tell of Christ Risen without once thinking of the machine which dropped an egg when a coin was placed in a slot and a lever pressed.

Monday night the trustees met in the home of Mr. Lindsay.

"We took in $5,860.25," he told the board, "less $1,000 to the candy company at 75c each for 1,500 rabbits. That leaves $4,860.25, which, plus the same amount from Mr. Rork—" he looked questioningly at him and received a nod—"makes a grand total of $9,720.50. We can draw $279.50 from the treasury to make an even $10,000 payment on the building debt. Gentlemen, that also means a reduction of $600 annually in the

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Irish Wit and Wakes

Tourists who visit the Emerald Isle primed with vaudeville gags about Pat and Mike have a lot to unlearn

by JOHN McCARTHY

• ARTICLE •

CONTRARY to popular American impression, the Irish are not a happy-go-lucky, good-humored, witty race. Nor are they easily amused or given to excess frivolity. Instead, your native Irishman today, and as he has always been through the centuries, is a very, very serious lad. A bit of a mystic and an intellectual whose outlook in general is very much on the melancholy side. Of course, he usually possesses an engaging and coaxing tongue and staunchly believes that conversation—any kind—is the essence of life itself. When the Celt does indulge in humor, which is not over-often, he is apt to be satirical. And his satire will be tinged with deep morbidness.

Why the average American traditionally holds an exact opposite opinion of the Irishman can be traced to a variety of reasons. Following the great wave of Irish immigration to the United States in the fifties, sixties and seventies, there sprang up hundreds of humorous plays and jokes about the newly arrived Celts. For instance, the celebrated Harrigan and Hart musicals, along with Dion Boucicault's and Chauncey Olcott's sentimental comedies plus an avalanche of Pat and Mike stories. All these portrayed the Irish as light-hearted, carefree people.

Besides this stage and story propaganda, the Irish themselves here in their daily contact with Americans furnished tangible evidence for the material turned out by playwrights and jokesmiths. That trip across the Atlantic from Ireland to the Land of the Free somehow metamorphoses the gloomy Irishman into an easy-going, jovial and personable character. That is true now as it was when the first Hibernian arrived here with the Pilgrims.

Few Americans realize that the patient policeman, the obliging barman, the affable politician and the hundred and one other grand Irishers they know in America are very much different from their counterparts in the old country. Over there, your policeman, barman, politician and average citizen are not anywhere near as approachable or as sociable as their relatives in America.

Oft, when returning on the boat from Ireland, have I met some disillusioned Americans. These folks, in going to Erin for the first time, expected to find the Emerald Isle a gay place, indeed. A sort of perpetual Donnybrook Fair with stage Irishmen and colleens jigging continuously, bejabbering and bedadding and withal, making a helluva fuss over every Yank who condescends to put a foot upon the Ould Sod. What these uninitiated persons did not know was that the Irish are a parochial people, very proud and shy. Furthermore, the one way not to get on with them is to assume a patronizing attitude—an attitude which some of our best American tourists are most expert in assuming. Regardless of the size of your tips, you simply cannot pull the "Well, my good man" act on the Irish and get away with it. They won't stand for it. And they won't hesitate to tell you so.

Oddly enough, your average Englishman gets on much better with the native Irishman than does the average American. And he does because, unlike the American, he has no misconceptions about the Irishman's traditional characteristics. Different from the American, the Britisher is fully aware of how he Irish dread ridicule but love satire. Therefore, most British jokes about the Irish come closer to being a more accurate portrayal of the true Celt than most American "Pat and Mike" stories. In fact, your native Irishman ordinarily takes offense at your Irish-American story, for he considers that it slanders the intelligence of his race. He is right. It usually does.

Take a typical Irish-American joke—one which is a relic of the Harrigan and Hart days but still in vogue. Pat and Mike tumble off a cliff. On the descent, Pat manages to nick his pick on a ledge and hangs on. Mike, in turn, succeeds in catching hold of Pat's legs. As the pair sway in air, Pat cries out "Begorra, Mike, let go of me or I'll hit ye in the head with me pick." Yes, I'll admit it's pretty sad. Yet I have heard it no less than a hundred times from stage Irishmen and whenever it was told, it drew many loud guffaws from an American audience.

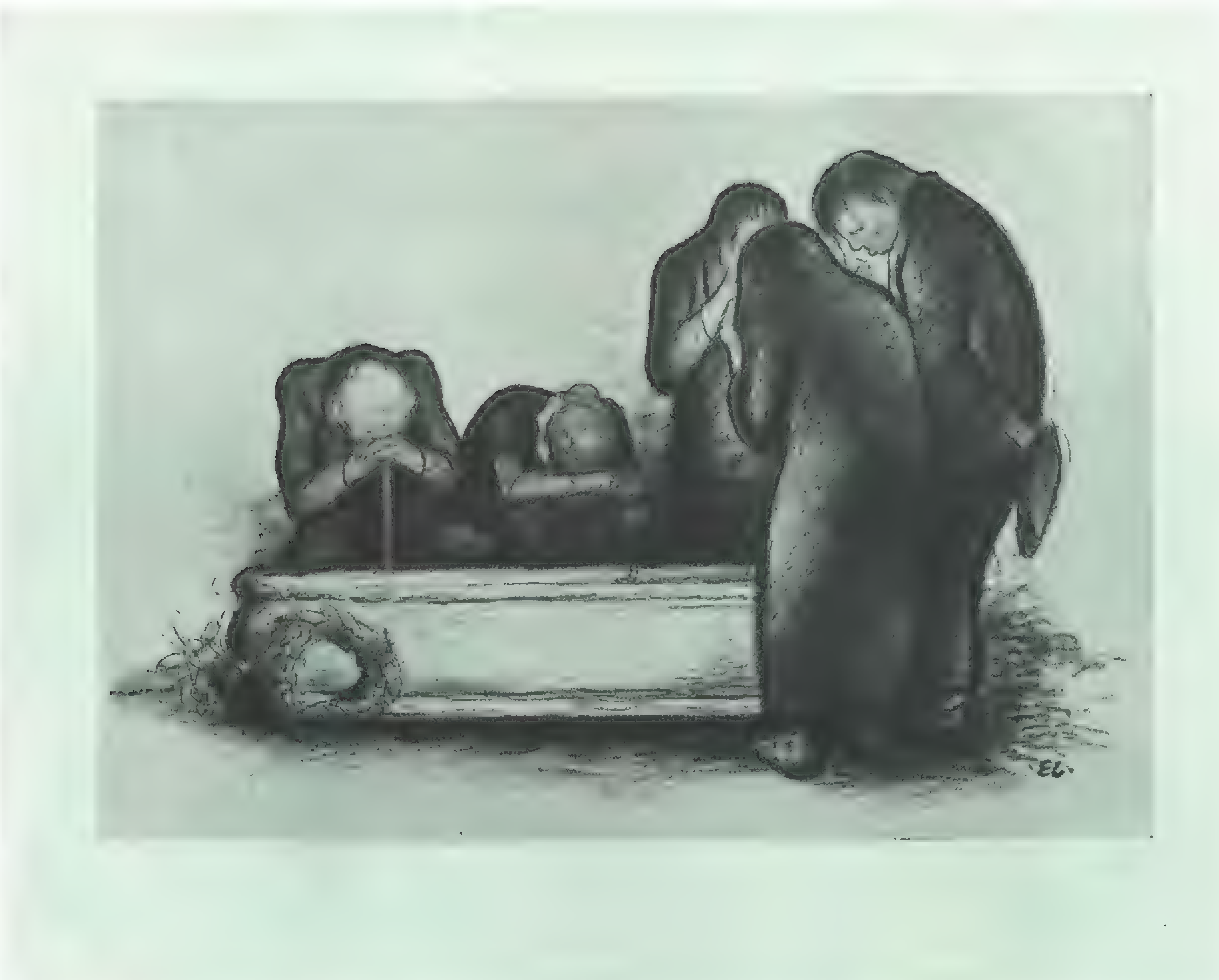
To tell that same story word for word in a Dublin pub would be courting destruction. You would pronto get a pint of stout dashed in your face and a whack on the head from the bartender's bung-starter. Here's why. No Dubliner would tolerate your inference that there ever was a Hibernian as stupid as Pat is pictured. Secondly, the story is too short and makes its point too quickly. Thirdly, there is nothing in the joke about death. Without these elements, any Irish story is counterfeit and whoever tells a Celtic tale minus these vital parts is a phony.

If you took that same Pat and Mike story and changed it to a long-drawn-out satirical description of the same two lads falling off the cliff, wove into it a fanciful dialogue which they held during the descent and had Mike land on his head, bashing out his brains and with Pat joyfully coming down feet first upon poor Mike's belly, you would have an authentic Irish joke—a joke that would make the rafters of that Dublin pub ring with laughter. If you prolonged the yarn another half hour by quoting Pat's soliloquy over Mike's torn remains, you'd be hailed as a classic jester—a welcomed friend of the house. The barman would gladly set up a couple free rounds of stout in your honor.

The humor in a real Irish story depends not upon the point but upon the pointlessness of what is being described and upon the sheer loquacity of the teller. In Ireland, this is humor of the highest type, particularly when it deals with gore. In America, such a type of humor evokes only yawns. For instance, I have seen the celebrated Abbey Theatre Players give Synge's marvelous comedy *Playboy of the Western World* both in Dublin and New York. I watched carefully both audiences to catch their reaction to real Irish humor as contained in this great play.

In Dublin, when Christy Mahon, the Playboy, repeats and repeats garrulously his delicious descriptions of how he murdered his own father, the audience howls its glee. In New York, the same performance does not snare a single snicker, save from a stray Irishman. And he is usually shushed quickly by some sapient student of the drama from Columbia University, who, apparently, catalogues this superb Irish comedy in the same category as a Russian tragedy.

What is bitter tragedy to most nations is good fun to the Irish. The death-deriding ballad of the wife of the Irish war veteran epitomizes how they feel about such matters:



DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Ye haven't an arm and ye haven't a
leg, Huroo! Huroo!
Ye haven't an arm and ye haven't a
leg, Huroo!
Ye haven't an arm and ye haven't a leg,
Ye eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg;
Ye'll have to be put in a bowl to beg,
Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

In his absorbing autobiography entitled *As I Was Walking Down Sackville Street*, Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, the famed Dublin wit, maintains that his people revel so much in warlike activities that they grow mad "whenever peace breaks out over Ireland."

Incidentally, Dr. Gogarty, when he came to the United States several years ago to lecture, created a bit of a stir among groups of the American descendants of Irishmen. These good folks had come to the Gogarty lectures figuring that they were going to hear an Irish Harry Lauder. Instead, to their surprise and consternation, they were treated to some pretty sardonic stories—authentic Irish jokes. For the Doctor is recognized in all Ireland as a most gifted humorist. He is, too. Most of his yarns have that certain biting, barbarous, bitterness and macabre atmosphere which the Irish love but which the Irish-Americans abhor.

The barbarous and mortuary angle to Irish humor can be accounted for to a degree by the fact that a considerable slice of Celtic social life revolves around death. In short, those festivities, commonly known as "the wake" which surround a person's demise. Said festivities are held entirely apart from the Christian services. In the social calendar, these wakes rate more elaborate attention, preparations and attendance than christenings, weddings, anniversaries and surpass in community interest even the movies or politics. Aye, 'tis only at the departure of any member can you expect the complete turnout of an Irish family clan. Regardless of what kind of a record the dear departed lad may have had in this world, cherished and hated relatives, friends and foes, the town's saints and sinners, all will be on hand to give him a grand send-off to the next world.

What a going-away party the deceased gets! It's so exuberant, sociable, and blended with primitive wailing and mourning galore that everybody enjoys himself to the utmost. That rancoring and bickering which so often mar other gatherings when Irishmen take a nip too much is notably absent at wakes—"out of respect for the corpse." Often, the wakes go on for several days and nights. In fact, these festivities are traditionally so successful that it is the one great regret of every Irishman that he can't enjoy his own wake.

Up in that bleak and wild country of County Donegal, where my family originally came from, whole villages will participate in a wake. Just as soon as a person dies, it is known almost immediately for miles around. In that section of Donegal, there are very few phones, radios, newspapers albeit the news is verbally passed around speedily. The archaic Irish word of mouth method of relaying news is as fast and reliable as any modern system of communication yet devised.

As soon as the news of the relative's death reaches the various members of the clan, they pack supplies of foodstuffs, spirits and stout to last for several days. Then they assemble at a convenient meeting place, and, in a group, proceed to the cottage of the deceased. A clan will consist of many persons, for few Irish families are small and in a country section where the same families have resided for generations, relatives are innumerable. After this veritable army of relatives arrive at the cottage of the deceased, they spend the entire first night through till dawn in keening.

Keening is one of those ancient Irish customs dating back into pre-Christian times which have outlived both the Christian and Roman inundation in Ireland. Crowded around the coffin, the relatives weep and wail weirdly and in such perfect unison that the effect produced upon the listeners is soul-searing. This keening travels a considerable distance. The first time you catch it, even far off as I did one summer night, you are hard put to reconcile it with any other sound you have ever heard before. It's so primitive, so eerie, so pagan that you almost believe that the Druids are holding a ceremony high up in the hills.

After the relatives have completed their night of keening, the deceased's friends make their calls the next few evenings. As hitherto stated, all the people in the home villages and those towns nearby consider themselves friends. They all turn out. As they enter the house, they go directly to the casket, get on their knees and say a few prayers. All the immediate members of the family are lined up

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As the Immortals Say

The tide was raising Hell with the so-called Pacific—it was no time for boats to get chummy with rocks

by FRANK CLEMENT

• FICTION •

IT WAS on a steam schooner, running from Gray's Harbor in Washington to San Diego that I met this fellow Halligan and his wife. Maybe you know these steam schooners; they make their real money freighting lumber, with a few passengers for velvet. They charge a little less than the regular passenger boats, but they give you a lot less, so the profit is plenty. But they get a good play because a lot of people like a boat where they can loaf around in old clothes, the same way some people like a small town.

Our tub, the *Scotsman*, was the biggest on that run. We had thirty passengers this trip, mostly women and kids. We hadn't much more than cleared the harbor bar when I got a call from this cabin. The door was open and as I got to it I heard Halligan tell his wife,

"As the immortal William says, Kid—"

"William who?" she asked with a kind of slow grin.

"There is only one William; William Shakespeare, you know that as well as I do," said he. "What I was going to remark when I was so rudely interrupted; as the immortal William says, 'Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I have drunk today.'"

"Likewise as the immortal William says, Kid," she came back at him, "'Villain, thy lips are scarce wiped ere thou drunk'st last.'"

"That was while we were still at the dock," he says without batting an eye. "I've had nothing since we cast off. Oh, hello, steward. Can you rustle us some seltzer?"

"And ice, Kid," she put in.

"Right. And ice."

We had no regular bar, but they let us stewards handle bottle stuff; it was too small business for the boat to bother with, most of our passengers not having much money anyway, and the wise ones generally carried their own liquor and just called on us for such as ice and seltzer or ginger ale. Halligan evidently was one of the wise ones.

So I got the ice and seltzer and I mixed highballs for them, something I didn't generally do, but I sized them up for good tips all the way down.

"Well, here's how, Kid," he says to her.

"How, *skoal*, *gesundheit*, *santé*, *loch-heim* or what have you," she answered. "Why not offer the steward a drink?"

"To be sure. Steward, will you have something?"

We weren't supposed to drink on duty, but I'd seen the label on the bottle and decided it was worth taking a chance for. So I mixed one for myself and wondered about this kid business. He looked to be about fifty, and she not much less, though still a good looker, and a lot of pep—real pep, not the kind middle-aged women put on sometimes. I judged they got in the habit when they were first married and probably still felt that way about each other, so it really didn't sound silly after all.

There didn't seem to be another drink coming up for me, and anyway I didn't want to spoil a good thing, so I beat it. I didn't see them again till next morning, when we were running along the Oregon coast through one of those fogs that made the West coast famous; a damp fog and chilly. They were walking around the forward deck, or rather on the lumber that covered the deck, and I heard him tell her,

"As the immortal Alfred says, Kid—"

"Alfred who?" she asked with that slow grin again. There was something about that grin of hers; it sort of warmed you up and after a while you caught yourself watching for it.

"There's only one Alfred; Alfred Tennyson," he came back. "And as the immortal Alfred and myself were about to say when we were so rudely interrupted, 'Wine is good for shriveled lips when a blanket wraps the day.' Let's go down to the cabin and moisten our shriveled lips with some wine."

"Preferably the wine with the smoke flavoring that comes from Scotland," she says. "Incidentally, why did the poets always sing about wine and ale? Didn't any of them ever mention whisky? There's lots more inspiration in Scotch than there is in claret."

"Practically none," he said. "Of course there was the immortal Robert—"

"Robert who?" she asked with that grin again like she was humoring a kid. This thing seemed to be sort of a game with them.

"There's only one—" he started to say, and then broke it off. "You caught me that time, Kid," he said, laughing. "This happens to be Burns, not Browning. Well, when I was so rudely interrupted I was about to agree with the immortal Robert Number One or Number Two, as your preference may be, that 'John Barleycorn was a hero bold, of noble enterprise, for if you do but taste his blood 'twill make your courage rise.'"

"Okay, Kid, let's go taste the blood of John Barleycorn and see if the immortal Robert was right," she says, laughing. "And here's our Ganymede ready to produce the other essentials—I hope. Steward, how about some ice and seltzer?"

So I took the stuff down and got another stiff highball. They weren't stingy with their liquor, nor with their cash tips either. I decided they were pretty regular people.

We kept chugging along down the coast for two or three days. Now maybe you know, or maybe you don't, that Mrs. Pacific's ocean most generally is like a Wisconsin lake. Other times you wonder how it got its name. We were about halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles when one of those times came. Well, the California coast is like a piece out of a circle, with the ocean on the outside, and boats in the coastwise trade hug the shore pretty close to save fuel. Sometimes they hug it too close, like the *Harvard* and the *Humboldt* and those destroyers that piled up in the Santa Barbara channel.

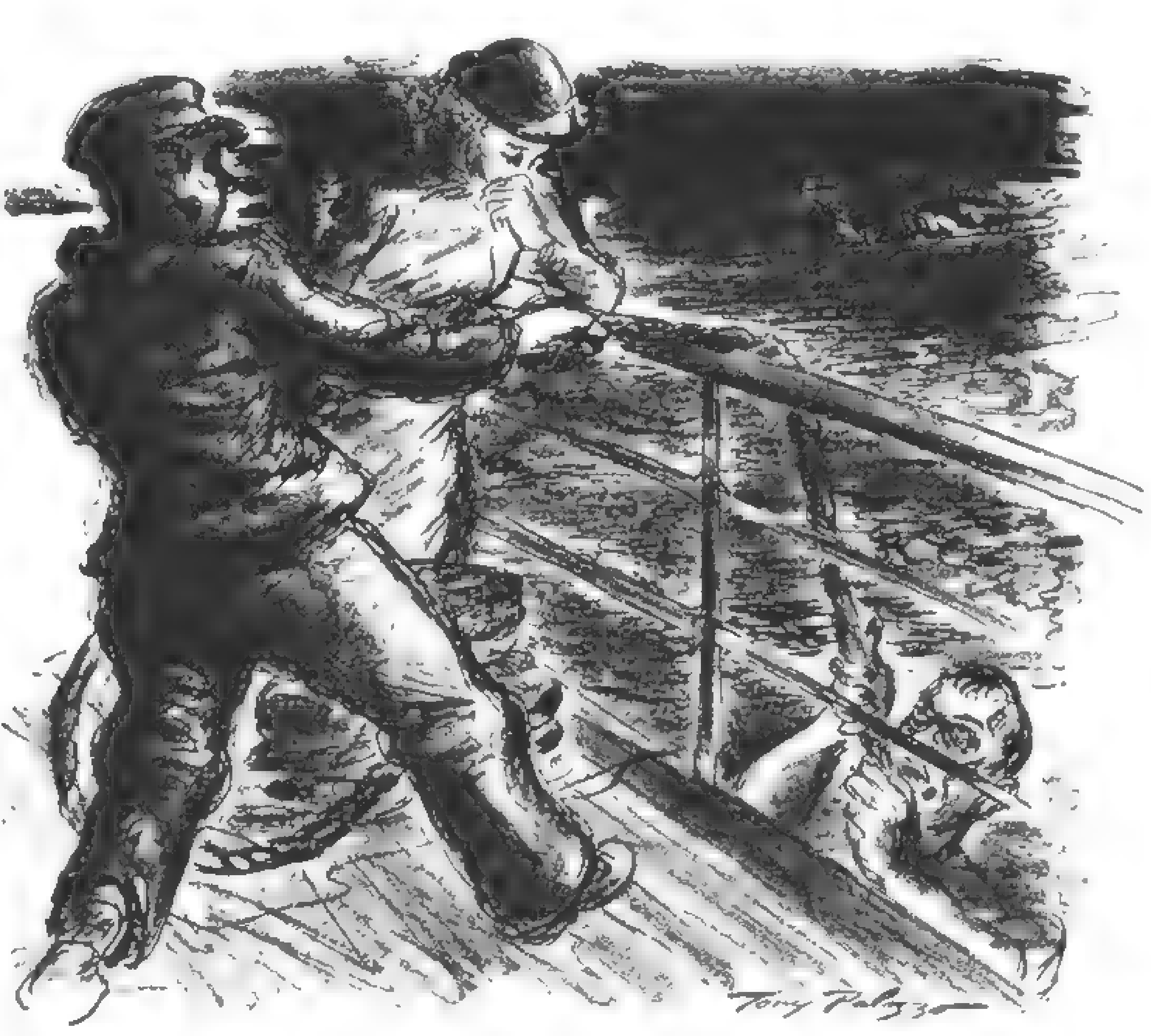
That's what the *Scotsman* did this trip. She found a nice sharp rock. And with the wind and a high tide—high as I've seen it in ten years coast sailing—it was no night to be getting chummy with rocks. Pretty soon the waves were breaking over the ship in places.

It was in the middle of the night. All the passengers were wakened by the crash, of course, and they came boiling up on deck, half dressed if that much, screaming and carrying on like passengers always do when anything goes wrong. I don't know which was worse, the women or the kids, but I guess the women.

Anyway, we were trying to quiet them down and get life preservers on them, and you know how it always calms down a passenger when you suggest life preservers, when I remembered I hadn't seen the Halligans. But just as I was wondering if I should go down to their cabin looking for them, here they came. They were all dressed and might have been going out to a restaurant for breakfast. But they knew what was doing.

By and by Halligan located the old man, and asked, "Skipper, what about it?"

"Look at that sea," the old man says. And it did look wicked. "I don't think any boat we've got would live in it two minutes, but I guess we've got to



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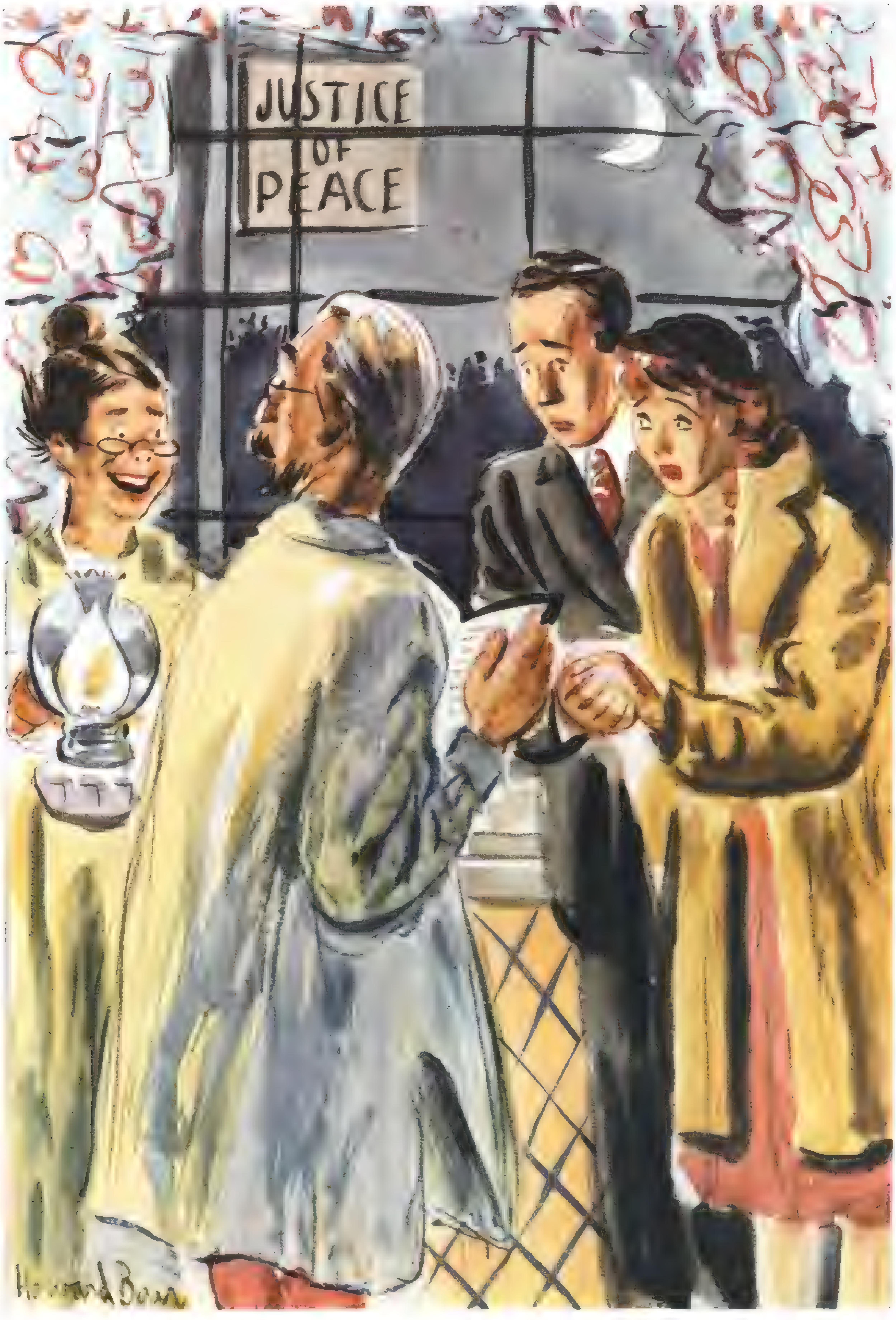
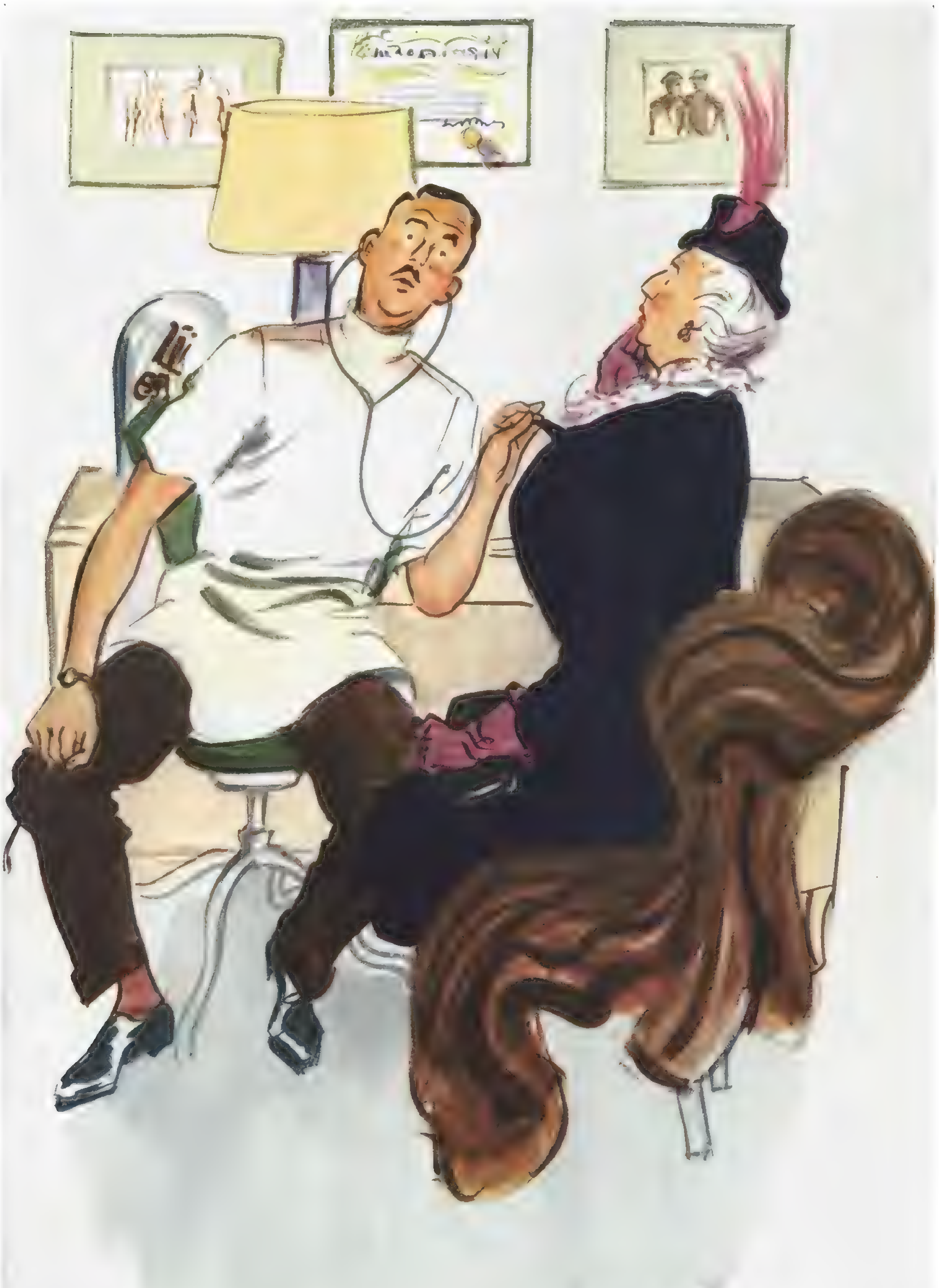

JUSTICE OF PEACE
Howard Baer

"Couldn't they use the guest room, Abner? They must be dead tired"


Gilbert Bundy

"It sounds so far away, Mrs. Loomis—so very, very far away"

Octopus Hunter

You can coax them out of their lairs by playing a nose-flute, if you're a fool for punishment

by WILMON MENARD

• SPORTS •

Wanna go hunt an octopus?

That's all I have to mention to my sportsmen friends, and they begin pantomiming behind my back to indicate to anyone not in the know that I've got bats in my belfry. It's got so now that they try to humor me. Some even go so far as to walk across the street to avoid meeting me.

Now, if I mentioned a bear hunt, or a turkey shoot, they'd take me up on it in a flash. But the moment I mention an octopus hunt, they freeze up on me, give me a long, shocked stare, and instantly put me down as a crack-pot.

I realize it all sounds like a screwy business, this octopus hunting, and I know that my friends and acquaintances say to one another that only a most foul and morbid fellow would have any truck with such slimy monsters as octopuses. Well, maybe octopuses aren't the most beautiful creatures in God's green sea, but it's a helluva lot more fun hunting them than bears or deer.

I've seen some sweet babies in my day, and don't you forget it. The ones I dived for off the coast of Monterey, California, were vicious brutes; and the ones they have off the Breton coast in France are enough to give one nightmares for keeps. But it wasn't until I went to the islands of Eastern Polynesia in the far South Pacific that I had some classy octopus hunting. Give me a quick-tempered South Sea octopus any old day for a good tussle. They made my temperate-zone scrimmages seem like mere child's play.

The first thing I did upon arrival in Tahiti was to make inquiries for a good octopus hunter. After a week of fruitless search, I was agreeably aroused one morning in my birdcage hut at Papeari, Tahiti, to find that the best native octopus hunter on the island had put in his appearance. His name was Roo, eighteen years old, handsome as a Greek god, and garbed simply in a scarlet, white-figured *pareu* (loin-cloth). He was a true native type, with all the light-heartedness and loyalty of the real Polynesian.

He brought along two calabashes of *ava-anani* (fermented orange juice), and we both became roaring drunk in celebration of our partnership. Oh boy, were we going to give those octopuses hell!

In the shadows of the coral ledges on the outside of the reefs of Papeari and near the reef-pass, we went in search of the large *fe'e* (octopuses), ensconced there to prey upon mollusks, crustaceans and small fishes that passed within reach of their long arms. As in ancient days, the islanders still regard the giant octopus with awe and dread, because of the evil superstition that is associated with this hideous monster. The giant octopus is believed to be the ghost of the wicked god *Tumuraifenua*, who cast the islanders in darkness in pagan days by holding the sky down to the earth with its powerful tentacles, causing sickness to visit them and slimy monsters to crawl from the lagoons and devour entire villages.

Although timid in the open, the giant octopus is a demon of fury when cornered. Roo and I always went in search of the giant octopus armed with strong *taveros* (spears), twelve feet long, with three barbed shafts of iron. It was often difficult to spear the octopus if it were far back in the coral caverns; but Roo could always draw the *fe'e* out. Retreating a short distance from the octopus' lair, he would take up his *vivo* (nose-flute) and play weird tunes upon it, in the manner a Hindu fakir charms a cobra. His piping would soon attract the monster from its cavern—first its globular, ugly horned head, then the long tentacles with its double rows of cup-like suckers, and, out of curiosity, the octopus would approach within striking distance. In that split second, our spears would be speeding in swift flight into the grey revolting mass. There would be a moan, almost human, and the water would be clouded with sepia. Its long tentacles would flay the surface of the lagoon in savage fury, trying to rid itself of our spears firmly embedded in its head. If necessary, another spear would be dispatched into the writhing bulk. It took a long time to tire the octopus, and we had to hold firmly to the ropes attached to the end of the spears to prevent it from sinking to the bottom of the lagoon. Landing one octopus was a good day's job, I mean the ones whose tentacles measured ten or fifteen feet.

What did we do with the octopus after we had snuffed out its ghastly life? Why, we just lashed it on behind our outrigger canoe, towed it back to the village (barracuda and small lagoon sharks snapping at it all the way back), and presented it with great ceremony to the district chief. What did they do with it? They, my gentle readers, ate Mister Octopus. I could not bring myself for a long time to eat *fe'e*, but one day I gingerly placed part of a tentacle in my mouth, and then I was firmly convinced that it was a marine tidbit. The tentacles, cubed and served with a sauce made from its own juice, are delicious.

One day Roo surprised me no little when he pooh-poohed the size and ferocity of the octopuses of Tahiti.

"You ought to see the octopus at my grandfather's coral atoll in the Paumotu Islands," he told me. "They, my good white friend, are something to write home about."

"Well, well, is that so?" I cried. My hunter's blood was up!

So off we sailed in a trading schooner for the atoll of Rimaroa on the southern fringe of the Tuamotu, or Paumotu Group, northeast of Tahiti. Early one morning, after many days sailing under a blazing tropical sun, I saw a faint haze on the horizon ahead; and as we sailed toward it with a brisk wind filling our sails, it became more sharply defined. There is no sight that quickens one's pulse like a coral atoll set down in a blue sea. From the deck of a schooner, you are only able to sight a coral atoll from a distance of three miles at the most. Then they float up gradually out of the sea: first, the head-dress of coco palms, the graceful long trunks, and then the pure white coral strand with the silver surf tumbling over the fringing reefs. The sky in the area of the Dangerous Isles, or Tuamotus, because of the still blue lagoons in the maze of atolls and the green of the palm fronds, is of a deep blue, and one can usually tell before actually sighting an atoll when one is just over the line of horizon.

As if at the will of a conjurer, Rimaroa rose out of the sea, an entrancing sight under the early morning sun, its plumed palms waving in flamboyant array in the tradewinds. A line of feathery surf covered the coral reef encircling the atoll, but the lagoon within was placid as a mill pond. It was barely six feet above high-water mark, a green garland floating serenely in a sapphire sea. A hundred or more yards beyond the reef, set back from the semicircular beach of powdered coral, was a small village nestling in the shade of the coco palms. Through my binoculars, I could see natives running to the beach and pushing off across the still lagoon in outriggers.

"*Aue!* (Oh Boy!) wait until you see the whoppers we're going to get here," he cried eagerly, pointing toward the green coral isle, as he paced along the narrow deck of the

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The Vox Popper

Hearing overtones of the cash register, editors listen with awe to the voice of Joe Doaks

by LAWRENCE MARTIN

• ARTICLE •

In the United States are 13,345 newspapers with 40,218,900 buyers, and 5,679 magazines.

Listen, the presses are booming, shaking the building, shaking the world; the millions of sheets counted, given a ride on the conveyor-belt, stacked, wrapped, labeled; the trucks taking off with howling sirens, ricocheting through the streets bound for newsstands and railway depots; the people craning their necks as they pass the newsboy's display, looking for the latest headline of the war scare, the moron sex attack, the cripple who wins the sweepstakes, the murderer who gets the chair; the semi-nudes shining brightly from the magazine covers in the drug store window; the postman with his heavily laden bag tossing the bulky monthly upon the frail porch of the jerrybuilt bungalow which trembles under the blow . . .

Sweet land of free press! Great acres of proud trees going down, ground up, mashed, ironed out into vast rolls of paper over which an ocean of ink waits to be poured. Editors in their skyscraper offices reading the stacks of manuscripts, throwing them aside, darting into each other's cubbyholes with the stand-out, the wow, the natural, the sock-piece. Reporters trickling in with the story, phones jangling, the men in the slot pasting, cutting, penciling; the linotypes setting up a clatter, the men bent over the stone, the curved plates issuing from the stereotype machine, at last the signal to start the presses . . .

In a universe, in a pocket of the Milky Way galaxy, on the Planet Earth, among a great people, in the city, town, village of Blankburg; on a street, up some steps, in the living room, under a floor lamp, a man sits—reading, reading. Slowly he rises from the armchair, takes up his pen, unpacks his portable:

> Dear Editor:
> As a constant subscriber . . .
> In your issue of the 14th . . .
> I cannot see any excuse . . .
> I was delighted to note . . .
> Please cancel . . .

* * *

A daily, weekly, monthly stream, swollen into a super-Johnstown flood which breaks down the levees of sales resistance and boredom, sometimes breaks down too the reader's endurance. The schools turn out their literate millions every January and June, another flood. A nation of readers has access to pieces of paper out of those annihilated forests, in little black bottles it has caught up a part of that sea of ink. It is able to retaliate in kind. It does.

So every year as millions of writings clash with millions of readings, letters to the editor get written. This activity of Vox Popping (The Voice of the People is the Voice of God) is a great unlisted indoor sport, especially of the Americans, English, and Russians. So far as the editors are concerned, it is more serious than a sport. When the man under the floor lamp feels like speaking, the editors lay down the professional manuscripts and listen. It is Joe Doaks speaking, the plain man who is not only the voice of God but of the cash register. Somebody has paid attention to our newspaper, someone has read our magazine and been jerked out of his armchair into the world of "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Thousands of these letters achieve print every day. Editors like to have them come in, even those that blast hell out of the publication, the publisher, and his ancestors. An editor would rather inflict a scar on a reader than leave him untouched. Moreover, at times the Vox Pop section turns out to be as interesting as the fiction and articles of the boys who get paid for writing. Why? Joe Doaks likes to look into the mirror. The letters section of some periodicals is more reliable than the office stuff. The letters that *Time* magazine publishes are far more dependable than its foreign news rehash.

* * *

That the Voice of the People is the Voice of God is not only the No. 1 item in the editor's creed, it is the central doctrine of free democratic capitalism. If Commodore Vanderbilt really said "The public be damned!" he was a traitor to the system. The saying, in fact, should mark the beginning of the breakdown of the free market and the advent of the industrial despot. The department store magnate Wanamaker would not have said it, nor the Studebaker boys making wagons for farmers, for they dealt directly with the public. But Vanderbilt had seized on monopolistic public utilities and stock operations—he was in a spot no mere capitalist had a right to be, like Sammy Insull later on. But the voice of the people is a great big coo to the toothbrush cream entrepreneur and the cough lozenge king. These business barons are different from the old political kings who could do no wrong. The wrong the cough lozenge king, the tobacco emperor, and their kind can do is to put out a throat pill or a stogie or gum or sewing machine or magazine that alienates the public. The public then votes for the other fellow's product, and the result instead of a palace revolution is a factory or office abdication. The same thing is true of every piece of goods in the great competitive bazaar, and even the great advertising firms like Button, Bitten, Bottom and Godsbun, and Lord and Promise & Slogan cannot do more than delay the day of reckoning. Newspapers and magazines are in the same predicament. They have to be re-elected by Vox Populi every issue. The heavens crack, the sky parts, and the gilded Vox Pop dove appears with a trial balance in its beak, cooing either "Bankrupt," or "Eight per cent."

* * *

The eighteenth century people are supposed to be the real letter-writers, but they aren't a patch on the Vox Poppers of today. The itch to express and see one's effort in print is very, very old.

A grim German scholar has done a tome on the scrawls that were written on the sidewalks, walls, and toilet doors of ancient Pompeii. They turn out to be the same as those scribbled today.

The scholars are just discovering the Vox Pop contribution. It seems that there is something sacred or significant in a cross-section of average minds. When the Inquiring Reporter goes around asking a question ("Do blondes or brunettes make better wives?") of five random pedestrians, the result is taken to be a hot tip on a great social truth. A political scientist did a serious article on the tribe of letter writers; if interested, look it up in Amer. Pol. Sci. Rev., 31:7, Feb. '37. In Soviet Russia the newspaper and magazine readers are encouraged to write in, especially complaints, and millions of them seize the opportunity and their pens. On every publication a special staff has charge of these letters, which are classified, and if not printed in whole or in part, go to make up articles and editorials on various subjects, from the new law on abortions to how to get more milk from an unwilling cow. The writers whose letters have contributed to the result get paid, either in money or in mittens, pictures, phonograph records and other merchandise which may be difficult to purchase in the town or village. The newspaper *Peasant's Gazette*, which has two million circulation, alone receives an average of 1,500 letters a day, which require a handling staff of eighty persons. No letter is ever thrown away. After they have been used they are filed topically. The *Gazette* is only a few years old, but already it has millions of letters filed in cabinets stacked from floor to ceiling in several rooms of an old palace in Moscow. To these rooms come writers looking for the real low-down on the life of the people for their novels and articles, as well as the commissars in quest of a cross-section of the public mind.

Of course, many Vox Poppers write out of peeve, and where is the writer or editor who hasn't received scurrilous anonymous letters? On the other hand, many authors and editors are awfully thin-skinned about their fan mail. One nationally known writer not only takes great pride in throwing his mail in the wastebasket but frequently boasts of the fact in his daily newspaper column, where it almost seems as if his unsolicited correspondence is the only meaty subject he has, and that he should therefore be properly grateful to the Vox Poppers for helping him get a good living. The attitude of resentment is about as fair as for a tennis player to harbor a grudge against an opponent for hitting the ball back. Better imitate the Bolshie editors and send the Vox Popper who helps you write a column a nice pair of mittens or a phonograph recording of the columnist's sweet tenor voice or even a good nickel cigar.

A Vox Popper may be abusive beyond the needs of the occasion, but we writers ought to remember that, after all, we inflict ourselves on people. Of course, if the reader doesn't like the author's style or philosophy, he can skip the piece. Oh, can he? There the stuff is, right in the middle of the page in the middle of the paper. Something you dislike has a fatal attraction. Moreover, the reader has laid down his coin for the publication, and there your article is, like a fly in the biscuit, a piece of hemp in the boloney.

The moral I get out of it is that it is only sportsmanship for a writer with an opinion on everything and an unavoidable soapbox from which to proclaim it, to accept heckling as a slight tax on the pay check. We professional haranguers, if we can't be humble ought at least to try emulating Hamlet, Sr., before he became a ghost. He was the man that took the bricks and the bouquets with an equal countenance.

* * *

The two main species of letter writers are those who contribute a few epistles in a lifetime, and the bugs who have a passion for it. In this country the chief bug is a Charles Hooper, who left New York ten years ago on account of an unhappy experience, exiled himself in Idaho, and wrote 78,000 letters to various editors. He pelted not only the domestic Fourth Estate but threw his stuff at foreign publications, sending the letters to translators to be put into the foreign tongue required.

Now that he has returned to his native city, maybe the original frustration that sent him away and broke out in this strange rash is set right, and editors the world over will have to come to grips with the fact that Charley Hooper is no longer to be relied upon to fill up the space. The only English Vox Popper who could rival Hooper died last year.

Tony Palazzo

He was Algernon Ashton, a music composer of some fame, who had 3,000 letters printed. Ashton's stuff was not tripe. He was an interesting all-around man who would have made a superb columnist, and his letters are published in three volumes.

As to most letters to the editor originating in a peeve, it is a sad commentary on the human race that blame rather than praise moves it to expression. Many letters spring from a desire to see one's name in the paper at any cost. A few are written to propagandize a cause dear to the heart.

Fewer still are written by people who know, to set something right or give fuller information on a topic.

My own fan mail, aroused by some article or radio speech, has never failed to thrill me. Writing and broadcasting are different from facing an audience. They are like dropping a stone down a deep well and listening in vain for the sound of it hitting bottom. The only evidence you have that anyone listened or read is the mail that trickles in. A lot of it misses whatever point you tried to make, but still it is nice that someone stopped whatever he was at, paid attention, and was moved to spin out some words about it.

The fan mail of others is almost as interesting as one's own. The mail of Lum and Abner, the radio dialogue team, is quite as moving as the fact that they get $355,500 for eighteen months of talking. It touches me strangely that Gracie Allen gets more mail than George Burns, and that most of it is from girls who are proud to tell that they are considered the Gracie Allen of their office.

* * *

So the Vox Pop section of the paper is important, and does not signify nothing. It is what the people are thinking, lauding, resenting—at least those who from a variety of motives, take pen in hand. Who cannot learn a lot from the following contribution by Celiann Rose of Arlington Heights?—

> If less publicity were given to strikes and riots, there wouldn't be so many. The strikers want the limelight and that is just what the newspapers are giving them. Picketing is becoming a fad.

That doesn't tell us much about the struggle between capital and labor. It throws little light on the South Chicago massacre. But it does throw a flood of light on Celiann Rose, and what might be described as her "ilk." It suggests further that one could learn more from the Vox Pop columns if the amateur authors could have their pictures and biographies printed as in *Backstage* with Esquire.

I have been collecting these Gems from Vox Poppery the way some people collect match folders. Do you like this one by a modest writer who signed himself simply "T?"—

> What is life more or less but a painful interruption of a blissful nothingness?

That's all there is of it, only that; but it is good because it has what the editor of Esquire calls "recognition value," a big phrase meaning that it stirs an echo in most of us. Here is something we were bothered about in the age when we were going through puppy love and some terribly original doubts about God. In spite of the interrogative form one guesses that "T" was not writing the editor for information. The only possible answer to his letter is "What, indeed?" But it introduces us to the "think" or "brilliant insight" and wisecrack school of Vox Popping. In discussing this class of mail, let us notice the recent piece from Henry Thielman who saw a twelve-year-old girl riding a bicycle. She wore shorts. Our correspondent discerningly notes that "Her legs were brown as sole leather and thickly covered with fine hair."

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So They Got a Plot

And that's how the musicals finally came out of the dunce's corner with both fists swinging, mostly the left

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

A DISTINGUISHED German—to avoid argument, his name was Goethe—said that you want to be careful about what you wish for in your youth; because the chances are that you will get more than you want of it before you are through. He said it in more noble terms, but that was the gist of it; and I always remember Ring Lardner's cheerful rejoinder: "I hope to God he knew what he was talking about." At the moment I wonder whether several generations of dramatic critics are on the side of Goethe or on the side of Lardner. Because for as long as I remember the dramatic critics have been wishing, almost violently, for one thing—a grain of intelligence in musical shows—and now if you want to enjoy a song and dance show you are virtually compelled to go to the movies—and then in most cases your enjoyment is a little doubtful. The live talent musical show has not only gone intellectual, it has gone social. And while this astounding phenomenon has been acclaimed with critical cheers, and mad rushes toward the box office, I am pretty sure that within three months somebody will complain that there ought to be some difference between going to a musical show and reading the grimmer portions of *Das Kapital.*

If you own the early works of my confrère George Jean Nathan, you will find somewhere in his first two or three volumes a long, minute, and extremely funny outline of a plot of a musical show. It is a lot funnier than Tolstoy's description of a plot of a grand opera because Nathan is a wittier writer and less of a moralist; but the absurdities which each of them reveals are just about equal. To a great many of us the distinguishing mark of a musical show for about twenty years was the chorus shouting at the end of Act I, "On to the palace of the Princess Vilma." I grant you that there were variations. "Palace," for instance, might be changed to "castle" and a particularly daring librettist might change Princess Vilma to Countess Ilma. Any change beyond this was not only heretical but meant trouble with the customers. Then, a new form rose: the intimate musical show which was heralded by some rather charming importations from Germany and came to perfection in the Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern series for which I have been carrying the torch since about 1920. Maybe the shows were not as good as they seemed to be; in comparison with what went before, they were better.

The musical show with the dashing young American in a Balkan kingdom, or the dashing young foreigner in an equally unreal American principality, was really knocked on the head when dozens of good and sprightly revues from Ziegfeld, Berlin, George White, Earl Carroll and a few amateurs became the favorite type of entertainment. But regularly the Viennese, the Germans, the French and the English turned out the good old fashioned operetta and regularly an American adapter went back to first principles and created the kind of musical comedy which pleased some of the customers some of the time and reminded the critics that a good workable little plot in a musical show could not possibly do any harm. These critics never had to go and see what happened to musical shows in the movies. They were hardly aware of the fact that out in Hollywood a fresh plot had been invented. Instead of "On to the palace, etc.," Hollywood discovered the big bounding idea that "the show must go on." It is not, of course, true that seven thousand backstage musicals were produced in the first three years of sound and film; it only seemed so. Thereafter by slow degrees the musical movie went the way of the musical comedy; that is it was broken into bits of vaudeville and the plot was torn up the day before shooting the picture began. Except in a few cases where this highly desirable preventive measure was forgotten and an attempt was made to keep the plot going.

The man responsible for the injection of intellectual activities and a social conscience in the musical shows is, of all people, George S. Kaufman; and, as usual with Mr. Kaufman, a series of collaborators. Any good historian would like to believe that the whole thing resulted from the depression, but the embarrassing truth is that the first, and one of the best, of the musical shows with a political idea, was produced before Mr. Hoover's Nemesis overtook him. It was *Strike Up The Band,* as good a satirical, anti-war musical as you would want to find. And powerfully funny by virtue of Bobby Clark and the late Paul McCullough. What followed is familiar history. Our musical shows became political and even the Shuberts were slightly affected, although you could always count on a ballet about Casanova in the same show with a satire on the New Deal.

You might say that shows like *Of Thee I Sing* and *As Thousands Cheer* represented the liberal political ideas of the old New York *World;* the current eruption in New York is something new because musical shows are definitely putting over the ideas not only of the *Nation* and the *New Republic,* but at times of the *New Masses;* and, most remarkable of all, you have to buy your tickets just as far in advance for *Pins and Needles* as you do for *I'd Rather Be Right* (which puts over the ideas largely of the American Liberty League with modifications). In a period when people have pretty definitely reacted against the strikes of the CIO, a musical show called *The Cradle Will Rock* is as vigorous in calling for direct action as *Waiting for Lefty.* In fact, as you probably know, this production was abandoned by the Federal Theatre Project, and you can't tell any spectator that the directors of the Project grew suddenly doubtful of its esthetic merits. The political climate had simply changed and it did not seem good to put on a show which with humor and drama and burlesque and sharply defined characters gave you the old melodrama of the capitalist villain and the striker hero. When the production was pulled at the last minute, the cast and the composer, Marc Blitzstein, took the assembled audience over to an empty theatre and produced the play without scenery and without action as if it were a cantata; and that is the way it is still being produced with enormous success. As for *Pins and Needles,* it is a production by the professional garment workers of New York and the only complaint I have heard against it came from Heywood Broun who thinks that the rich and the fat who go to see it may be so charmed by its humor that they will not be sufficiently embarrassed by its economic truth.

And if you think that these productions are sheer accidents, you have to remember

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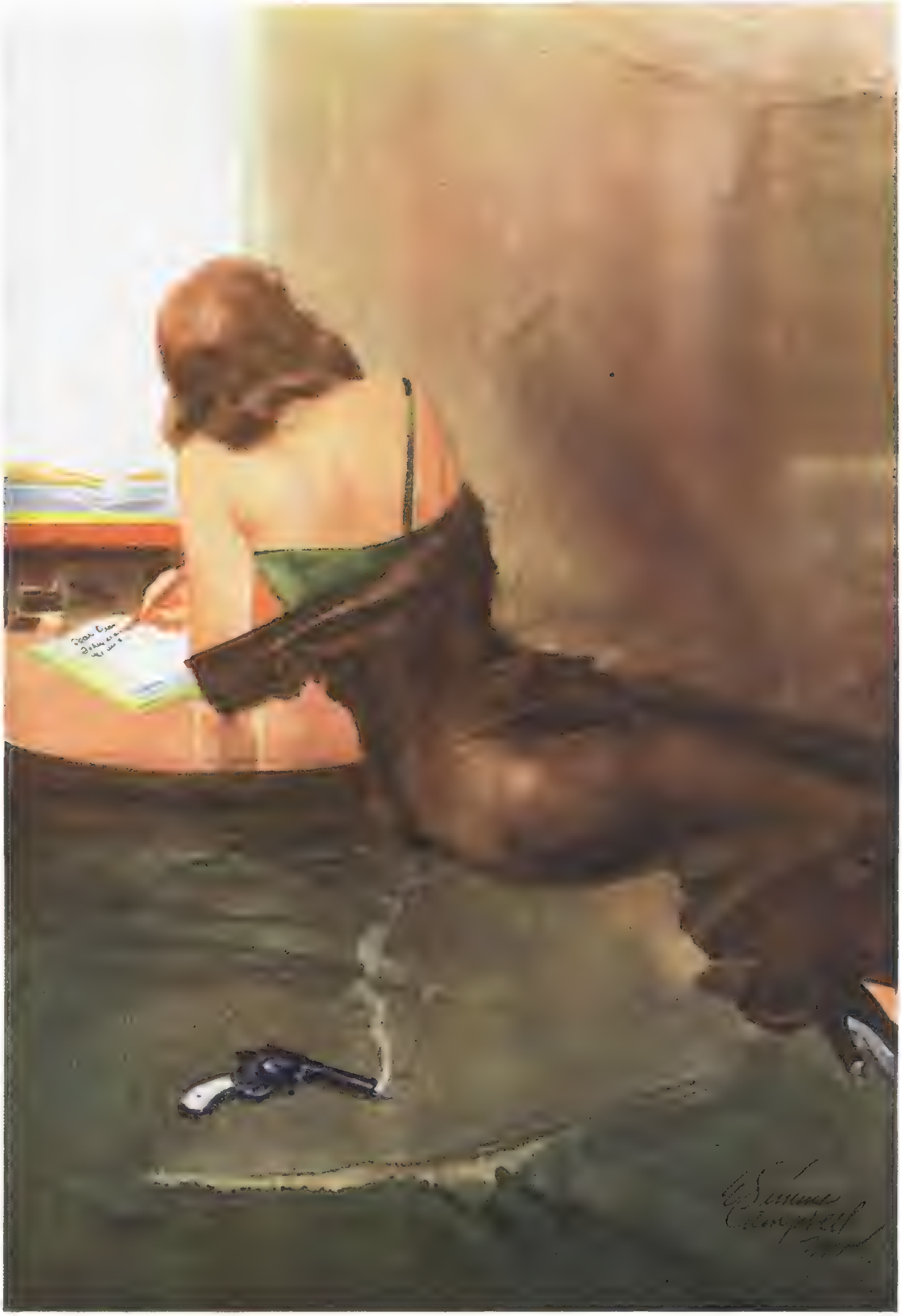


"Dear Diary—today we had our first argument—Richard lost"

A Coming Come-Back

The dry-fly man can cast his arm off if the trout aren't in the mood, but a good wet-fly angler rarely misses

by C. B. H. VAILL

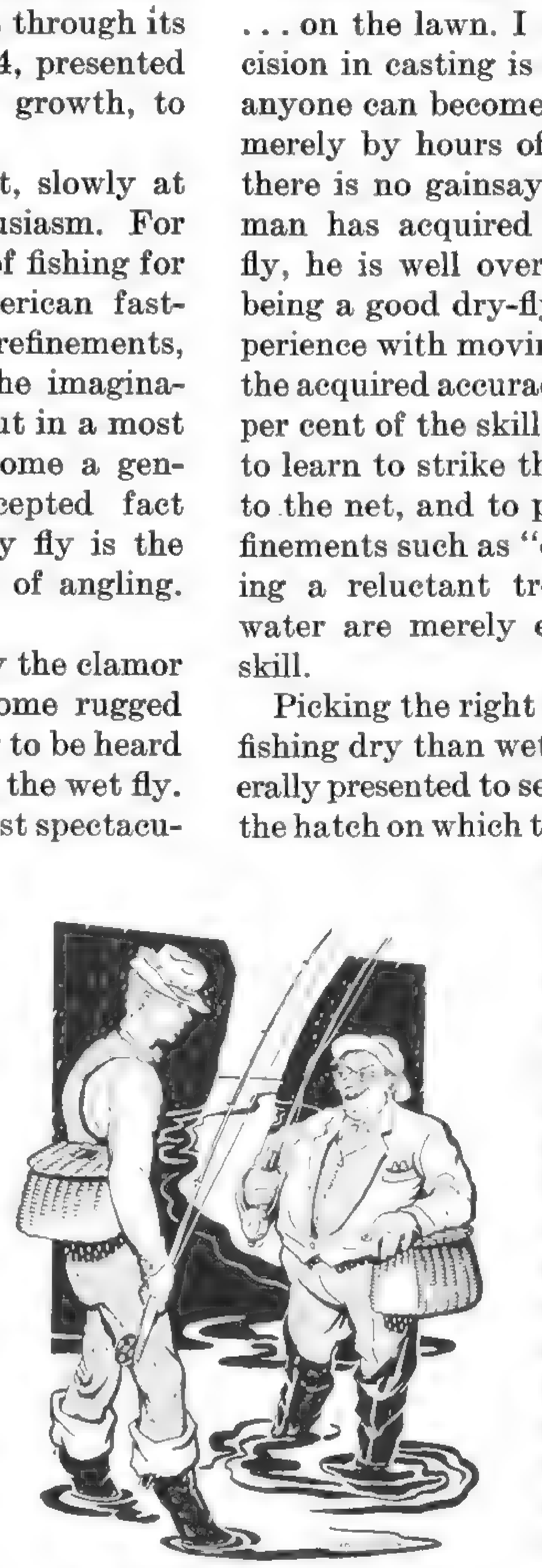
• SPORTS •

About forty years ago, George LaBranche tossed a "poor, mussed-up Queen-of-the-Waters" onto the Junction Pool . . . the meeting of the waters of the Willowemoc and the Mongaup . . . and caught his first rainbow trout. It is probably safe to say that upon that evening, American dry-fly fishing was born. Mr. LaBranche, with infinite patience and care, nursed the infant sport through its faltering early years, and in 1914, presented it, strong and lusty and full of growth, to the angling world.

The angling world accepted it, slowly at first, but with gathering enthusiasm. For twenty years and more, the art of fishing for trout with the dry fly on American fast-water streams has grown, added refinements, built up a literature, seduced the imagination, and killed thousands of trout in a most satisfactory manner. It has become a generally . . . and carelessly . . . accepted fact that the effective use of the dry fly is the highest manifestation of the art of angling.

But is it?

After years of silence, stilled by the clamor of admiration for the floater, some rugged individualists are again beginning to be heard in defense of the poor old parent, the wet fly. That the dry fly method is the most spectacular method of taking trout, few will deny. To see the fly riding cocked up on the current, and the fish coming out of his native element to take it, these are thrills seldom offered to users of the wet fly. But with this admission, the agreement ends. The wet-fly men, having granted that the dry fly is showy, can now put forth their claims.



Their claims are, briefly, that the wet fly is a better all-around way of taking trout, that its proper use requires more general fishing skill than does the dry fly, and that since the goal of the true fisherman is to take his fish by the exercise of the highest degree of skill and patient dexterity, the wet fly should be the preferred method.

Let us examine the negative side of this argument first, the dry fly. What does its successful use require (presuming a thorough knowledge of stream conditions and the habits of trout to be the common property of all good fishermen, regardless of their method)? The use of the dry fly requires just one skill . . . casting ability. It is all a question of placing the fly in the proper position, with due regard to the fish and the currents. Once the fly lands on the water, the angler has nothing to do but retrieve it at the proper time . . . or set the hook in the rising fish's mouth. The whole theory of the dry fly is based on the premise that the fly floats without interference from the fisherman. That leaves him with nothing to do except to put it in the right place.

There are many ways of casting, and many tricks to the trade, but they can all be learned . . . on the lawn. I am not arguing that precision in casting is easy to acquire, nor that anyone can become a good dry-fly fisherman merely by hours of practice over grass, but there is no gainsaying the fact that when a man has acquired accuracy in placing the fly, he is well over halfway on the road to being a good dry-fly man. A little actual experience with moving currents of water, with the acquired accuracy maintained, and ninety per cent of the skill is his. All that remains is to learn to strike the rising fish, to play him to the net, and to pick the right fly. The refinements such as "creating a hatch," or raising a reluctant trout in crystal-clear still water are merely extensions of the casting skill.

Picking the right fly is perhaps easier when fishing dry than wet. The opportunity is generally presented to see what the fish are taking; the hatch on which the trout are feeding is visible, and can be matched by the angler, with a little patience and care. What constitutes matching is a matter entirely between you and the trout (I "match" a trim alder fly with a fuzzy Pink Lady Bivisible, to the satisfaction of both the trout and myself), and requires only observation and imagination, although experience is of the greatest assistance, and is the factor which brings about a proper match in the quickest possible time.

But that's all there is to it . . . accuracy in casting, steadiness in striking, and cleverness in choosing the fly. As soon as you have made your cast, and the fly has been placed where you want it, there is nothing more for you to do except to await the strike and handle that minor matter without violence. It's spectacular, it's grand sport, it's highly scientific . . . and comparatively, it's a cinch!

But the wet fly! Here is the method which will take trout from the first day of the season to the last, under good conditions and bad, IF properly used. And its proper use requires more knowledge and skill than any amount of dry-fly work. Doesn't that make it the highest expression of the angler's art? Well, let's look it over.

To begin with, we admit that the most necessary part of the dry-fly fisherman's equipment of skill, accuracy in casting, is relatively less important in wet-fly fishing. There are times when fractions of inches count, but on most occasions and in most waters, inaccuracy in casting can be compensated for by a little manipulation of the fly under water; if it does not land in exactly the right spot, you can haul it over there, provided it will not frighten the potential trout.

And when the fly is position, then what? Seldom can you let it drift with the current, and expect to catch trout. The fly must be fished, fished in such a way as to suggest to the trout that it is not mere feathers and hair, but food. It must be brought to the attention of the fish, who may not be looking for it at all. And it must be brought to his attention without disclosing its traitorous character. Here is something which the dry-fly fisherman does not have to do. When he casts to a rising fish, he knows that the fish is watching the surface. If he has the proper fly, it will look enough like a natural to draw a rise. If it doesn't, there is nothing to be done but to try another type. But he can be certain that the trout saw the fly.

Wet flies fall into two broad classifications, exact imitations of natural stream life, and purely artificial creations which look like nothing except the inspiration of the original inventor's imagination. With the first type, which includes all the nymphs and a few of the winged flies, an exact imitation of the action of the insect represented must be simulated. Natural appearance must be fortified with natural behavior. No matter how cunning an imitation it may be, the trout will be loath to take it if it behaves like a banshee (a fish's idea of a banshee, that is). So the wet-fly fisherman is faced with the problem of delicately manipulating that tiny bit of feathers and silk forty feet away. This takes not only skill with the rod, but also a great knowledge of the actions of underwater insects. When the dry-fly man has assimilated the fact that an insect floats with the current on the surface, he knows all that he needs to know about that insect's relation to its environment. But with the wet fly, he must know much more, and be able to translate his knowledge into action.

With the second class of wet flies, the pure artificials, ingenuity is the prime requisite. These flies, which include the bucktails, the streamers, and most of the ordinary wet flies, are all supposed to represent to the fish some form of escaping life. Possibly the trout sees some relationship between your Royal

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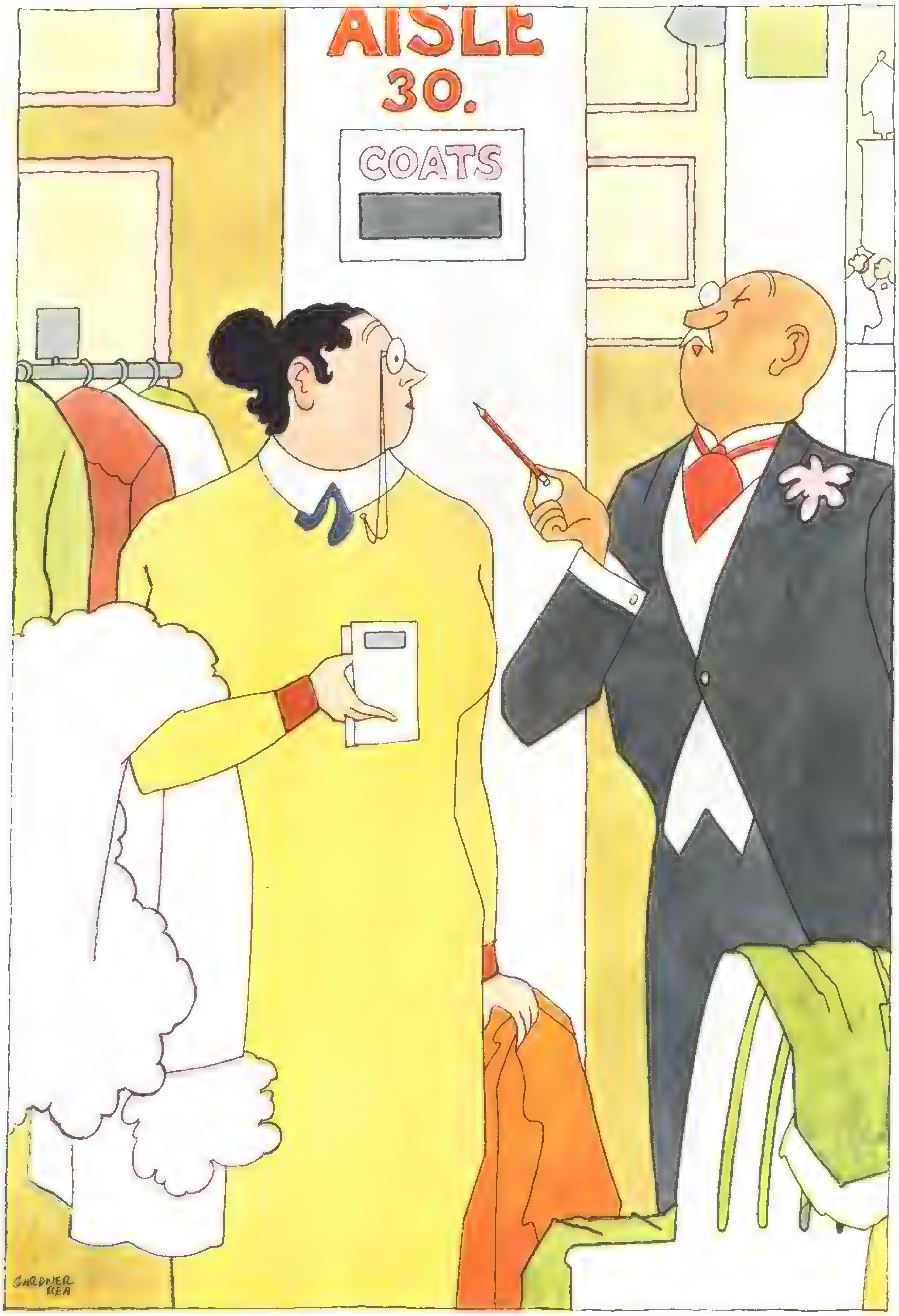
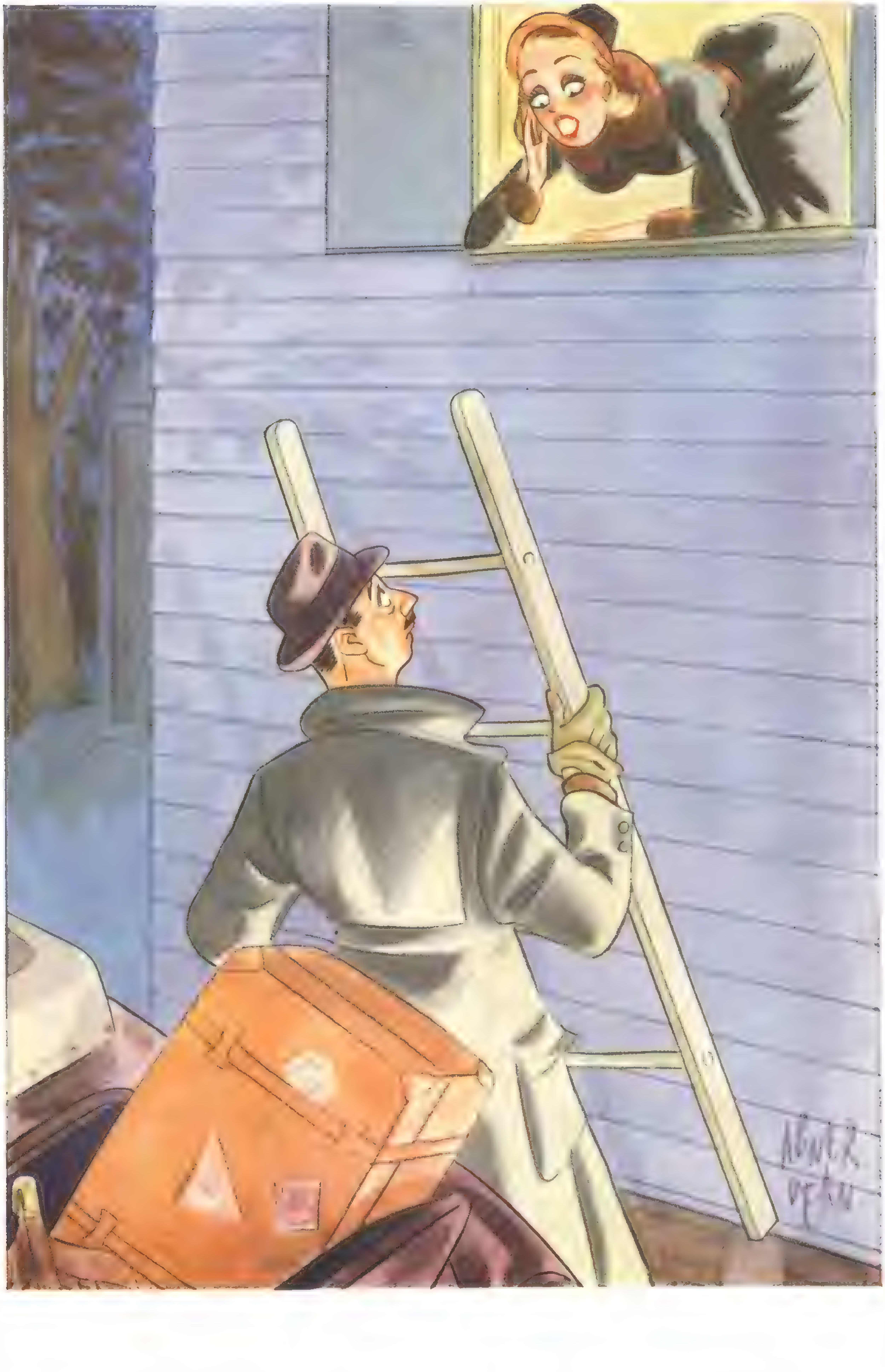

AISLE
30.
COATS
GARDNER REA

"We've decided to take you out of ladies' coats, Miss Benton, and put you in corsets"



"That was pop. He said, 'Tell the big chump there's a longer ladder in back of the garage'"

Mr. Caley Goes Home

He'd never tried to cadge a ride before and was quite unprepared for the odd things that happened

by JOHN C. EMERY

▪ SATIRE ▪

Mr. Caley dipped into his vest pocket for change to buy the evening paper. His searching fingers produced one coin, a penny. He remembered now. He had used change that noon to pay for his lunch; all his change but this one penny. It made no difference. Joe, whose newsstand Mr. Caley had patronized nightly for eighteen years, was always glad to change a bill. Mr. Caley felt for his wallet, and now his heart jumped. The wallet wasn't there. In a moment of alarm, Mr. Caley thought he had been robbed. Then his orderly mind functioned once more. He had left his wallet at home that morning, lying on the dresser. He had thought of it at breakfast and intended to go back to the bedroom for it, but he had forgotten.

Hurriedly, Mr. Caley felt now in all his pockets, but he knew it was useless. He never carried money except in two places—his lower right-hand vest pocket, for change, and his inside coat pocket, for his billfold. The truth was inescapable. Mr. Caley possessed at the moment exactly one cent. And the bus fare home was a dime.

For a moment, Mr. Caley's heart sank. Then his spirits revived at a sudden thought. It would be embarrassing, but there was no other way. He would have to borrow a dime from Joe, even take a paper on credit. Summoning a rueful smile, he hurried the few steps to the corner. The stand was there, but not Joe. In his place stood a younger man, who lacked Joe's ever-present friendly smile.

"Wh-where's Joe tonight?" asked Mr. Caley hesitantly.

"Home. Sick," grunted the substitute. "What paper, mister?"

Mr. Caley was embarrassed. "You see," he began, "I just found I'd left my money at home, and I was going to ask Joe to lend me a dime for carfare."

The young man stared for a moment, then scowled darkly.

"Joe knows me," continued Mr. Caley hurriedly. "I've bought my evening paper from him for years. He'd be glad . . . "

"Naw!" growled the substitute. "I don't know you!"

"But I'm sure that Joe . . ." Mr. Caley's hands fluttered.

"Naw!" repeated the other. "Nothing doing. Beat it!"

His face brick red, Mr. Caley hurried away. He felt that accusing eyes were boring into his back, and he did not slack his pace until he was a full block away. Then he stopped and tried to think. Where could he get money? The office? No, there was no one there now. The office building employees? No, the ones who knew him were off duty. The cigar stand in the lobby? It was closed. Friends? They would all have gone home.

Reluctantly and with mounting discomfiture, Mr. Caley at last realized his predicament. He could walk home, but it was over seven miles and Mrs. Caley would be hysterical with anxiety. Or he could beg—beg either a ride or the money for a ride. He recoiled at the thought but was forced to admit that it was the only way. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad, he mused. Maybe he would find a bus driver who knew him by sight and would gladly extend credit. Slightly cheered, Mr. Caley hastened across the street to the bus stop at the traffic light.

The bus came without delay, but Mr. Caley's face fell as it rattled to a stop. The driver was an utter stranger. Hanging back in embarrassment, Mr. Caley waited until the other passengers were aboard. Then he jumped on with unintended furtiveness.

"I'm sorry," muttered Mr. Caley, "but I left my money at home. Would you let me pay my fare tomorrow night?"

"Nothing doing," snapped the driver, watching the traffic light.

"But I'd pay you tomorrow sure," pleaded Mr. Caley.

"Look, mister," said the driver quietly. "I'd do it if I could. I know what it is to be broke. But I can't, see? You've got to pay or get off. And make it snappy. I've got the light now, and a schedule."

Mr. Caley got off blindly, conscious only of the stares and smiles of the bus passengers. He stood for a full minute, deep shame in his face. Then he realized that a man in front of the store window was watching him, a man well dressed and with a friendly face. On impulse, Mr. Caley approached him.

"I beg your pardon," began Mr. Caley. "I'm in a hole. I left my money at home this morning, and I need a dime for bus fare. Would . . ."

"Beat it, bo," said the kindly man, out of the corner of his mouth. "I'm working the carfare gag on this block, and I'm not letting anybody muscle in, see? On your way, before I . . ."

Mr. Caley stepped back, his mouth agape. "Carfare gag!" he repeated. "Oh, my goodness!" And he fairly ran away.

There was no alternative now, he admitted despondently, when his brain-numbing embarrassment had subsided. He would have to thumb a ride from a northbound motorist.

Lots of drivers were good about picking up people, he comforted himself. Surely he could find one who was going his way. Almost confident, he swiftly walked the two blocks to the boulevard and crossed to the east curb.

Mr. Caley knew nothing of the technique of ride-thumbing, so he simply stood and looked at each northbound driver with hopeful eyes. Nor did he stand long, for at the first light-change a small sedan stopped at the curb in front of him. The driver was a woman and she was alone, which added to Mr. Caley's embarrassment and made him look away quickly. But he looked back and found the woman smiling.

"Going north?" she asked cordially, her hand on the door latch.

"Why, yes, thank you," gulped Mr. Caley, blushing furiously.

"Get in, then," said the woman, who was young and pretty, and Mr. Caley did so, seating himself gingerly and as far from his benefactress as possible. He stared straight ahead, dumbly.

"Nice night," suggested the woman.

"Er—yes," agreed Mr. Caley in a small voice.

"Are you in a hurry?" Mr. Caley was conscious of a quick, appraising glance, which he did not meet.

"Well, no," he replied. "I mean, sort of." A silence fell.

A little way north of the High Bridge, the woman made a sudden left-hand turn and sped west, to Mr. Caley's fluttery concern.

"I've got to get some gas," she explained at last. "Would you mind getting my pocketbook out of that compartment there?"

Relieved, Mr. Caley leaned forward and opened the compartment door. He peered and even thrust in his hand.

"There's nothing there," he said at last, turning inquiringly.

"Oh, damn!" said the woman. Then she smiled. "I must have left it at the office. But I'm sure a nice man like you would lend me the money for a tankful of gas. Now, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Caley flushed uncomfortably. "I'd like to," he hesitated, "but the fact is that I'm flat broke. I've got just one penny."

The woman stared at him with hard, angry eyes. "On the level?"

"Yes," confessed Mr. Caley miserably.

Continued at top of page 102

The Police Reporter Drinks

He leads a tough life, neither grand nor romantic, and he is lucky if he can forget some of the things he sees

by CLINT CREWS

• ARTICLE •

DOUBLE
MURDER
SUICIDE
DOUBLE
MURDER

I PICKED the note up from the dresser. It read: "Dear Jack—I am taking this way out so you can go back to your four-bit whore, you bastard, you. Mary."

On the bed, writhing and squirming, was a good looking 22-year-old girl. She had taken poison. I, a police reporter, was there with the officers. She was shot to the emergency hospital for treatment, but it did no good. She died.

Can you imagine such a note from one who is about to die? Even if she was the prostitute she was, even if she believed her life was a shattered wreck, she was still good looking. She could have gotten by without much trouble. Yet the workings of the human mind are peculiar to the layman (and, I suspect, to psychiatrists, too, after hearing scores of them offer contradictory testimony from the witness stand). Here this girl, her mind bent on suicide, takes her last moments to write a note to her pimp, hoping it will hurt him more than anything else she could do. Maybe that is why she wanted to die. Whether it hurt the pimp is another question. I doubt it. There probably was a story behind it all, but I did not have the time to investigate.

A police reporter has an odd, nerve shattering job. To the morbidly curious, those who love to stand in the way over a dead body, those who must stop in the highway to see the mangled remains of some automobile wreck, those who crowd the criminal courtrooms to take one look at some poor devil about to be sentenced to death and then go home and tell the family about it at the dinner table to a chorus of Oh's and Ah's, it must be grand. Maybe to the cub reporter it is grand, too. But one does not have to be on the job long before blood, dead or mangled bodies, automobile wrecks, fires, emergency hospitals, suicides, crime in all its fantastic forms, jail bars and human beings behind them, begin to drop a curtain over the mind, a curtain of hardness which is not good. It becomes nothing but work. The sound of a siren coming to me through the open window of the press room in police headquarters did not indicate a means of satisfying any morbid curiosity of mine, it just meant more work. I saw mothers' tears, wives' tears, husbands' tears, the tears of all the loved ones of the thousand and one victims, I, like a ghoul, had to get a story about, a story to be read by thousands of morbidly curious, a story which meant more circulation for the newspaper which employed me. The city editor and the managing editor were demanding. They, of course, did not have to see those bodies, they did not have to talk to parents, wives, husbands or sweethearts of the victim; all they had to do was sit at a desk in the office and demand more gruesome details, details which the reader would gobble up in the evening. Reader interest, they called it.

They are right in a commercial sense, of course. The more blood which can be scattered on the front page, the more papers will be sold. But the police reporter, talking to some woman freshly widowed by a suicide husband, with three or four children to support, and no one to support them, does not think of sales. He cannot help, no matter how long he has been in the business, thinking of the problem the woman faces, let alone her grief. True, he casts it off when he gets back to police headquarters and begins dictating his story, but only for the time being. When he gets home in the evening, supposedly to relax, what does he think of? He thinks of the widow and her children, he thinks of the reasons a man sought death from his own hand, he thinks of the hundreds of incidents he had witnessed throughout the day, broken bodies on the hard table in the emergency hospital, wounded bodies, pain-wracked bodies. He tries to throw it off and cannot. He finally gets to sleep, only to wake up in the morning and go through it again. It's just the same, only the names and faces are different.

Back in journalism school I was told that blood, women and prominent names were the requisites of all good news stories. They are. Gather all three in a story and you will probably get a slighter grunt from the city editor than you would if nothing happened to "break" throughout the day. In other words if someone commits a sensational suicide, kills his wife or someone else, the city editor is pleased. The managing editor probably told him it was a very good story.

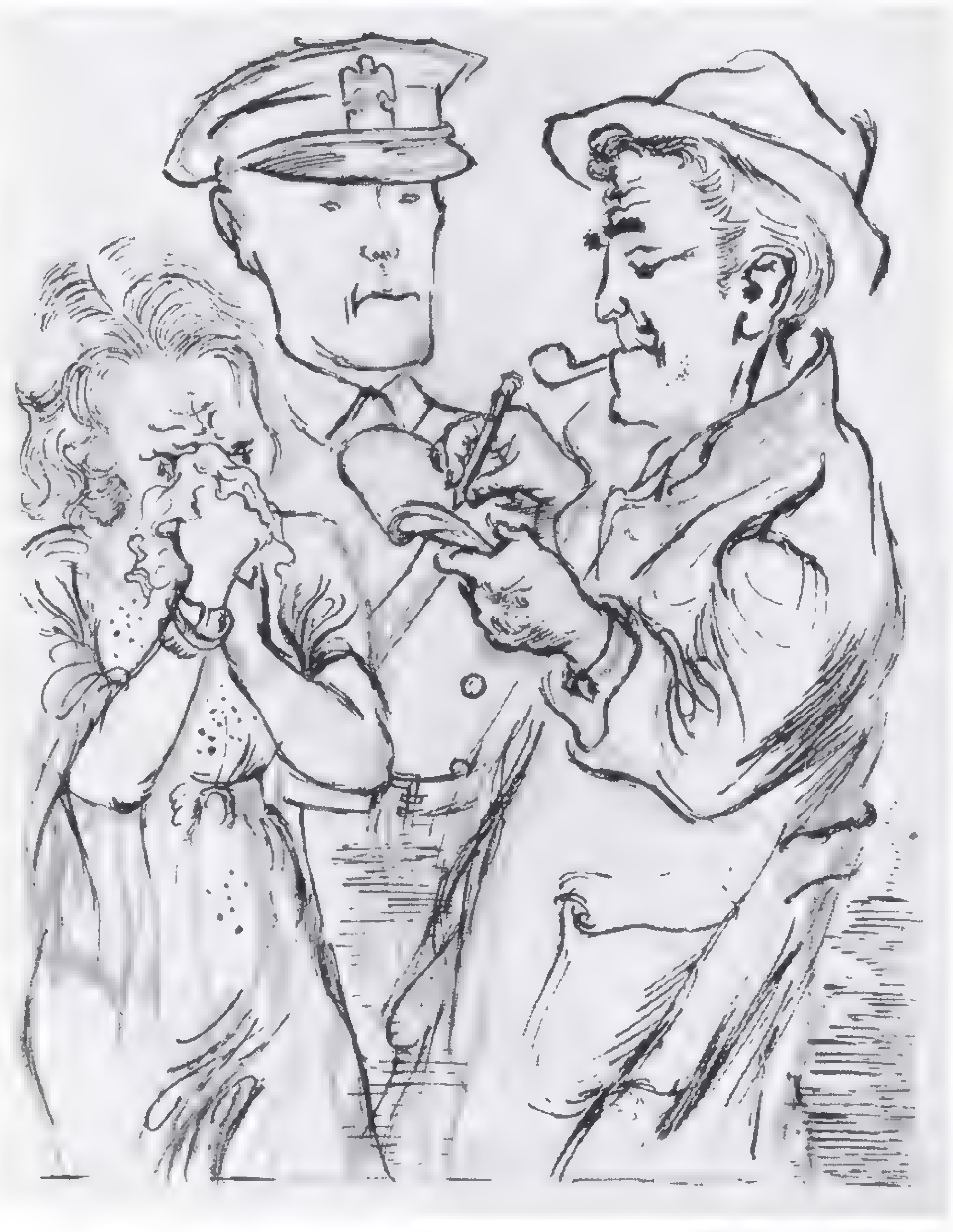
If some too ardent sweetheart shoots her inamorato on a downtown street and the story gets to the office a few minutes too late for the next edition, the police reporter gets hell because he missed the edition. Of course he used up all of his time at a pace his friends, if they could have seen him, would have said he was crazy to travel. It often seemed to me the city editor gloated over the fact I had missed the edition, but, in truth, he was sorry the girl did not shoot her boy friend soon enough.

I spent ten years as a police reporter in West Coast cities, seven more as a political reporter. I do not know which was the worst. I can sit around now and think of the lives I have ruined, the scandal and turmoil I have directly caused, the private tragedies I have spilled out to the world. While in Fresno, California, I can recollect how I altered the tax rate a nickel on the hundred dollars of assessed valuation. I brought it down that nickel in the face of hypocritical, church-going politicians. That seems like a ray of sunshine in the gloom. But why did I do it? I did it to make a hit with my city editor. Why would the city editor like it? Because the managing editor would like it. And why did the managing editor like it? Because it would make people, the readers and potential readers, think the only thing between them and the grafting politicians was the dear old newspaper. Therefore they would give their support to the newspaper, subscribe for it, advertise in it, all of which meant cash in the cash register in the newspaper's business office.

I have to laugh now when I think of one of my city editors. When I worked for him I used to gnash my teeth, even have bad dreams about him. He was a small-town city editor, henpecked at home, but a devil in the office. A bridge-playing, courteous gentleman at home, with very little experience on what we called "the street," entertaining the very doctors, dentists and attorneys, he gave me hell for not printing more fully some little incident which came to the public notice, but which would ruin the practice of any one of them. To them, at his home, he was a wonderful host, but in the office he demanded their blood. Sometimes he got it, and in his home he offered the most abject apologies, blaming it all on the police reporter. He was that sort of a guy.

Another city editor, one in Los Angeles, knew his business from A to Z. He had, however, the same cold-blooded characteristics all city editors have. He demanded his blood. But he knew what the police reporter was up against. He had been one himself in his younger days.

The newspaper itself is unique. Unlike other businesses the one commodity it deals in it gets for nothing. It pays cash out to gather it, but for the commodity itself, the newspaper seldom pays a dime. There are instances when news is bought, but they are few and far between.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

While I was in Los Angeles an order came out that taxi fares in the editorial offices must be abolished. For the police reporter this meant the streetcar, meanwhile leaving the beat uncovered during the trip to some fire which might or might not pan out. Of course if there was a juicy murder while the police reporter was out on the fire, traveling to and fro on the streetcar, he merely got hell, if he did not lose his job. Many's the time I took a streetcar to a fire in a dangerous district, only to find out when I got there twenty minutes later the fire had been put out and the street deserted of fire apparatus. Many's the time on my return I found a real story had broken in my absence. I was fortunate, however, inasmuch as the other police reporters had protected me and telephoned the story to my paper to cover me although they were not employed by my paper. In turn I often did the same for them. If there had been a story in the fire, I would have telephoned the other boys' papers while they were still on the beat. And their city editors would have accepted the story from me without question. This is known as syndicating.

Therein lies one of the many differences between metropolitan and rural journalism. If a similar incident occurred in Fresno, a much smaller city, the city editor would not have accepted a story from a rival reporter. He would merely have raised hell with me because I was not covering the murder instead of the fire. Somehow I should have known that the murder was going to happen, and, therefore should not have gone to the fire as the fire did not make much of a story anyhow.

All this is not conducive to the sleep of a police reporter. God knows he has plenty of things to dream about other than the vagaries of a city editor who never had experience covering police but who demands news.

He generally is equipped with a police badge. What he does with this badge is very much his own business. The police are afraid of a police reporter. He uses the badge to get news. He uses it to bulldoze the people he interviews, to frighten them with the authority of the law despite the fact there is no more authority under that badge than there would be behind a book salesman's business card. Often he goes with the police, in a police automobile, on calls involving shootings, suicides, riots. He muscles into a private home on the heels of the officers, looking much like an officer himself, and the citizens promptly think he is an officer and tell him things they would not dream of telling if they knew him for what he is. If there is a photograph of the victim or of some member of the family, he steals it and slips it in his coat pocket, or under his belt. Any complaints about the theft to headquarters, he knows will be quashed. Any complaints to his newspaper office after the photograph is published, will mean but a compliment from the city editor. This is journalistic enterprise. In his story he freely uses the names of the officers he accompanied. Those names in the newspaper cover all his crimes against the citizen. Every police reporter, every police officer and a few citizens know these to be facts. Why, it concerns the freedom of the press, and everyone knows the freedom of the press under the constitution is inviolate.

The freedom of the press goes a little farther than the matter of news. Among other duties of the police reporter is the fixing of traffic tags for himself, the other reporters on the paper, circulation trucks, the city editor and his friends, the managing editor and his friends and the publisher and his friends. And any other friends who may loom on the horizon of plain, crooked politics. If the police happen to be a little ornery about fixing the tags (there is often a cry about tag fixing from some irate citizen who was stuck with a goodly fine), the reporter will take the tags to the police judge, who will turn them over to his clerk, who will place opposite the names on the book the notation, "dismissed" or "sentence suspended." It is all done in about five minutes. Sometimes the police reporter gets ten or fifteen tags in the course of the day, ranging from parking overtime to reckless driving, even to driving while intoxicated. He is expected to fix all of these. There are occasions when he is unable to fix an arrest for driving while intoxicated, particularly if the offender happens to be in jail at the time, or out on bail. But he can always get the charge reduced to reckless driving, the hearing postponed and a little later fix the reckless driving charge. Police judges have to run for office and a police reporter on the side of a police judge prior to election is a valuable asset. There are so many chances the police reporter has to bring the judge's name before the public, day after day, until John Citizen, seeing the name so often, thinks of nothing but putting his X after it on the ballot.

Not long ago a friend of mine, with whom I was riding down the peninsula, was arrested for speeding. He was fined ten dollars, and, being no longer one of the worthies of the press, there was nothing I could do about it. It made me mad to think a few months ago I could have taken that tag and without much doubt squared it through some medium or the other, at least have got a suspended sentence for my friend.

Driving up the peninsula to San Francisco from Fresno a year or so ago at 4 a. m. I was arrested in one of the many small towns which follow one after the other on the way. I was arrested for doing sixty-five miles an hour in a twenty-five mile zone. After I had shown my operator's license to the arresting officer, the license carrying my name and address, business address, namely the name of the paper with which I was employed in Fresno, he asked me what I did on the paper. I told him I was a police reporter.

"Well," he said, "it's too late now as I have the tag made out and these carbons have to go to Sacramento, but if you are a police reporter you will know what to do about it." I did know what to do about it and I did it. I never heard any more from the tag, although I read in a Bay Area newspaper where the judge in that town gave a citizen five days in jail for doing sixty-six miles an hour at the same intersection at 3 a. m., a day after I was tagged. Perhaps the extra mile and the different hour brought about his sentence.

Many business men wonder sometimes why their offices were raided by the police or the district attorney's office. The police reporter

Continued in center of page 188

A Game of Jiggery-Poker

It was a toss-up which was more annoying, paying a visit to the Mendls or having them come over

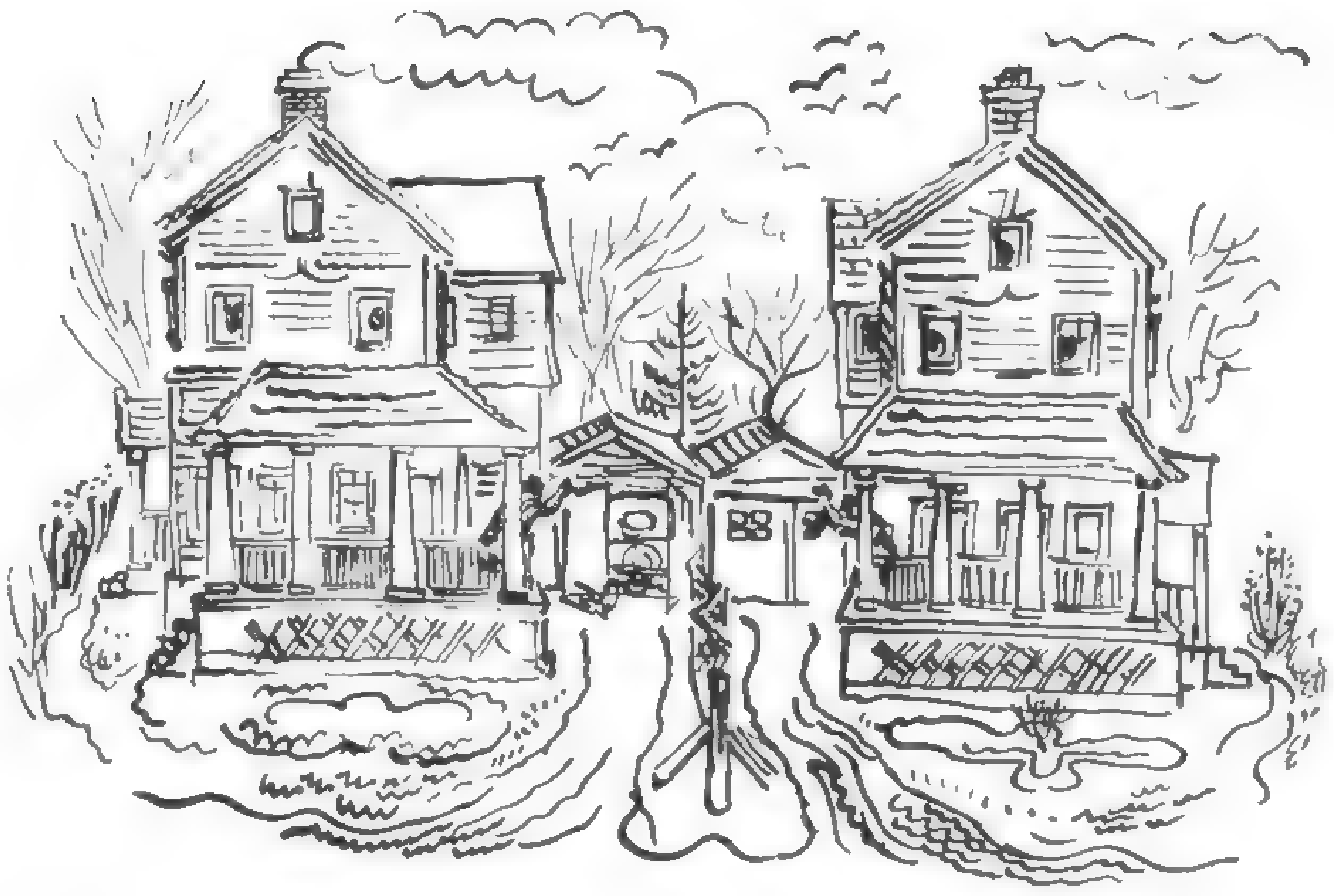
by ROBERT WESTERBY

• FICTION •

WELL, I suppose everybody suffers in one way or another with Neighbors. And even if they don't, well *we* do. And if you think neighbors are nothing, you don't know anything. Because, listen, will you?

The Neighbors who are on our left side are fine. They are called Hall, and nine months of the year they are away, and they just leave an old man and his wife in their house, and these people we hardly ever see. And the other three months the Halls are there, except for shouting when they are going away again: "Well, off again until August, or September," and pretending to be amused when my father shouts back: "Is that (H)all?" which is his idea of a really good joke that never goes stale, we don't talk to them, or they to us. But the other side of us is the Mendls. And the Mendls are what I am talking about, because with them we have a Feud. In fact old Mendl has annoyed my father for years by calling out: "What's the best word, neighbor?" every time they meet. And I have heard my father come home and stand inside the door and tear a newspaper into small pieces just standing there, and muttering: "What's the best word? what's the best word?" over and over again, and sometimes putting in words which nobody on earth could call "the best." Because my father is a man of Strong Passions, though he calls it Personality. And my mother calls it Bad Temper. But I reckon you can just take your pick of the three, and still be wrong.

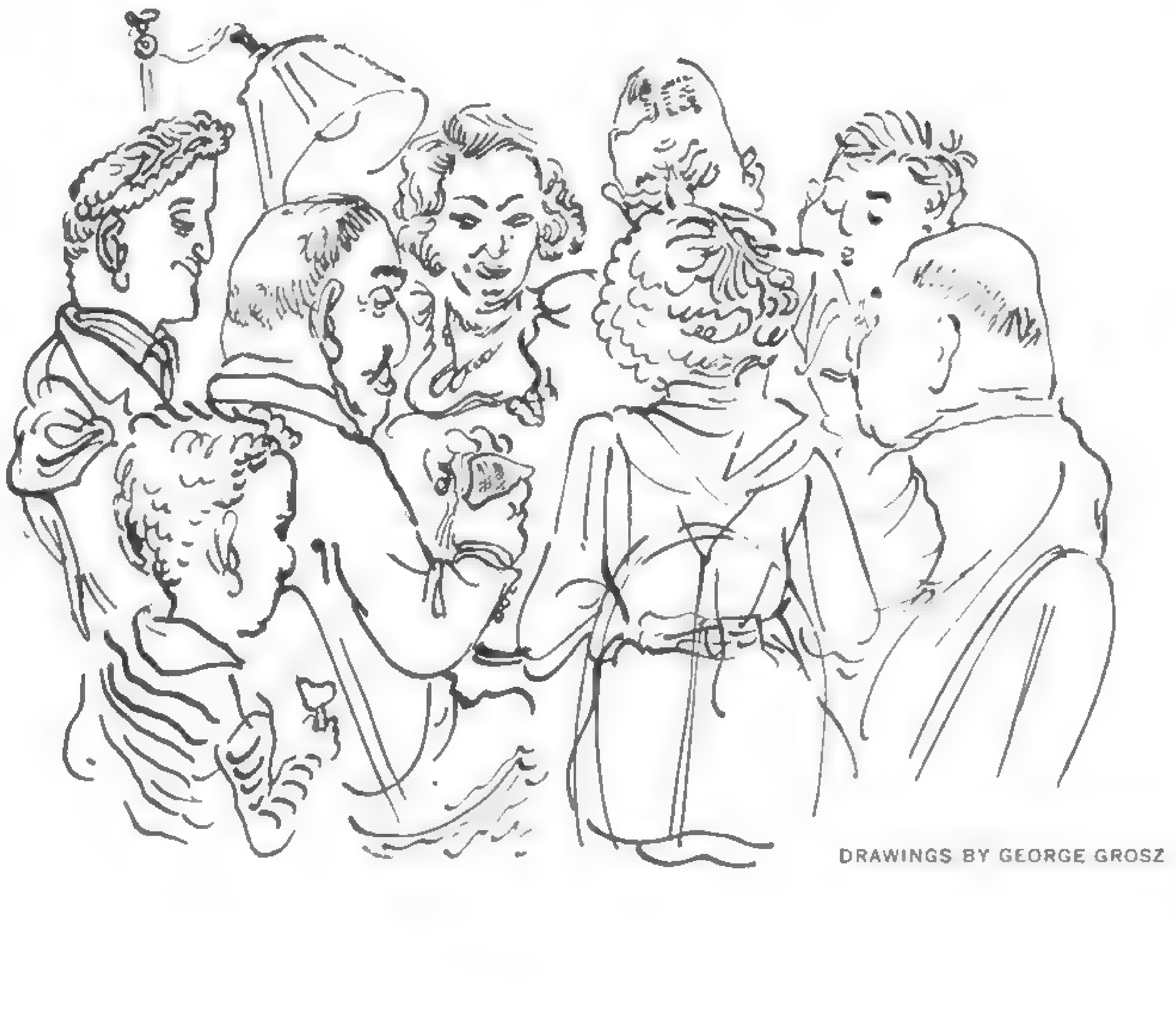
And if the uncle that lives with us is a Sore Trial, the uncle that lives with the Mendls is worse. I mean, if our Uncle Will gets on your nerves by rubbing his hands together sharply and dryly every half-hour or so and saying: "Hah!" at nobody and nothing in particular. What price Uncle Mendl who, whenever he catches your eye, gives ten quick winks with his right eyelid, and says: "Yes, *sir!*" which has no significance. I mean, these winks *mean* nothing, because they are automatic and uncontrolled, a self-acting mechanism designed by Fate to kid you that Uncle Mendl is a Winker and a Gay Fellow. But he is not. He is All Wet without a real Wink in him. And if years ago it used to fascinate me, this winking, and remind me of a camera-shutter, now it is just irritating. "Hullo," you say to him, "Good morning," and he just looks round and winks ten times and says: "Yes *sir!*" You see what I mean?



Well, twice every year, our family and the Mendl family pay a Visit. Because these Visits provide opportunities, and are part of the Feud. And for one Visit the Mendls come to our house, and for the other we go to theirs. And though I have talked this thing over with my brother a hundred times, we have never decided which is the worst, us going to Mendls, or Mendls coming to us. But either is bad, so perhaps it doesn't really matter. And anyway, these Visits have developed into highly-skilled contests, with strict, unwritten rules. And both sides try to win.

Well, this time it is our turn to go to the Mendls. And at eight o'clock in the evening my mother says: "Well, isn't it about time we were going in next door?" And my father rustles his newspaper and pretends he doesn't hear, and my brother pretends that the clock is not right. But my mother takes no notice and puts on pressure, and in five minutes we are all on the front porch next door.

Well, old Mendl opens the door and peers out on us with a silly grin on his face. Because he is always cheerful, old Mendl is, "Nothing I like better than a good laugh," he will say. "Come on and snap out of it! We're a long time dead!" And he will give you sharp slaps on the back until you feel like killing him. And he is like this most of the time, which is Bad. And the rest of the time he is telling you things, because he always knows everything and never lets you tell him anything, which is Worse.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

"Well?" he says, as if he is astonished at seeing us. "Here *you* are!"

And my father goes a brick-red, because this feigned astonishment of old Mendl's is one up to Them. "Yes," he says in a strained voice. "Here *we* are." And we all file in through the doorway.

"Well, well," old Mendl says. "What's the best word, neighbor?"

And my father takes out his handkerchief and wipes his face with it. He is looking hot now, and we are all sore, and it is one up to the Mendls.

"Now mind you boys don't make a mess in the hall with your muddy shoes," my mother says, and we all look down at the floor and see it is very muddy already from the way somebody has been walking around it. And then we see Mrs. Mendl's cold eye is on us, and we feel better, and my father almost grins. Because we have scored one now, and things are brighter.

So, feeling good, we go through into the living-room. And in the living-room is Uncle Mendl, who gets up and gives ten quick winks and says: "Yes *sir!*" which makes my father go red again, and the Mendls have chalked up another one. But when my Uncle Will who has sidled in behind us suddenly claps his hands and rubs them and says: "Hah!" in a loud voice and makes old Mendl jump, things are more even.

Sometimes I think my father and old Mendl ought to realize they have a good deal in common. I mean, my father has his brother living on him, and old Mendl has his wife's brother living on *him.* And both these brothers are No Good. My father's brother at least keeps quiet and to himself a good deal when my father is around, and he eats sort of deprecatingly and as if he isn't really eating at all but just having an odd crumb or two, or sort of chewing up a steak just to oblige. And he doesn't try to borrow money very often.

But old Mendl's brother-in-law is pretty bad. Because when he isn't taking the radio to pieces and failing to put it back again, or

Continued in center of page 178

SIGRID GURIE
Hurrell Photograph

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Hurrell Photograph

Old Man of the West

He had a hypnotic power over white men and Indians, frightening them by his perfectly controlled temper

by THAMES WILLIAMSON

• ARTICLE •

One time returning to my familiar Spokane on vacation I remembered an old fellow I had not seen for some years. He was the most remarkable man I had ever met, and accordingly I decided to look him up. Let us call this old man B. F.

"Say when and where," I messaged him:

"Will meet you at ——— Hotel, three p.m. tomorrow afternoon," he answered back.

The old man was there; I saw him the instant I entered the lobby. He sat facing me, the back of an ornate highly-carved chair lifting above his head, and a handsome carpet under his feet. It was a swanky hotel, richly furnished, elaborate, a little florid and a little crowded with the material good things of life. Well-dressed people passed in a double stream: a parade of lipstick, perfume, and silk stockings, chatter about stock markets and tickers and airplane schedules. Canary birds sang from the mezzanine floor, a radio blared, a fountain tinkled. In short, the successful twentieth century.

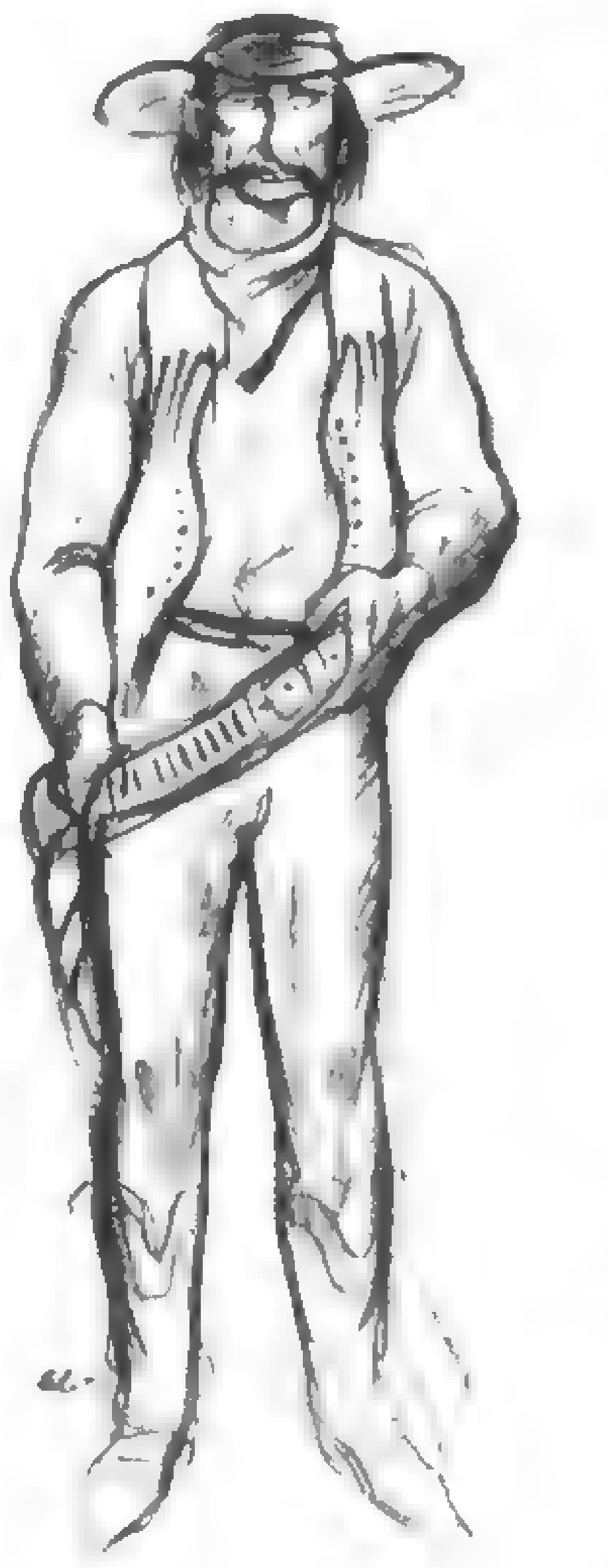
In the midst of this bustle and luxury and sophistication sat B. F. Apparently he did not see me. I stopped in my tracks, wanting to observe him unawares. Dressed with the breezy informality that is dying out even in the West, he did not seem to belong in this local "Grand Hotel." He was an outdoor figure, powerfully built, with a leonine head and strong features. His hair was snow-white, his long gray moustache drooped over a tired mouth. The cheeks were pale and flabby, the eyes red-veined. It struck me that he was bewildered by the scene about him; he seemed to be gazing out beyond it, trying to visualize the far-different life which he himself had lived in the vanishing past.

What sort of life?

Listen.

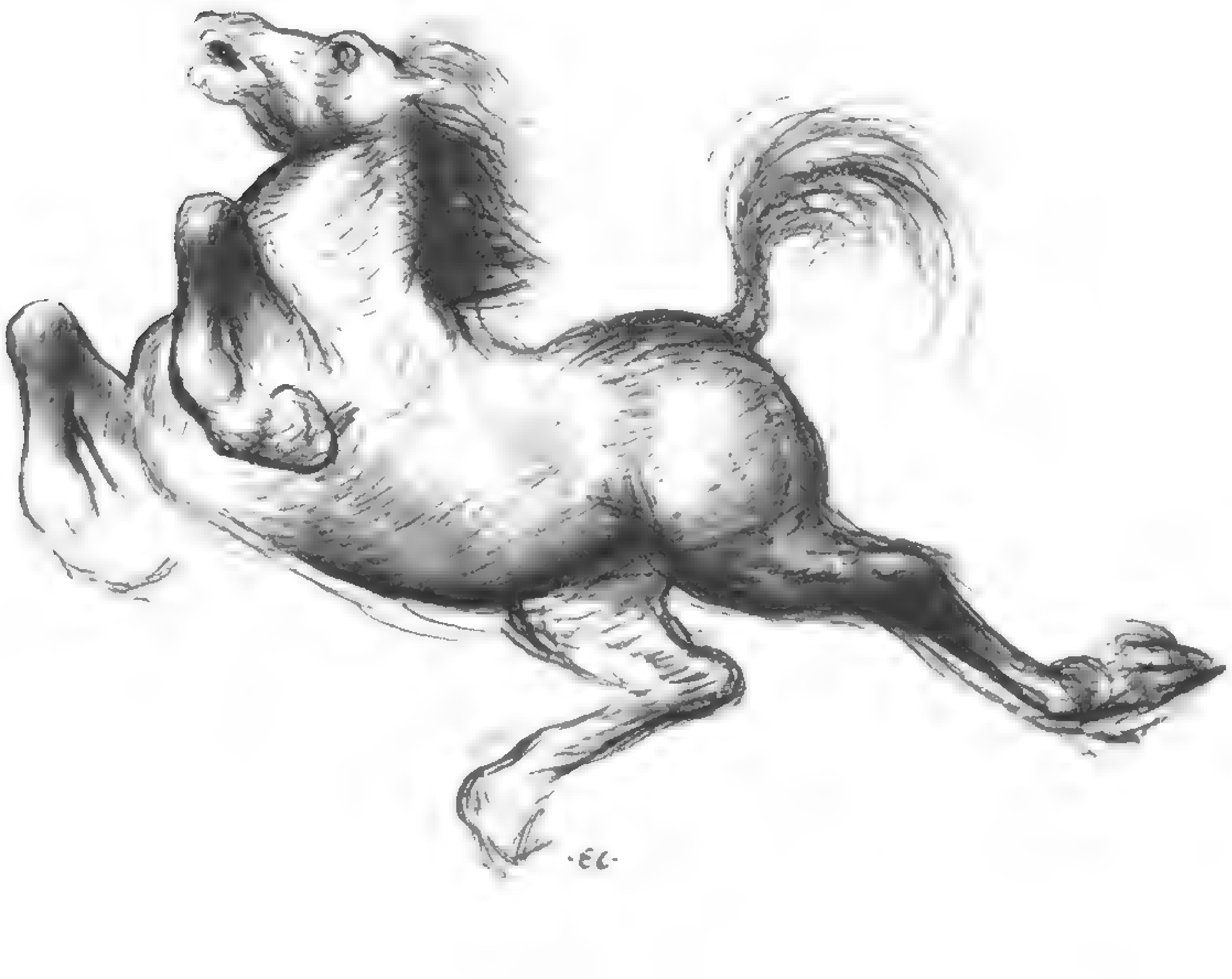
B. F. was born in Wisconsin before the outbreak of the Civil War. His father went off to fight, and never came back. The mother married again and B. F. drifted out away from home. Like thousands of others in the post-war period he went forth with the barest equipment, no money, no friends, no education. All that such wanderers were likely to have was native wit.

There was plenty of wit in young B. F. In the seventies he turned up in the trans-Mississippi West, a young blood on a fast half-broken horse, gray-eyed, straight in the saddle, with a gun strapped around his waist. He met Custer but thought him effeminate and a poseur; he turned to the restive Sioux and hired out as a scout. For a particularly skillful piece of work Sitting Bull later gave B. F. his own saddle as a token of respect and liking.



In time B. F. saw a girl he liked. She was brown-eyed and black-haired and she avoided him, all of which whetted his appetite. One evening he loped over to see her, and was told that she had gone to a dance, in the company of a certain young rancher. B. F. rode the fifty miles to the dance. He came within sight of the cabin, and the merry-makers inside spotted him. They barred the door. This fellow B. F. was young but tough; he was a bad man; he traveled with Indians. Such was the reaction of the hard-working, somewhat prosaic ranchers inside the cabin. They didn't want him.

Leisurely B. F. dismounted. He strode up to the door with jingling spurs. He tried the door and found it barred. That was an insult in the Old West, and no two ways about it. The unwanted guest found an axe, broke down the door, and thrashed four or five of the local bravos, after which he carried the girl home behind his saddle. She was afraid of him, but she was young and romantic, and of course she took him for Lochinvar.



She married him and at once set out to reform him. By this time he was definitely associated with Sitting Bull, and that was intolerable. He must cut loose from the wily Sioux, he must settle down. The husband resisted her arguments, but soon the United States Government sent out warnings that white men would do well to break away from certain unnamed Indian renegades; and the combination of Government and Wife was too much for B. F. Swearing that the country was going to the dogs he and his black-haired bride moved to western Nebraska, and there he tried to satisfy her longing for a sedentary existence. He tried hay ranching, but in the second year a plague of locusts came along and ate his crop down to the ground, and he was glad of the excuse to quit. Promptly he moved to one of the wildest parts of the Far West—the Snake River country in northern Idaho.

He never tried ranching again. In Idaho he again became associated with Indians, not as a scout but as a trader, a dealer in horses and pelts, a frontier jack-of-all-trades. The man was now in his prime, a straight-standing "short-coupled" fellow, with a soft well-modulated voice, and eyes that went through you and clinched on the other side. There was nothing of the rowdy about him. When he was angry his steel-gray eyes flashed a bit, his jaw tightened, his voice sank to a murmur. No fireworks, no swagger. He smoked but little, drank less, and was moderate in his language. It was a violent age, yet B. F. was never known to lose control of himself.

The man was a formidable personality, puzzling fools and astonishing people of penetration. There was something of Wyatt Earp in him, something of Stalin. Under other circumstances he might have been a diplomat, a native king, or a dictator; in "small-time" Idaho he was obliged to mine much shallower, shorter veins. He could scarcely sign his name, and when he wished to write to the young politician who is now Senator Borah he had to call in a neighbor to put it down for him. On the other hand he was surprisingly well-read; in the town where he lived he had by far the best library and subscribed to the longest list of magazines. His diction was excellent and he rarely made a mistake in grammar. Talk, indeed, was his forte. When people came into his presence they came automatically under a kind of hypnotic influence. With his gray eyes watching you as a cat might watch prospective mice he would talk on and on, slowly and softly weaving a spell of argument from which it was difficult to escape.

Even his enemies found it hard to do anything against him. B. F. had a natural love of intrigue. Like Tom Sawyer in the affair of Nigger Joe he preferred things to be complicated, so that he could exercise his gifts in unraveling them. And this often brought

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The Goat Is in the Corn

After they stopped brewing beer for libations to the Corn god, they began brewing it for fun

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

Those who brew the grain for the liquid staff of life have a proud heritage. They can reach back to the beginnings of time and the secret springs of life, before the Pyramids were built and when the Nile was still the godhead of all fertility and the cradle of civilization. Before magic had turned into science and when the greater part of man's time was consumed in the fearful task of propitiating and conciliating the gods who ruled his existence, the liquor brewed from grain was an integral part of his practical religion. For beer, by whatever name it was known, was the very spirit of corn, as all grain was then called, and it was this spirit that was used as the libation, poured into the ground to appease the corn god and assure fertility for the next year.

As far as the historical record goes, the first graphic tabulation of beermaking was about six thousand years before Christ. The baked clay records taken from the tombs of that era contain recipes for the brewing of "Hekit," the beverage made from barley and water, fermented by the use of bits of bread. The Babylonians also used this method, a special bread being baked for the fermentation. At that time, the brewing was a kingly affair and kept to the confines of the temples. In some civilizations, as deduced by the customs still holding in extant tribes, the men assigned to the brewing were not allowed intercourse with their women during the time of fermentation. This, supposedly, was to keep the road clear for the magic process of changing barley into an exhilarating drink —a secret known only to the gods. Or so the savants say. Personally, I think it was to keep the brewer's mind on his work.

The brewing of beer and its use in those days was no matter of pleasure; it was one of the prime essentials of life. Not only for its religious aspects but for its contribution to the health of the people. The early Egyptian was really the first Pragmatist. As Frazer says in his *Golden Bough*, "from the earliest times man has been engaged in a search for general rules whereby to turn the order of natural phenomena to his own advantage, and in the long search he has scraped together a great hoard of maxims—the true or golden ones constitute the body of applied science, the false ones, magic."

So beer, brewed primarily to use as a thanks-offering to the god of fertility, became an integral part of life. The crops came up anyway, due to the natural forces; but by the time man found out that it was the sun and the rain and the warm earth that made the barley grow, he had already been committed to the liquid grain for some thousands of years. His subconscious (which really is man's racial heritage of all former knowledge of workable things) told him that the beverage relieved his fatigue, buoyed up his spirit and kept away the dangers of disease that lurked in every stream where he was forced to drink. The Children of Israel had learned brewing during their bondage and when they were led out to their land of milk and honey, they took the secret with them. Beer was credited with saving them from the plague (which probably was typhoid) as the alcohol in the beer killed off any germs they might take in.

When the marines finally landed from Rome just before the beginning of the Christian Era, they already knew about beer via the Greeks, who had brought the process over. But it is not recorded that Cleopatra needed many goblets to make Antony forget his home work; she had other tricks. However, beer was an accepted court drink at that time and was always used in all regal audiences and powwows, so it is safe to say that the old Roman knew the pleasanter side of "bottoms up."

It was Eudoxus, the Greek mathematician and astronomer, who is credited with bringing the beer formula over to this land of olives and vines. Along about 400 B. C. he made a fourteen months' visit with the Egyptians and came home with all sorts of tales in his bag. And when the frantic press agents for the brewing companies begin their yearly search for the origins of bock beer, we advise them to look into the life of one Eudoxus. If it hadn't been for that Greek scholar, a pig's head instead of a goat might now adorn the bock beer signs that come out in the spring.

The pig, at the time of the Eudoxus visit, believe it or not, was a sacred object of reverence. The life of the peoples at that time depended on the Nile. When its waters subsided in the spring, the low banks, which had been covered by the floods, were sown to grain. The seed was thrown broadcast and herds of pigs were let loose to trample the seed into the moist soil. Osiris, the god, was originally supposed to have been a pig, and so, according to the customs of the time, a pig was always sacrificed at the time of the annual planting.

When Eudoxus got back with his recipe for beer and tried it out on the philosophical set, they naturally thought something ought to be done about such a discovery. Now the boys in the back room in Athens didn't think much of the pig as a god-like figure, always leaning toward the goat as represented by Dionysus, god of vegetation. From Greece, on up the peninsula, across the blue seas to Rome and from Rome with the conquering legions of Caesar, the Goat god made its way. It penetrated into all three parts of all Gaul, including the Scandinavian peninsula.

Your correspondent has read a good many silly stories as to why bock beer is so called. Even some of the big brewers seem to be in doubt. By reading any of the books on mythology and the enduring customs, as still practiced among peasant peoples, you may find all the substantiation you want for the world-old festival of libation to the Goat, the god of harvests. Frazer has page after page of interesting details about the varying forms this ritual takes.

In East Prussia, the Goat is supposed to hide from the reapers and is finally caught in the last sheaf of grain. The reapers then carve a goat out of wood and stick stems of the grain in his mouth and nostrils. The last reaper to cut and bind his shock is called the Goat. If it is a woman reaper she is bound with straw, taken to the village in a wheelbarrow and there crowned with a wreath of wheat and flowers, and a dance held around her. In certain parts of Switzerland the Goat is drenched with beer and a bell tied around his neck. He is the Goat then till the next harvest. In the neighborhood of Bernkastle, on the Moselle, a live goat is adorned with ribbons and flowers and turned loose in the field while it is being harvested. When the last sheaf is in, the goat is caught, his head cut off and put on a pike and the flesh cooked for the harvest festival.

The spirit of the Goat or the Corn god, is

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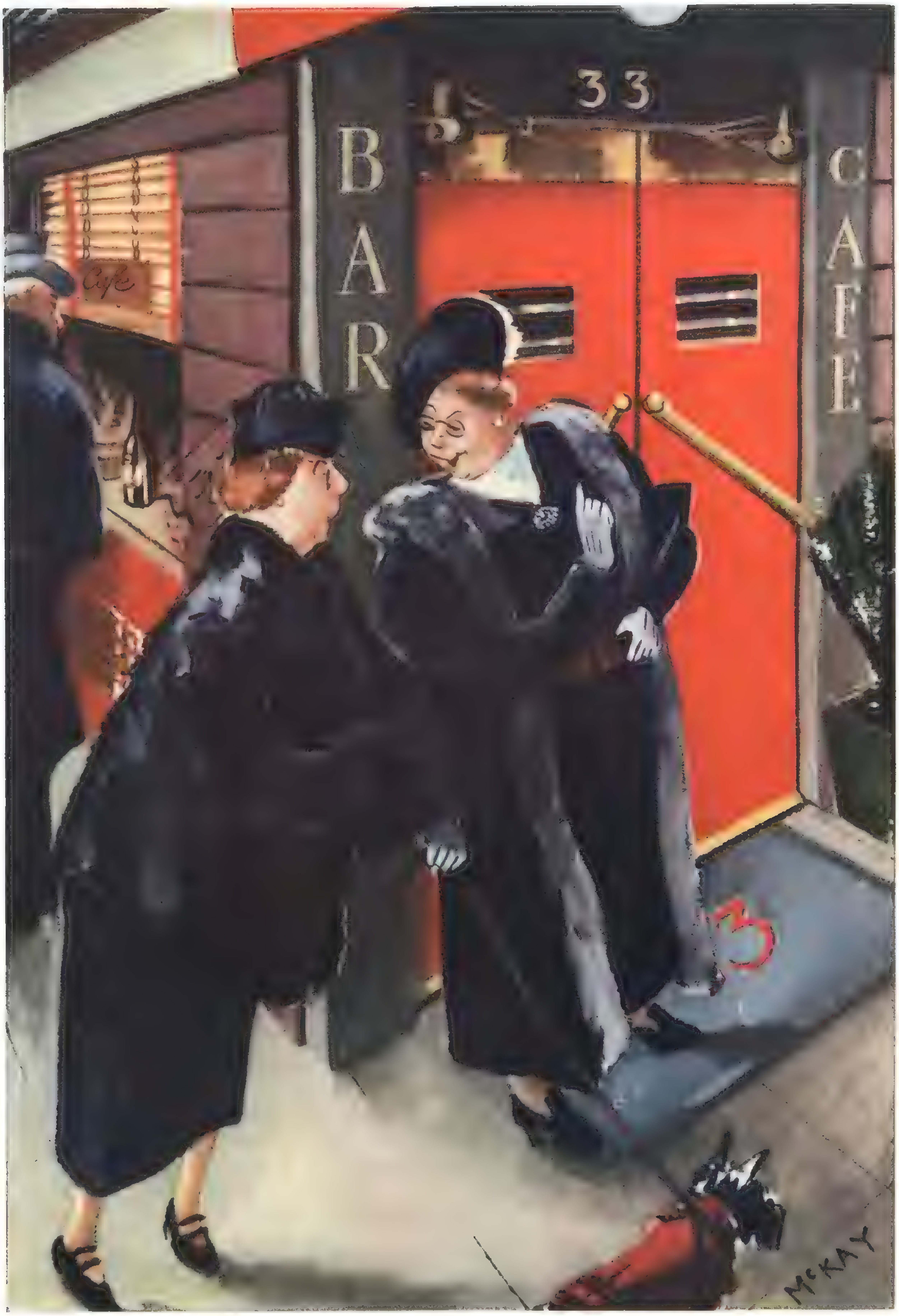
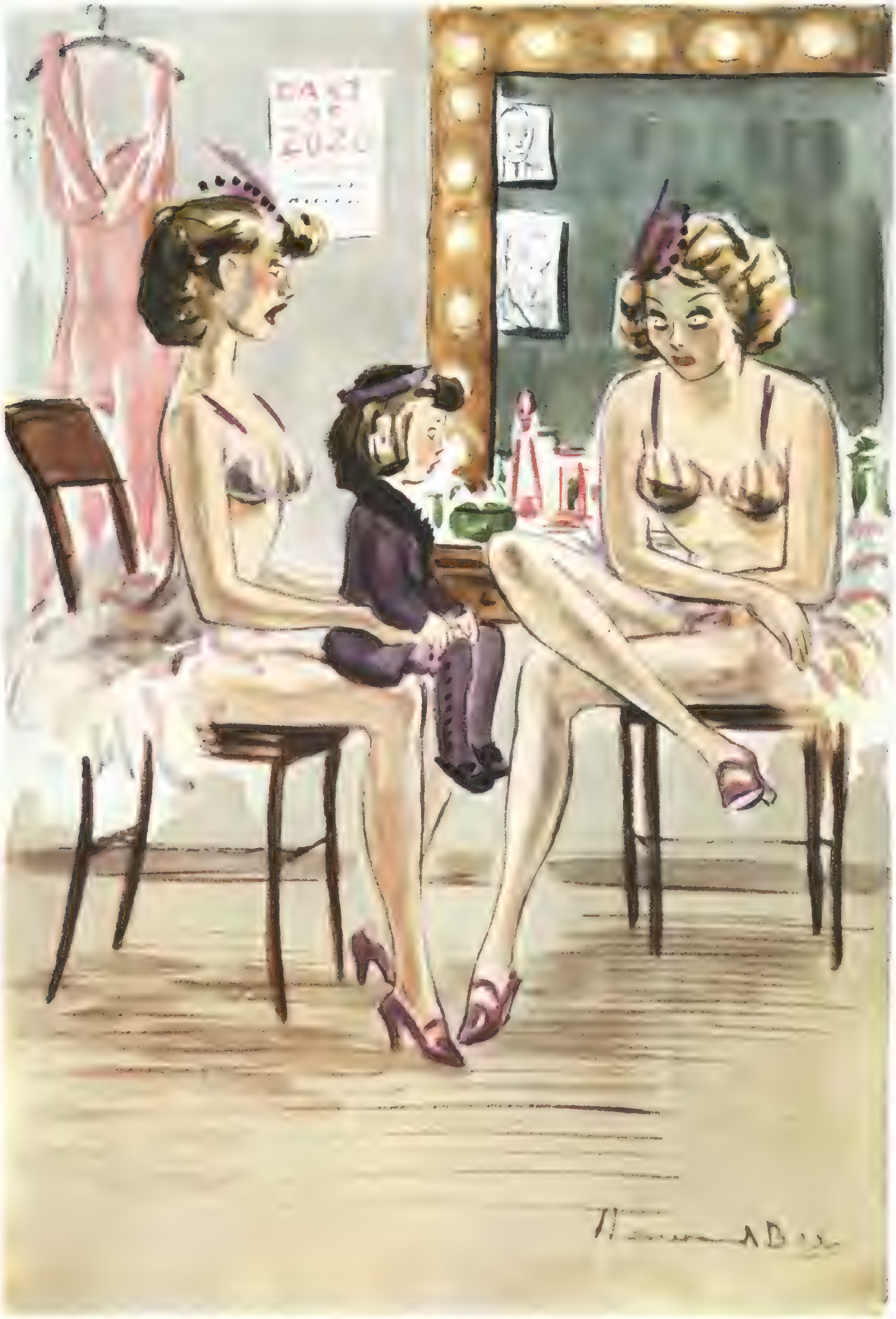

33
BAR
CAFE
Cafe
3
McKAY

"What de ya say pal, can you handle one more?"



"Sometimes I think she takes after me; then again she seems to have so many characteristics of the Yale Club members"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Not to imply that critics are windmills, but it's pretty quixotic for a blighted producer to take a running tilt smack up against them

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

In every theatrical season some producer, playwright or actor makes a fool of himself by getting into a fight with one or more of the critics. Whether the fight is with fists or with print doesn't matter. In either case the fellow is eventually bound to find himself with his bloomers down. Nor does it matter if he is in the right and the critic in the wrong. The cards are stacked against him from the outset. They are not stacked by the critics; they are stacked by himself. And why are they thus stacked? Because in every instance recorded in the local theatrical history of the last thirty years the critic-attacker has been recognized by the public as smarting under the sting of his own failure, because in all that time no consistently sound, reputable and important producer, playwright or actor, whether in success or periodic failure, has bothered about critics the one way or the other, and because the American public abides by the national tradition that any man, even a critic, should have the right to speak his mind freely and without restriction, even if he hasn't a mind and is by way of being a consummate ass.

The two most recent theatrical armigerents to overlook this and to emerge with their shirt-tails hanging out were Mr. Jack Kirkland and Mr. Jed Harris. Several months ago, the former offered to the public his idea of a dramatization of John Steinbeck's series of character studies of the California paisano, *Tortilla Flat*. His idea took the form of sedulously filtering out of Steinbeck's work every trace of its humorous understanding, gentleness and pity and of leaving in his dramatization only the dregs of its vulgarity. This vulgarity, in turn, which in Steinbeck was forthright, honest, healthy and clean, Kirkland converted into Minsky innuendo, smut and outright dirt. And the critics to a man naturally took him severely to task and the public, agreeing with the critics, remained away from his play to such a degree that it was yanked off the stage after only a few days' showing.

What, then, did Kirkland do? Did he properly hide himself in shame, even in disgrace? Did he go out and get quietly and consolingly drunk? Did he take private stock of himself and, like any intelligent man under the same circumstances, conclude that he had made a miserable botch of his job and vow to himself that, by God and by Jupiter and by the beards of Mohammed and Emanuel Swedenborg, he would do better the next time or, by God and by Zeus and by the navels of Buddha and Frank Buchman, he'd know the reason why? He didn't. Believing that the critics and not he were responsible for his ignominious pratt-fall, he picked out Richard Watts, of the *Herald-Tribune*, as the symbol of the critical cabal against him, trailed Watts to his lair, and took a swing at him. Five minutes later what was left of Kirkland was gathered together, placed in a conveniently empty beer case, and delivered at his hotel by several good officiating Christians, who accidentally and unfortunately dropped the beer case twelve times on the way.

Mr. Harris had put on a revival of Ibsen's *A Doll's House* which indicated to the majority of the critics that he had apparently mistaken for it J. Hartley Manners' *Peg o' My Heart* and had produced the latter instead. Although anyone who knew the least thing about Ibsen and his play fully concurred in the critics' estimate, Harris, as is his wont every time he personally makes a mess of a job, became good and indignant at those who had found him out. On such occasions, unlike Kirkland, however, he refrains from making an idiot of himself by taking pokes at the critics' jaws and landing in a beer case. He prefers to make an idiot of himself by giving out interviews and thus safeguarding and preserving his health, if not his intelligence.

This year, Harris' extenuation of himself for his Ibsen inexperience took this form: "There is no man in New York writing dramatic criticism today who has any creative force; they're critics only because they have jobs. When their papers fold they're no longer critics. I've never seen so many men so ill-equipped for their jobs as the boys now reviewing for the New York dailies. They're a nice lot of fellows, intelligent and certainly honest. But do they know anything about the theatre? Why, except for Mr. Atkinson there's not one who would be missed if he dropped out. . . . Critics don't have to pay for their mistakes and there's no denying that what they write has an immediate effect on the seat-buying public. . . . Now take George Jean Nathan. When he was a real critic he wouldn't have been caught dead with a thing like the Critics' Circle. Now he's president of it. . . . And Woollcott, Woollcott's an actor. One of my regrets is that I did not appreciate Woollcott more when he was writing reviews."

Let us analyze.

1. If there is no newspaper critic with any creative ability and if there is none who knows anything about the theatre why did Harris engage John Anderson, of the *Journal-American*, to adapt plays for him, why has he often consulted with at least three of them on his productions, why (until the *American* folded) did he exercise so much interest in a play that Gilbert Gabriel, that paper's critic, was writing, and why have so few critics in New York—up to the Ibsen production—been safe from his solicitous telephone inquiries as to the merits of play manuscripts he was considering?

2. The critics, says Harris, are intelligent and certainly honest, but, he asks, do they know anything about the theatre? If the critics are intelligent and honest (as to the intelligence, though certainly not the honesty, of maybe one or two of them, I am not so entirely optimistic as Harris), what is there so complex and inscrutable about the theatre in most of its manifestations that it should elude their comprehension and their ability accurately to report on it? Surely, any half-way intelligent truck-driver or even theatrical producer shouldn't have difficulty in knowing everything there is to be known about the theatre as it has been represented by such of Mr. Harris' own more recent productions as *The Lake*, *Life's Too Short*, *The Fatal Alibi*, *Wonder Boy* and *Spring Dance*. If it is not too impolite, may one further ask how much any man who produces such plays as these, all worthless and all prompt failures, himself knows about the theatre?

3. "Except for Mr. Atkinson (of the *Times*) there's not one who would be missed if he dropped out." By a strange coincidence, Mr. Atkinson was the only critic who gave Harris' production of *A Doll's House* a completely laudatory notice.

4. "Critics don't have to pay for their mistakes." But don't they? If they make enough of them, they have to pay with their reputations, their careers, and their very jobs. There is no more lasting place for the dolts among critics than for the dolts among theatrical producers. In the last two decades at least a half-dozen critics have been dismissed from their jobs on New York newspapers because of critical incapacity.

5. "Now take George Jean Nathan. When he was a real critic (*Loud applause from Nathan for the swell notice*) he wouldn't have been caught dead with a thing like the Critics' Circle. Now he's president of it." In their day, such lousy critics as George Bernard Shaw, William Archer and Arthur Bingham Walkley were caught dead with their own Critics'

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Brisbane's biography offers an easy way to success: be always faithful to the great god Greed

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

Oliver Carlson, with a rather morbid taste for ghoulish work, has disinterred the journalistic corpse of the late Arthur Brisbane. (*Brisbane: A Candid Biography*. Stackpole Sons, $3.) Here is a success story which I hope that all budding young newspaper men, all aspiring journalists, will read. It may teach them a lot, some of them in different ways. It may teach some of them a technique and a way of life, which, if they also have talent, shrewdness and an utter indifference to the means of making a living they may be able to round out their days, like Brisbane, with a fortune estimated at around $25,000,000 and have a funeral attended by such prominent persons as Winthrop W. Aldrich, President of the Chase National Bank; John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; Gerard Swope, President of the General Electric Company; Myron C. Taylor, of the United States Steel Corporation; Percy S. Straus, Bernard Gimbel, William Randolph Hearst, Walter P. Chrysler, Herbert Fleishacker, W. S. Knudsen, and William Green.

The formula is fairly easy, but you have to devote the utmost concentration to the carrying out of the formula. You must have GREED as your love, your life, your lodestar, your animating motive. And it must be GREED unadulterated, unmixed with any of the associative desires so often connected with greed. Your greed must never even be explained to others, much less to yourself, as a desire for money only that you, also, may become a satrap like the Lord of San Simeon, or that you may enjoy all the refinements of luxury your senses and your imagination have craved.

No; you must live, as did Mr. Brisbane, a rather Spartan life; you must not drink, especially when you are campaigning with editorials against the evils of alcohol—at least not in public—anything stronger than water, although when the wind changes you can admit that you like a glass of wine with your meals; and you must not smoke but, on the contrary, must denounce the evils of cigarette smoking until the temper of the people has changed and you are ready to invite advertisements from the tobacco manufacturers, whereupon you become very scientific in your editorials offering statistics to prove that non-smokers have a short span of life and die off like flies during an epidemic whereas the smokers are brainy people, free from infections, vigorous in mind and pelvis until well past the allotted four score and ten.

You mustn't get away from the central compulsion of GREED by kidding yourself that your hobby is philanthropy and that you merely want to make enough money to indulge that hobby. Mr. Brisbane was completely free from that sort of nonsense. He once gave some of his land, in which there was no quick turnover in profit on a purchase that was being heavily taxed, to a Boy Scout organization for a camp: but he left no school, research, scientific, or other endowments and even to his faithful and intimidated secretariat—all the members of which tried to anticipate his slightest wish, worked for him at all hours of the night, suffered any inconvenience to obey his command—he showed none of the sentimental bosh he often preached about "the loyalty of the faithful employee is always rewarded": he left one of his secretaries a small legacy; to the others he didn't leave a dime.

Furthermore, you must, if you are to succeed as Mr. Brisbane did, take the greatest care to remain utterly and completely ignorant, no matter how much you read, how much you see, how much you hear. But you must write a great deal about the value of education, so the adoring numskulls who read your stuff avidly will believe you have a profound education and that, in reading you, they will have the illusion they are getting some of your knowledge.

To this end it is advisable to have read some of the G. A. Henty books in your boyhood so you can allude to Hannibal and his elephants crossing the Alps to point whatever moral you want to point, and to know that among the leaders of THOUGHT have been Moses, Jesus, Confucius, Aristotle, Galileo, Erasmus, Spinoza, Luther, Voltaire, Darwin, and Huxley, and that among the great military leaders have been Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Genghis Khan, Oliver Cromwell and Napoleon Buonaparte. With that list of names, a very simple vocabulary, and air of wisdom you can prove anything you want to prove today and disprove it with equal impressiveness the next day.

About one thing Mr. Brisbane was consistent over a period of nearly forty years. He repeated it every third or fourth Sunday and sometimes several Sundays running and occasionally got it into his daily column. So he must have used the same idea in the same words about three thousand times. It was that all the great men of the world, the thinkers and doers, had been long-headed, blue-eyed men.

Mr. Brisbane was long-headed and blue-eyed; so was his fish-eyed boss, Mr. Hearst. Isn't the logic perfect? But whatever fun Mr. Hearst got out of this "scientific" information or whatever fires of vanity it fed in Mr. Brisbane's heart, its constant reiteration must have caused some resentment or some feelings of inferiority among the big shots of Latin and Levantine descent in the Hearst organization, the Carvalhos, Koeningsbergs, Coblentzes et al.... The "scientific observation" had no better warrant in truth than the "anthropological" bilge from which Adolf Hitler derived his notion about Nordic supremacy and it came (probably at tenth hand) from the same source as Hitler's notion, i.e., from Count Gobineau, a French writer of fantastic tales, a diplomat and Orientalist, who in 1853-55 published a four volume treatise on *The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races*, and who was, by the way, not blue-eyed, not fair-haired, not Nordic, not German, not long-headed, but a brilliant, broad-browed, dark-eyed, fat, amiable, gifted and amusing Sephardic Jew.

Otherwise the complete intellectual stock-in-trade of Mr. Brisbane was analyzed by George M. Rascoe in *Morrow's Almanack for 1929* with a cartoon labeled, "Arthur Brisbane Takes His Menagerie for a Walk," with the following text:

"Reading from left to right—The ordinary one buck piece which, invested at compound interest at the time of Christ, would now relieve the financial burdens of the world.

"Gorilla that could lick any ten prize-fighters, selected at random from the fistic 'Who's Who,' with one hand tied.

"Mr. Brisbane.

"Seven months' human embryo all covered with hair. Proving the theory of evolution beyond all question of doubt.

"Wall Street lamb, Exhibit 'A' for the famous injunction, 'Don't gamble!'

"Two-bit airplane that will make a bum out of any forty-million battleship daring to show itself in the next war.

"In the background: Solar phenomena that are denied tenement children afflicted with rickets, etc."

Mr. Rascoe, as a Hearst cartoonist, would have been aware of it if Mr. Brisbane had ever had any other general intellectual concept except those six; for if Mr. Brisbane had had another one, Mr. Rascoe and other Hearst

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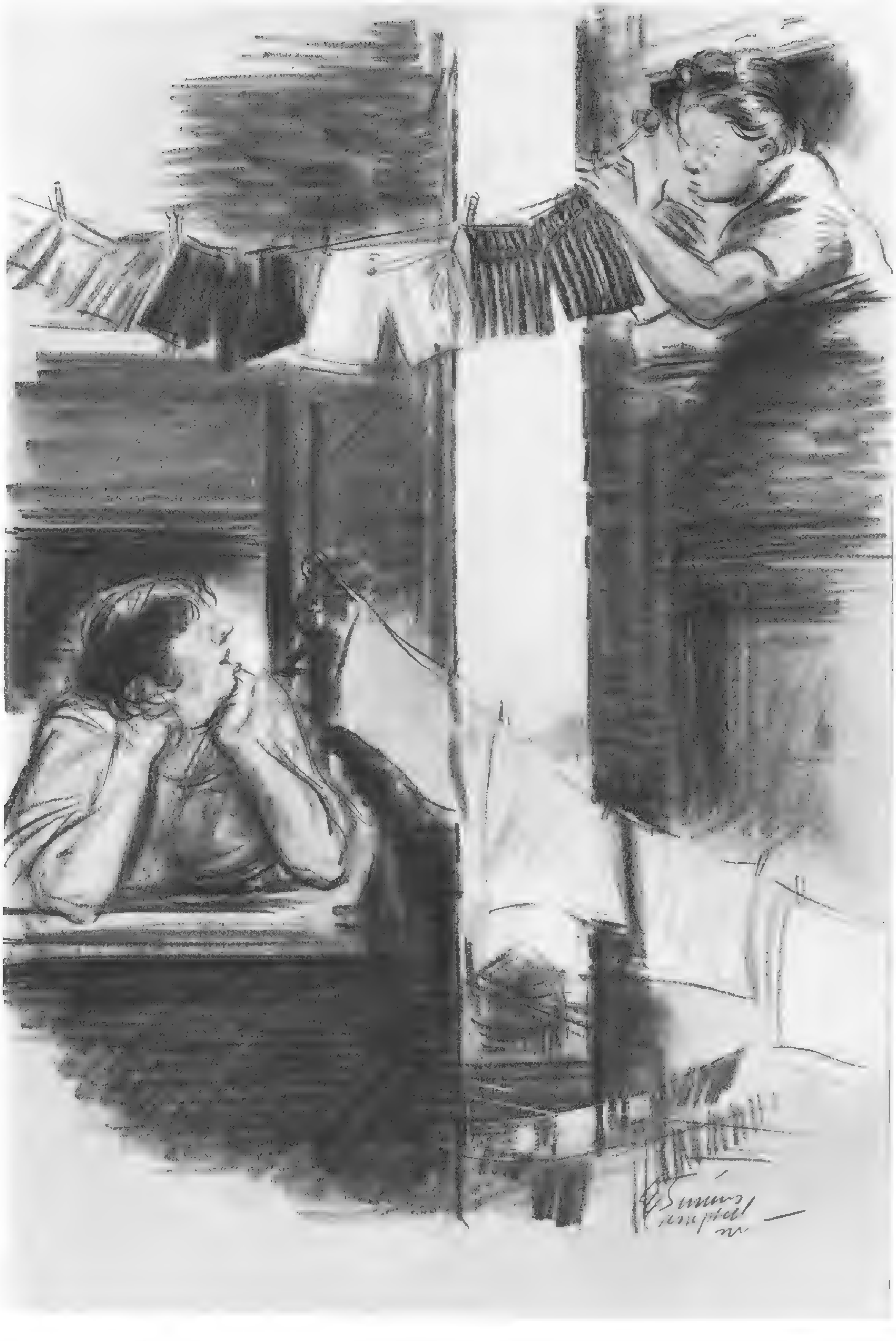

E. Simms Campbell

"Pardon me, Mrs. Kline—didn't your divorce go through?"

Roulades and Cadenzas

There being no such thing as pure sound, the question is just how do you want your music distorted

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

Writing about music offers plenty of obvious opportunities for making an ass of one's self. There is no need for calling in scientists to point out additional subtle and unobtrusive ways of accomplishing the same end. Nevertheless, I have.

It came about because the Toscanini broadcasts worried me. Aside from the clap-trap, the plumage and the toupees of the Christmas night guests, the flashlight cameras, the officiousness of officials, the satin programs printed with noiseless ink, the music itself suffered from the artificial tenseness in the studio. Suspended in mid-air on springs and felt, enveloped in fewer decibels of noise than the grave, the audience was overly-conscious of having been informed, as if it was something they were not likely to know, that any noise made by them would interfere with the enjoyment of their invisible companions, the radio audience.

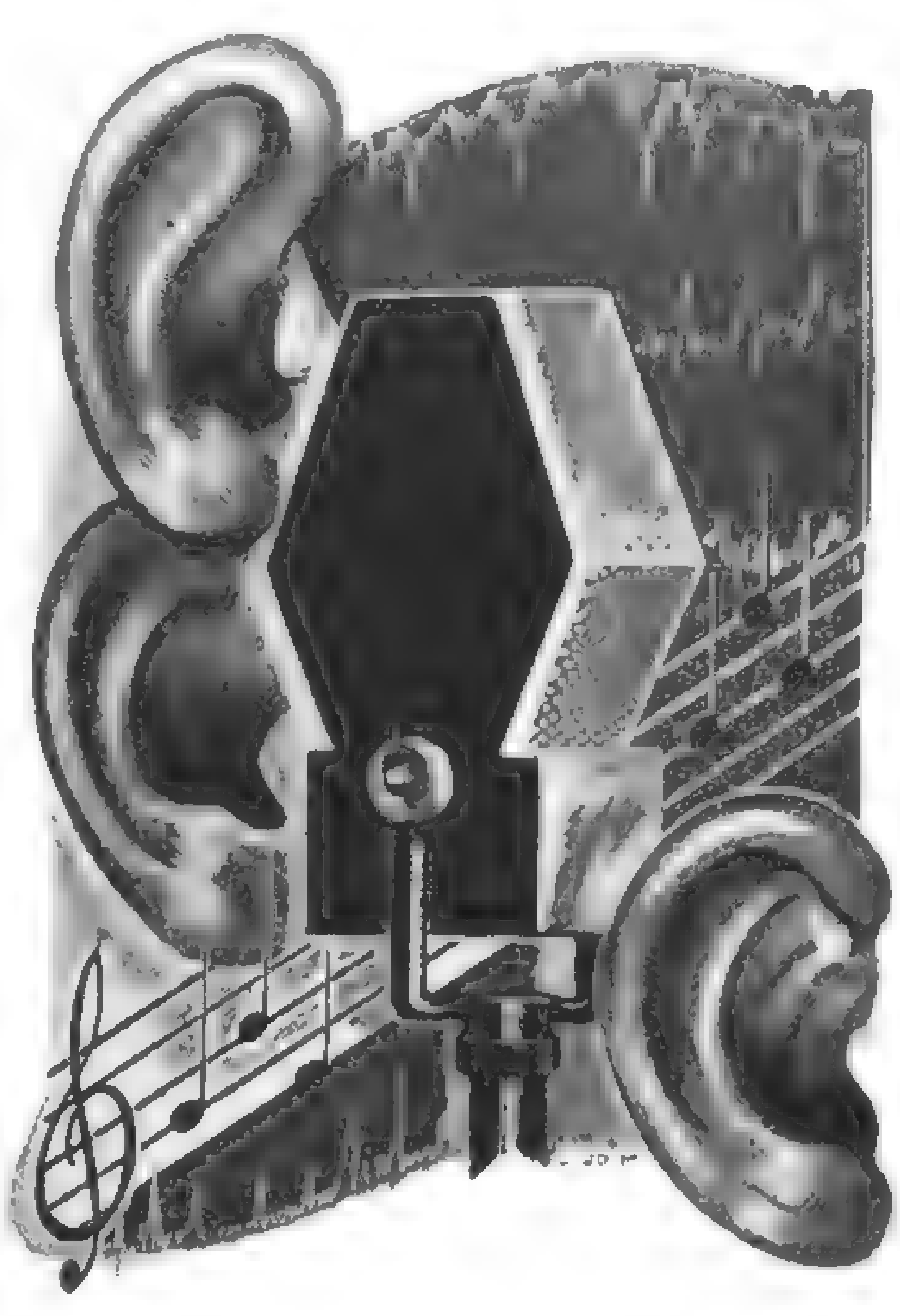
Any chance of relaxation was impossible: everyone had opening-night jitters. All eyes were glued to the clock. The hush was unbearable. Only a corpse could withstand such a welcome.

Not only did the orchestra seem to be "digging-in" and *the* maestro working doubly hard—exactly as they did at their first Carnegie Hall concert six weeks later—but the whole outfit sounded out-of-balance. Seated as I was at one end of the studio balcony, my perspective was screwy. Had *the* maestro heard what I heard, he would have collapsed on the spot. The horns stuck out like a sore thumb, the oboe was as loud as the whole string section, and tones from the violins fell suddenly to the floor and remained there. Warmth and mellowness were lacking, and yet somehow I felt certain a richer tone was reaching Mr. Toscanini's ears than reached mine.

The fault was with the studio, I decided, and hunted up an NBC engineer. "Yes, partially," he admitted. "We are in the business of broadcasting music for millions, not of giving concerts to please invited studio audiences. Our walls are lined with material that will effectively absorb a part of the sound energy generated by an orchestra and thus reduce the intensity of the reflected sound waves and the amount of time during which reverberation occurs. We always use a shorter reverberation period (between 1.8 and 2.2 seconds) than exists in most concert halls."

Seeing that this reduced me to mumbling silence, he went on to explain that such a condition improves the definition of the individual instruments and reduces the normal resonance. The microphone, being genteel and having only one ear, must be protected from over-robust reverberations, or so I gathered.

However that may be, at the next broadcast I was put in the so-called client's booth, a sound-proofed room from which I could both see Mr. Toscanini and the orchestra and hear the music as it came out of an enormous loud-speaker.



This was indeed a chastening experience. The whole orchestra not only engulfed and smothered me, but the physical change in tone-color and timbre nearly caused me to loose my vest. Moments of intense and shimmering beauty were followed by amplified scrapings, tootlings, lumberings, and crackings. The flute resembled a peanut-vendor's whistle, the bassoon an Alpine cowhorn. The fiddlers swept upward to the rasp of a whirling grind-stone and detached themselves bodily from the dull rattle of the trombones, so that in *forte* passages it seemed as if the whole orchestra was teething and could not help going into convulsions.

A ribbon-salesman in this booth would certainly have thought that a bunch of instrumental ruffians were on a bender. The vibrations resembled nothing that I have come to expect from a well-brushed, white-tied and tailored musical squad. Yet the engineers assured me I had a preferred seat—18 feet above the orchestra—and that I was hearing Mr. Toscanini's orchestra more accurately, clearly, and distinctly than I had ever heard it before.

True enough, Mr. Toscanini was there! And how!

Yet, this super-fine receiver, capable of reproducing sounds up to 12,000 vibrations per second whereas most radio sets reproduce nothing above 5,000, convinced me that no classical composer could recognize his own music over it. After all, he didn't write his music to be heard from a vantage point 18 feet in the air with reduced reverberation and excessive dynamic contrasts and accents. He wrote for an ordinary hall.

However, that is not relevant. None of us can hope—nor perhaps would we want—to hear eighteenth century music as its creators heard it. The fact is that musical instruments today are better mechanically, old ones have been dropped or modified and new ones added. We are accustomed to hearing an orchestral tone quality that is different from what Haydn and Boccherini heard, and what we are accustomed to, we like.

Individually, our standards of good orchestral tone, of the relations of individual instruments to each other and of choirs of instruments, have been built up by the memories and experiences of performances we have heard. These constitute for each of us a conception of tone that is right, natural, and normal *for us*. Other conceptions, such as the one I heard from this brilliant NBC studio loud-speaker, seem wrong or artificial. We don't like them.

The fact that we don't like them means, of course, precisely nothing. It is merely indicative of our past conditioning. Tomorrow we may become accustomed to new experiences and change our preference. Obviously, there is no absolute standard of good taste and tonal relation. All standards are relative.

Most of us do not realize that the physical sound which reaches us from an orchestra varies not only from hall to hall but from one seat to another in the same hall at the same instant. A complex mass of sound vibrates our eardrum not only as it comes directly from the point of its origin, but also as it is reflected back from all the surfaces of the auditorium. We think what we hear strikes us directly, unless we are conscious of an echo. Actually, most of the sound we hear is reflected.

A symphony orchestra playing on the Sahara Desert would sound strange to our ears because of the absence of reflected vibrations. Orchestral instruments have been chosen (not with specific knowledge but by trial-and-error) because they are best fitted for use in a large hall and not in the open air. The NBC Symphony did not please me in the studio because a large portion of the reflected sound, which I hear when an orchestra plays in Carnegie Hall, was absorbed by the treatment given the walls.

This is the business of the acoustical engineer, who sits in his laboratory, surrounded by coils, gadgets, electric switches, and reverberation chambers and determines the fate of broadcast music. Moses founded the profession when the Lord said to him:

"And thou shall make curtains of goat's hair to be a covering upon the tabernacle: eleven curtains shalt thou make.

"The length of one curtain shall be thirty cubits and the breadth of one curtain four cubits: and the eleven curtains shall be all of one measure.

"And thou shalt couple five curtains by

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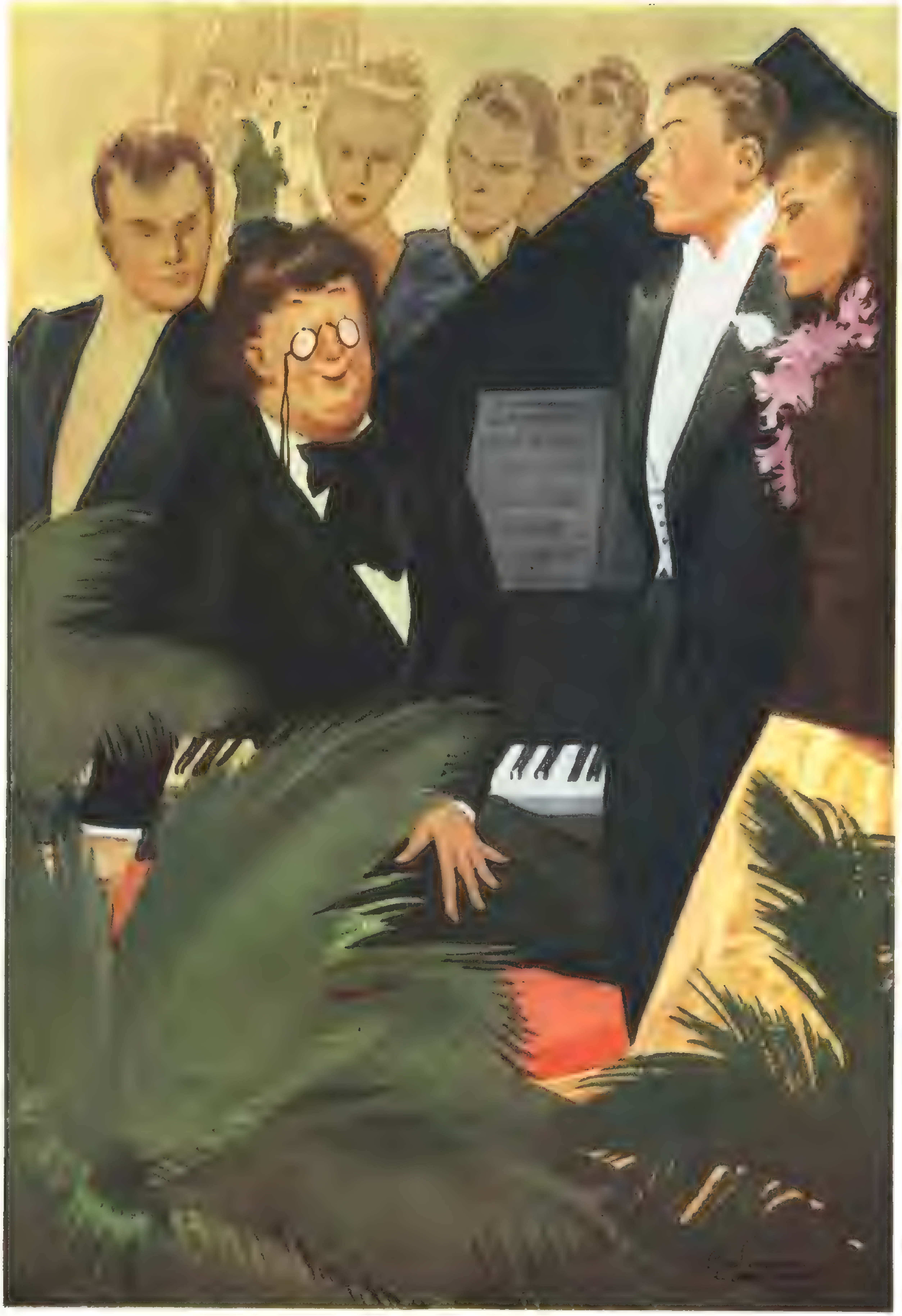
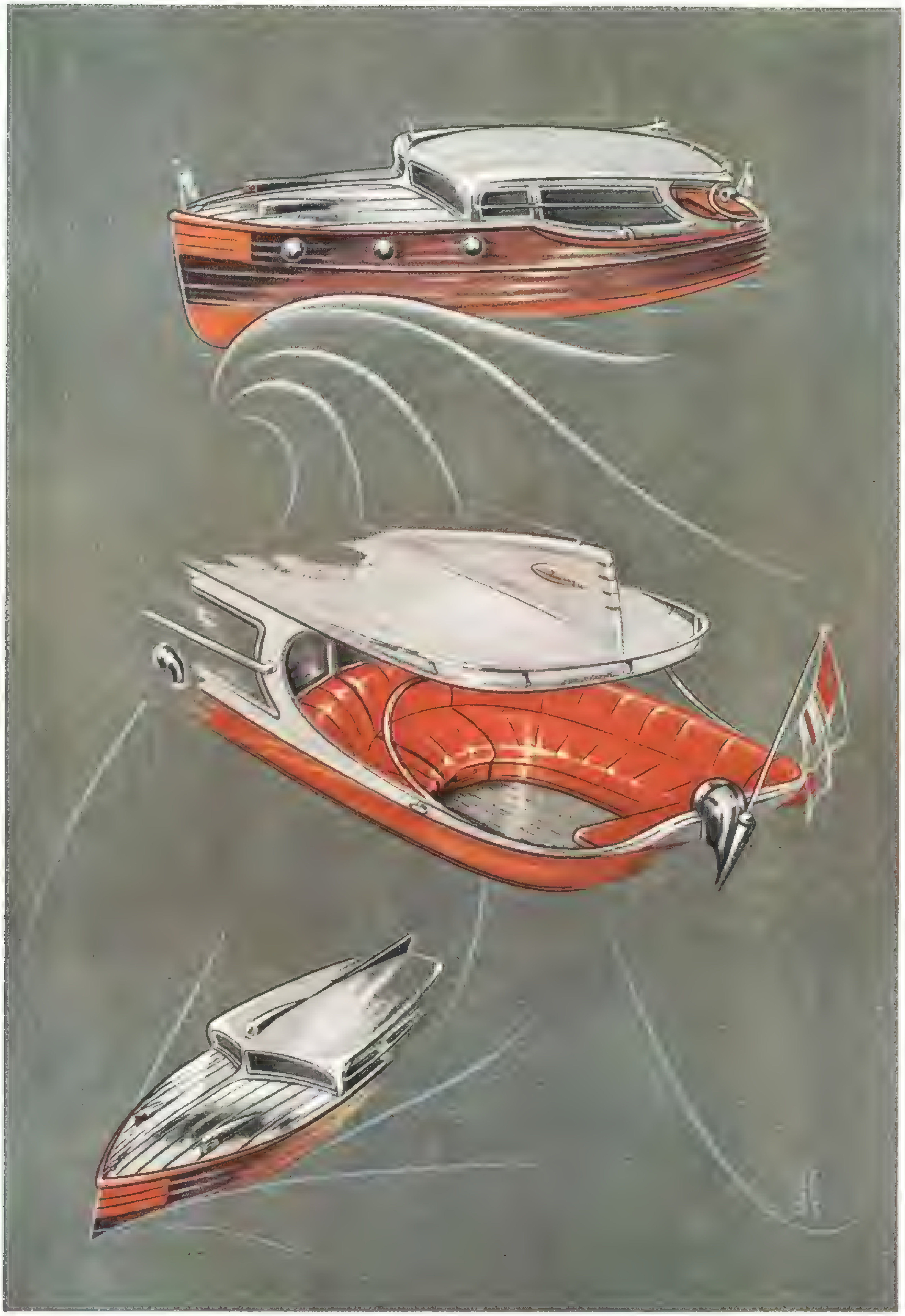


"Yes—I believe I do know some swing music—how about Swing Low Sweet Chariot?"



FOR GOING NOWHERE FAST *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

There is no frigate like a 38-foot cruiser to take you leagues away. Or at least it will *seem* leagues away, because everything about this nautical streamliner is calculated to make you think you are traveling farther and faster than you actually are. This cuts down on gasoline and oil. For some unknown reason boats of this type have always been built with the windshield and other upright structures slanted backward. Here the tradition is broken, giving the craft a sort of leering impetuosity. The conventional color scheme of these cruisers has always called for dark roofs and upperstructure, so naturally this boat has it the other way around, and admittedly the thing does look lower and faster. In the arrangement of the circular seats it appears as if the designer has thoughtlessly gone and walled himself in; but such is not the case, since the center seat is removable to allow access to the interior.

The Candid Cameraman

Letter from Palestine painting a new and happier picture of life in a Jewish farm commune

by MEYER LEVIN

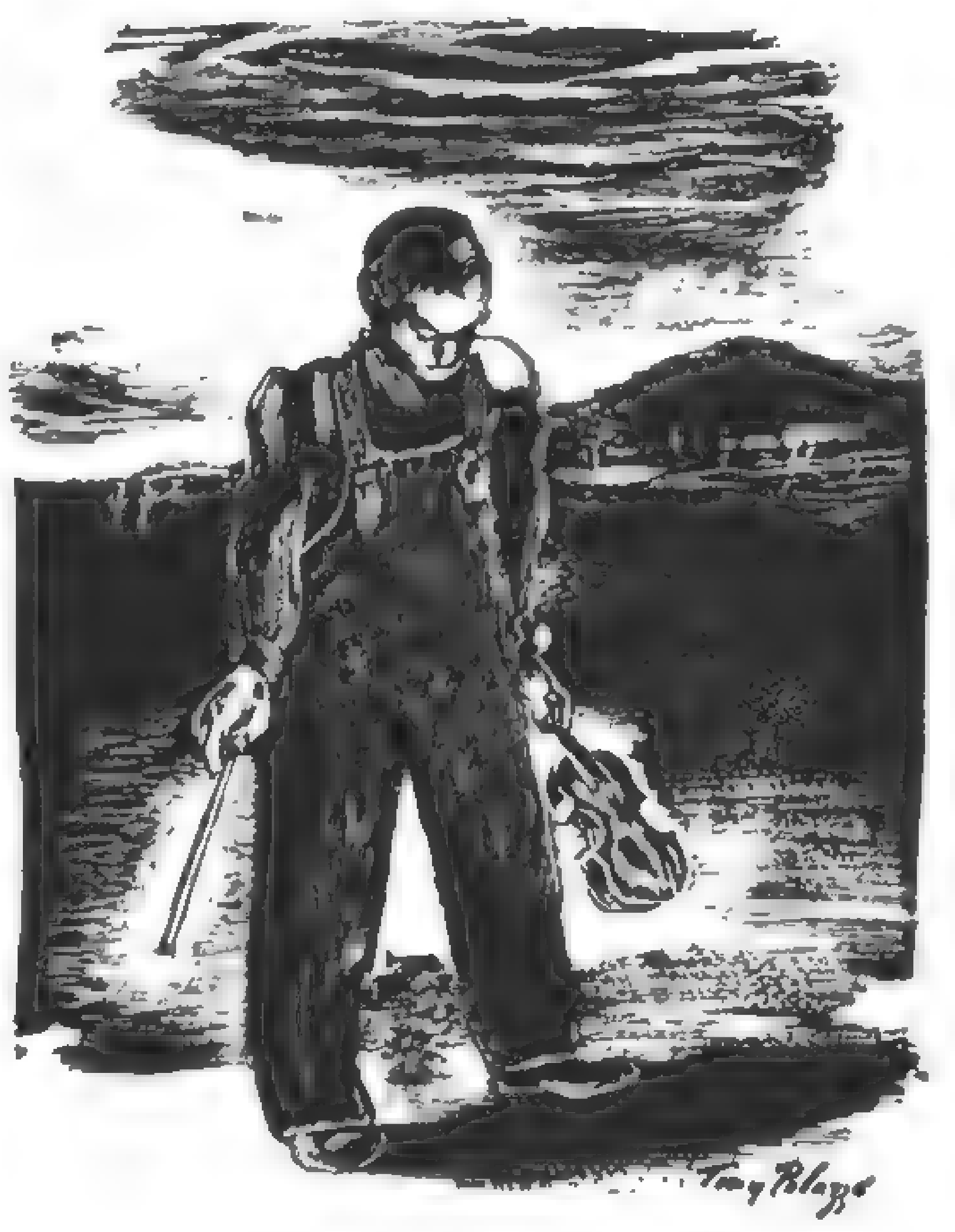
• MOVIES •

EIGHT, nine years ago I lived in a pioneer Jewish farm commune, on the slope of Mount Carmel; I wrote a novel about that life, and named the book *Yehuda*, after one of its characters. Though not widely read, *Yehuda* has always been the tender favorite among my novels; and it still happens to be, so far as I can discover, the only realistic novel about modern life in Palestine. It will be simplest for me to quote some passages from *Yehuda*, as counter-images to the changed scene of today.

It is not only because I am writing under a motion picture heading that I would suggest this topic pictorially; life in Palestine is a dynamic complex of ideas and ideals translated into physical patterns of action, and all set against backgrounds of engulfing natural beauty, of beauty so all-pervasive and penetrating as to be a main and conscious factor influencing the behavior of even the most unsensitive-seeming dullards. No one who has not been to Palestine truly understands this. But this beauty is felt as the beauty of woman is felt by folk who might prefer James Montgomery Flagg to El Greco; the unlettered watchman in Safed reacted as intensely to the view from his post—and he had picked out the most perfect angle, the most perfect spot for the composition of the view—as the intellectual plowman in the isolated commune of Afikim, over the Jordan, who cherished albums of Van Gogh color-reproductions, in a box under his cot. Ask of a Jew in Palestine—“But why necessarily this strip of land, why not Russia's Biro-Bidjan, or a strip in South America?” And the answer is not only in the uncut natal cord, the argument of historical ties. The answer is usually in a motion of the arm, broad over the land—For that she is so beautiful.

This, then, is how the story began: “In the farm commune called Carmel, in the land of Israel, there lives a comrade named Yehuda, who plays a violin. All the day, Yehuda works in the commune's great fields across the river Kishon. When the sun goes behind the mountain, he stands himself erect, and breathes, and looks around himself to see if the comrades may be ready to ride the wagon home. And then he turns to look upon the mountain. At that moment the last rods of sunlight bridge Mount Carmel's blue-cupped hollows and shear slantwise against the mountain's raw-fleshed hulks of rock. At that moment the mountain always seems to Yehuda to be a tremendous creature of earth, giantly moulded down there in the wastes of Jordan. The mountain seems a golom that hurried into life before his limbs were smooth, wrenching his mass out of the bed of restraining matter, and rushing thirst-mad toward the sea, that he might drink salt, and live; but the blazing sun sapped him on his journey; only one out-stretched hand grasped the water's edge. (Today, perhaps, this reads like a symbol of Zionism.) . . . There he lay, a roughly human shape, lengthened across the plain, dividing Sharon from Acor. His head was a mount, and his shoulders and rumps were mountains, his arms were long low hills, his bruises were open wadian, and bare red rock showed where the fall had uncovered his flesh. His heels lay in Emek Yisroel, and his left hand reached for the sea . . .

“Over the head of the prostrate golom men had built the city of Haifa. All alongside his stiff right arm they have made the Galilee road. Perched on the point of his elbow is the Arab village. Against the bone of his wrist is the Jewish cement factory, with its town of Jewish workers. And a few kilometres further, against the little finger of the giant, the comrades of Carmel have built their commune . . . The afterglow of the sun transforms the tin roofs of the cottages into shining sheets of mirror. In horseshoe form, the mirrors lie, with the shoe's open side to the road. First comes the row of six cabins, ‘Unter dem Linden,’ the German Schiller ironically named it, because of the lane of scraggly wild pepper trees that fronts the houses. Yehuda sees all four rooms of each cabin, and knows each of the four cots in each room. The comrades coming home from work, getting their change of clothes, going across the yard to the shower. . . . Facing the cabins are the barn, the cowstable, and the machinery sheds. And spanning the back of the horseshoe is the long cabin used as mess-room and general gathering place. Who is in the kitchen, Sara Lieubovna tonight; she has surely made potato soup. Above, perched over the whole meshek, is the bright new children's house, built of white concrete; how it shines! as though it were a ring on the giant's finger. And then, scattered over the place like pebbles shaken out of that great hand, are the sheds, the bakery, the laundry, and further down in a corner the small house of Dvoraleh's hennery.”



That's how it was in 1929, a place typical of a few dozen communes scattered over Palestine—always a collection of shacks crowded with cots, often not even a room to themselves for the married couples; mules bumping wagons over the stony yard, endlessly transporting barrels of water, because as yet there was no money for a pumping station.

The novel went on to describe life there amongst the sixty comrades, the relations with the Arabs—a will toward friendliness, irked by occasional small thefts of grain off the fields, by memories of live-stock raids when the commune was only a handful of tents. There is the burning of a harvest, too—who knows by whom? The increase of watchmen, the Arab's attempted attack; and still the will toward friendliness, the knowing that the trouble comes only from a few brigands and bad-hats; that the Arab village as a whole is neighborly.

There are the complicated problems of communal life; the wish of a girl in love for finery, and how does a commune deal with her little thefts? There is the strong open song of working together at threshing time. And there is the problem-story of the violinist. He has had some training, before coming as a pioneer to Palestine; he has made enough of a beginning to know that he has the possibility of a great career as a musician.

Then why he? why must he be the one to sacrifice his musician's hands tearing rocks out of the vineyards on Carmel's slope? It is the old story of man confronting himself, the same story as that of the volunteer international in Spain: “If not I, then who?” And there is no excuse before a man's conscience. The world might excuse him from this task, but he cannot excuse himself.

“. . . When the comrades in his cabin are ready to sleep, Yehuda clutches up his fiddle and his music-stand, and goes out to find another place to practice. To fitful sleepers waking in the night the sound of his playing seems to come flittingly from all corners of the farm. Sometimes it seems to issue from the mess-room, sometimes from the barn, from the cow-stable, from the grain-shed, from the kitchen . . . sometimes the sounds of Yehuda's music seem to issue from the very rocks of the mountain Carmel . . .”

His fingers are stiff from his labors in the fields; he wishes he had two pairs of hands; one to use in the daytime, one to put on at night.

For some time, I was bothered because I had made the split-objective problem of an artist the central problem of a book about life in a pioneer collective. And yet now it

Continued on page 193

The Vest-Pocket Sailboat

Continued from page 66

Something had to be done, and right away. Such a fascinating and fast-growing sport could not be left to die. As yet no association had been formed, no constitution or by-laws had been drawn up, and the class was controlled only by a few restrictions and measurements that seemed to suit the skippers.

In order to promote the class and control and direct its growth, the National Moth Boat Association was formed in Elizabeth City in 1932. Such an organization was absolutely necessary in order to take care of the hundreds of inquiries that were coming in. It seemed as though every State in the Union in which there was enough water on which to sail a boat was becoming interested in the Moth class. Outstanding builders and designers prepared blue prints and detailed plans of construction which could be had at very low cost.

A constitution was drawn up, definite restrictions and measurements were decided upon, and the Moth class, for the first time, was controlled by an active, wide-awake organization with officers who willingly gave of their time, labor and money to promote the Moth class and provide for the man of ordinary means a healthful, inexpensive and fascinating pastime. The low cost of the Moth (from $35 to $100, depending on the materials used and whether or not the owner did the work himself), the fact that almost anyone handy with tools could build one, the sport involved and the ease with which the Moths could be transported combined to make the Moth the most popular of the smaller sailing craft.

A Moth boat may be of any design and construction its builder or owner desires, so long as it conforms to the following simple restrictions and measurements:—

1. Hull—Not more than 11 feet over all. One centerboard. One rudder.

2. Spars—All spars shall be straight.

a. Mast: Not more than one. Height above deck not more than 16½ feet and not more than 3½ inches in diameter.

b. Boom: Not more than one. Length, not more than 9½ feet. Diameter, not more than 3 inches.

c. The angle of the mast and boom to be not more than 90 degrees.

d. No restriction shall be placed on weight or rigging.

3. Sail:

a. Not more than one. Height measured along mast, not more than 15 feet. Length measured along the boom, not more than 9 feet. Leech: true round in leech to be not more than 6 inches, measured at the middle distance.

b. Sails shall be fastened to the boom permanently so that no part of the foot of sail will be more than 3 inches from the boom.

c. Sails shall not be hoisted more than sixteen (16) feet from deck.

d. The Moth emblem shall be placed (painted or sewed) on both sides of each sail at a distance of about eighteen (18) inches from top of sail. The Moth emblem is designed thus: A perfect circle twelve inches in diameter. The circle itself is dark blue and the letter M is dark red. The width of the circle and the letter M is one and one-half (1½) inches.

e. Battens: Not more than 4. Total lineal length not more than 92 inches.

f. Head Board: Not more than 4 inches in diameter measured at right angles to the mast.

g. Sails may be made of any material, and no restrictions shall be placed on the price or on the number of sails that can be owned by any one person.

h. Measurements taken from apex of triangle.

The year 1933 marked the beginning of the big Moth racing events. During October of that year the first National Moth Boat Regatta and the first International regatta were held at Elizabeth City, with cups and trophies offered winners in the junior divisions, boys and girls, the men's division, and for the winners of the four-boat team race, the swap boat race, and the inter-club race. During that regatta, some forty-five of the fastest Moth boats in the country competed in the Moth boat classic—the race for the Antonia Trophy, which designates world supremacy in the Moth class. This handsome gold trophy, which is 36 inches in height and cost $2,500, was donated by Mr. Frank K. Feeney, of Philadelphia and Atlantic City, who became interested in the Moth class while stopping over in Elizabeth City on his yacht, the *Antonia*. This trophy is raced for each year on a course chosen by the winner of the previous year's race.

The first winner of the Antonia Trophy was Harry "Pop" Andrews, popular Atlantic City veteran boatman, one of the originators of the class, who brought his *Leo* across the finish line first after a thrilling ten-mile race. With the running off of the 1932 regatta, the Moth class was definitely going to town.

Clubs and divisions were formed in various parts of the country and annual races were held for the benefit of local and sectional skippers.

The Atlantic seaboard from Connecticut to the southern tip of Florida was dotted with Moths, and in short order the Great Lakes section had a fleet, as did also the Gulf of Mexico. The Pacific coast followed, with California showing the way. Then the Moth "fever" spread to inland sections where there were lakes or rivers.

Boating publications by this time had come to realize that the Moth class was not a mere passing fancy but that it had come to stay and to become one of the leading classes. Plans were published in some of these publications in 1933, and the "fever" struck foreign countries in much the same manner as it had swept this country.

From Singapore, Italy, Sweden, Cuba, Canada, England, Spain, France, Germany and Belgium came inquiries about "the little sailboat described in Such-and-Such a boating magazine." In a short while there was a fleet of seventeen Moth boats in Singapore and other countries quickly followed, France being the last country to construct a fleet.

One of the major reasons for the popularity of the Moth is the fact that it is not a one-design boat and anyone may make changes which he believes will make for a faster boat. No Moth boat yet built can claim to be the fastest under all conditions of weather and sail. Some Moth enthusiasts build a new boat each year, ever seeking to make an improvement.

Furthermore, the Moth provides fun and recreation for grown-ups as well as for boys and girls. Boys below 15 must compete in the junior division, but from 16 up they are eligible to compete against the men.

The 1936 National Championship winner was Jack Vail, a 16-year-old youngster from Norfolk, Virginia, who had been sailing for less than two years.

Then, too, the Moth, besides being inexpensive and easy to build, is easily transported from one place to another. Four or five fellows can load their Moths on a small trailer carriage, hook it to an automobile and be off to a regatta several hundred miles away.

Attending a Moth regatta is very inexpensive compared to the cost of following other sports, for members of the host clubs usually take the visiting skippers into their homes and entertain them while the regatta is in progress, the hospitality being reciprocated at a later regatta.

The outstanding thing about the Moth class, though, is the fact that it is decidedly non-commercial and is followed more for the sport of it than perhaps any other form of racing. There are no cash prizes in Moth boat regattas. And Moth boat skippers, except in rare instances, do not even lay wagers on the outcome of the races. Nor are a great many of the boats purchased outright from boatbuilders. Most skippers build their own boats or have friends build them.

In other words, the Moth is a sporty little boat which doesn't cost much and can be enjoyed by almost any member of the family and which affords its owner an opportunity for exciting competition.

There is a very great possibility that the year 1938 may bring to our shores the first foreign Moths to compete against the fastest Moths of this country. Plans are under way to bring at least one foreign Moth fleet, and possibly another, to this country next year, in which event the Antonia Trophy will have truly become an international trophy.

And who knows but that the 1940 Olympic Games may see competitive Moth boat racing? Sailing was introduced in the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, and there is no good reason why the Moth class cannot be represented in 1940. This is not at all out of the question, for the Moth class has the most wide-awake and most enthusiastic group of leaders you have ever heard of.

Officers of the International Moth Class Association are:

President, Ernest J. Sanders, Pasquotank River Yacht Club, Elizabeth City, North Carolina; Vice-President, Merritt W. Green, Baw Beese Sailing Club, Hillsdale, Michigan; Secretary, Selby Stokes, Pasquotank River Yacht Club, Elizabeth City, North Carolina; Measurer, Harry Andrews, Evening Star Yacht Club, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Some of the outstanding annual Moth races and regattas are held as follows:

"Siesta Trophy" Race—Palm Beach, Florida, each February.

Mid-Winter Moth Regatta—Miami, Florida, each March.

Southeastern States Moth Regatta—Melbourne, Florida, each March.

Maury Regatta, (High school students and junior yacht club members)—Norfolk, Virginia, each May.

Mid-West Moth Regatta—Hillsdale, Michigan, each July.

Newport News Regatta—Newport News, Virginia, each July.

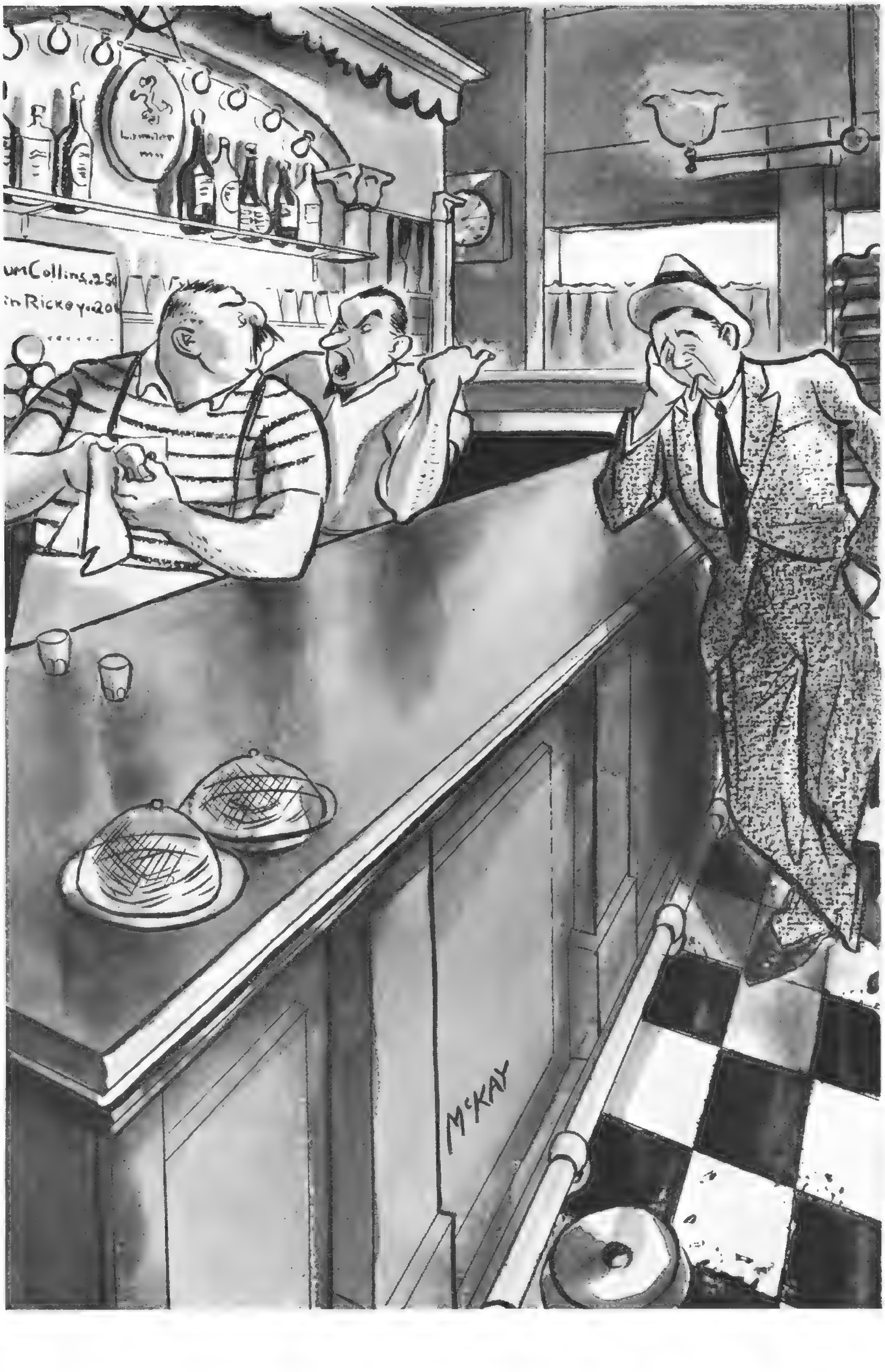
Hampton Regatta—Hampton, Virginia, each July.

Middle Atlantic States Moth Regatta—Atlantic City, New Jersey, each August.

President's Cup Moth Regatta—Washington, D. C., each September. Held in conjunction with The President's Cup Regatta.

Annual National Moth Boat Regatta—Championships of The United States—Elizabeth City, North Carolina, each October.

"Antonia Trophy" World's Championship Regatta—Held each year with the winner deciding upon the race course and date. #


umCollins .25¢
in Rickey .20¢
McKAY

"He says he talks to himself and the conversation's so dull he wants a Mickey Finn"

Mr. Caley Goes Home

Continued from page 83

"I'm sorry, but . . ."

The car swung viciously to the curb. "Get out!" snapped the woman. "A bum! And I took you for a sure touch!"

On foot once more and still miles from home, Mr. Caley stood bewildered. He wasn't sure just where he was, but he disliked the neighborhood and he decided to return to the boulevard. Then he saw the parked sedan with the two men in the front seat. It was headed north and its engine was running. There was just a chance . . .

Mr. Caley approached the car. "I beg your pardon," he began. "Are you gentlemen going north by any chance?"

The bulky man beside the driver glared venomously. "Get the hell out of here, mugg," he snarled, "before you get hurt!"

"But I just thought . . ." began Mr. Caley apologetically.

From somewhere behind him came two muffled explosions. Then a door slammed and there were running footsteps. Turning, Mr. Caley was sent sprawling by an out-thrust arm from the car, just as a third man, the runner, leaped into the rear seat. Mr. Caley blinked as the car roared away, but he noticed that its taillight glimmered uncertainly, as from a loose connection in the wiring. He was still trying to get to his feet when the door of a drug store a few feet away burst open and an excited clerk ran out, shouting, "Help! Police! They shot the boss!"

He was on his feet, dazedly rubbing his bruised elbow, when a police car, its crew attracted by the outcry, pulled up with a shriek of its brakes. A police sergeant leaped out.

"They went that way!" cried Mr. Caley, seizing the sergeant's arm and pointing to the north. "I saw them. Three men in a sedan!"

"Call the station!" snapped the sergeant to the clerk. "You," he barked at Mr. Caley, "get in!"

Mr. Caley got in hurriedly, stumbling over a box of riot guns and ammunition. "They turned right at the next corner!" he gasped, jerked backward by the car's forward rush. "You can tell them by their taillight. It goes on and off!"

The police car took the corner without slackening speed. Far ahead on the deserted street, a car turned north into the boulevard. Its taillight blinked uncertainly.

"It's them!" cried Mr. Caley, and the policemen nodded grimly. A few moments later, they, too, had turned north in pursuit.

At first the police car gained rapidly. Then, conscious for the first time that they were being followed, the occupants of the bandit car threw off all pretense of innocence. Disregarding lanes and traffic lights, the driver of the car ahead fled north. Half a block behind, the police car followed relentlessly. The sergeant's gun was in his hand, but he did not use it. The police siren screamed.

Mr. Caley hunched, shivering, in the back seat. He kept his eyes, fascinated, on the flickering taillight ahead, and was unaware of how far the chase had led until the stone entrance into the new River Parkway flashed past. And he cowered lower as the driver, on a perfect speedway, jammed the throttle to the floor and held it there.

It was at the point where the Parkway swings sharply west that the end came. The bandit car was going very fast, too fast for that turn. It slewed viciously, then rolled over and over and burst into flames. The police car skidded to a stop close by, the officers leaping out with ready guns. But there was no need for them. There was nothing to do except watch the fire. Surprisingly, it did not last long.

"Will you want me any more?" asked Mr. Caley finally.

The sergeant, his eyes still glassy with horror, shook his head silently. It was the police driver who wrote down Mr. Caley's name and address, patted his shoulder, and opened a way for him through the crowd. It was only a block to the apartment where Mr. Caley lived.

"Is that you, Myron?" his wife called from the kitchen, as Mr. Caley entered his living room.

"Yes," said Mr. Caley dully.

"Well, so you're home on time for once!" sniffed Mrs. Caley. "Why can't you get home the same way every night?"

But there was no reply this time. Mr. Caley had fainted. ⧺

A Coming Come-Back

Continued from page 80

Coachman and a floating nymph. Maybe he thinks he's caught a flash of a passing minnow. Perhaps it's just ridiculous enough to whet his curiosity. Whatever his reaction may be, it's up to the fisherman to stimulate it to the striking point, and it will take more than a mere repetitious presentation of the lure to do this. There are dozens of things you can do with that Royal Coachman after you get it on the water. But you won't learn much about it on the lawn.

The bucktails and streamers are comparatively easy, of course. There is no doubt in the wet-fly man's mind as to what they mean. They are all minnows, or strong suggestions of minnows. All you have to do with a bucktail is to get it to the proper spot and make it act like a minnow. There aren't more than a dozen or so ways a minnow can act, or more than half a hundred different designs of bucktails. Just fit the two together, that's all.

There is, of course, no question of the fact that the proper use of the wet fly requires terminal tackle quite as fine as does the dry fly. In some cases, actually, the requirements are stiffer. The fish rising to the dry fly is convinced of its reality by the time he makes up his mind to rise, and while a great chunk of gut across his path will unquestionably put him down, his field of vision is limited by the surface of the water. I have taken many good trout on the dry fly when a recalcitrant leader insisted on floating, provided it did not float right up to the eye of the hook. If a couple of inches sank, or stood above the surface, the rise was not checked. The dent made by the floating leader might be only two inches or so from the fly, but that was enough, apparently, to still any suspicions which may have arisen in the trout's mind. Even a tiny dry midge will take a respectable weight of gut, provided it does not rest on the surface of the water right up to the fly itself. But underwater it is a different story. The only defense against detection is clear gut of the lightest possible weight. I speak, of course, of normally clear water. There is no distorting water surface, no deceptive refraction, to supply a margin of doubt. The fish either sees the gut or he does not; he cannot ignore its proximity, as he appears to do so often when the dry fly is in question. There, he may think the floating leader is a twig, or other uninteresting and unrelated substance, but when in the unrestricted underwater vision he sees the apparent food supply being dragged hither and yon by an inexplicable cable, he knows something is definitely wrong, and leaves it alone.

There are several reasons why it is more difficult (and therefore more praiseworthy to accomplish) to hook a trout with a wet fly than with a dry. First, of course, is the matter of knowing when to strike. As long as your fly is floating, you will be able to see your rise and act accordingly and instantaneously. With the wet fly, often out of sight or nearly so, you must depend on many subtle signs to know when to give it to him, a movement of the leader, perhaps, a twitch felt and not seen, the flash of a turning trout. Whatever it is that tells you to strike, it generally means that about half your opportunity for setting the hook has already passed, and you must act like lightning, double-greased, and yet with gentleness enough to save your light tackle.

And when you do strike, as likely as not you are snatching the hook away from the fish's mouth. The fly is moving through the water, following the leader, and the fish follows the fly. The instant he takes it in his mouth, and thereby signals for a strike, your twitch of the wrist tears it away from him, unless he has clamped firmly on it and has not started to spew it forth again. It may catch his lips, but it is quite apt to keep right on going.

The situation is generally reversed with the dry fly. It comes downstream, following the leader, point forward. The fish ordinarily comes up current, so when you strike, you are pulling it right back into his mouth. Just a slight stiffening of the casting arm is all you need to set the barb firmly.

There is another aspect of the strike which I believe to be true, but which I admit I cannot prove. I believe that one of the reasons for the better hooking of trout on the dry fly is due to the fact that when, as, and if a trout decides to take the dry fly, he does it without reservations. It may take him a long time to make up his mind, and it may cost you half an hour of hard casting to persuade him that he wants it, but when he does, he does. He gorges it. But the wet fly gives him better chances for observation. It looks good, but perhaps it's not just right. Well, he says, we'll take a nip and see, just taste the edge. And that's when you strike. Too bad. Now, if you had *fished* that wet fly as well as you had *cast* the dry, the fish's doubts would have been resolved, and he would have gorged, not tasted, and you would have acquired a trout by the exercise of much more comprehensive skill than that required merely to float a fly over the same bit of current a couple of dozen times in a row.

For a long time, the argument of wet versus dry has been fought with most of the weight and authority on the dry side. Its proponents have shouted so loudly about the beauty of the floater, and the skill in casting required, that they have lost sight of the fact that there is really little more to it than that. The dry fly is an effective, entertaining, and exacting method of taking trout. It is a highly sportsmanlike method, reasonably difficult to use well on many fast American streams. It has been highly honored, and with justice. But the wet fly method has all these attributes, plus the fact that its effectiveness can be augmented by the skill of the angler. If the trout are not taking surface food, the dry-fly man can cast his arm off without moving a fish, but it is a very rare circumstance, when, even though the trout are apparently not feeding at all, the persistent and experienced wet-fly man cannot score. Is this not, then, the better method?

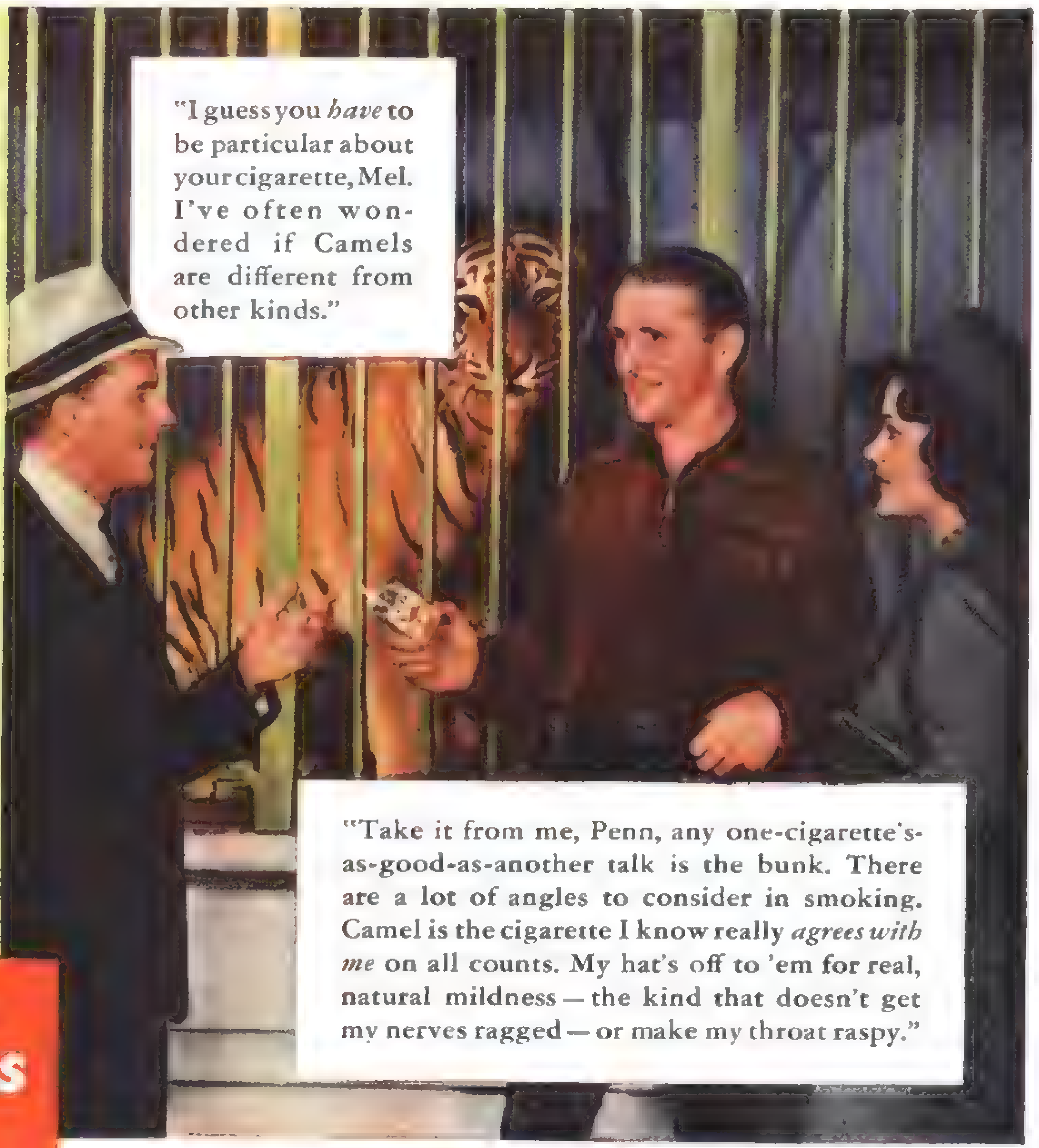
The wet fly is due for a come-back in popular esteem. The return trip will be made to the accompaniment of endless argument and discussion, most of which will be lots of fun. Anyway, here's an opening shot . . . or mayhap a target. ⧺

MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!

Here is Mel Koontz in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The lion springs straight at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"

says **MEL KOONTZ** to **PENN PHILLIPS**



"I guess you *have* to be particular about your cigarette, Mel. I've often wondered if Camels are different from other kinds."

"Take it from me, Penn, any one-cigarette's-as-good-as-another talk is the bunk. There are a lot of angles to consider in smoking. Camel is the cigarette I know really *agrees with me* on all counts. My hat's off to 'em for real, natural mildness—the kind that doesn't get my nerves ragged—or make my throat raspy."

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of other men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it.....We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY

"I know the kind of tobacco used for making various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has spent 19 years growing tobacco. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I *know* Camels *are* made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself."

"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years," says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."

"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. And most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

America's FOUR

THE outstanding excellence of these four whiskies can be measured by any one of several yardsticks.

The green stamp that is common to them all tells you they are bottled in bond at full 100 proof under U. S. Government supervision—the strictest in the world.

On each of the four familiar labels you'll find an old and highly respected name, famous for generations as a mark of supreme whiskey quality.

Just try these whiskies, and you'll discover each is characterized by a rare flavor all its own. Price them, and you'll find recent reductions bring them well within your means. And regardless of which best suits you, you know you're enjoying as fine a whiskey as traditional skill, the choicest grains and unhurried time can produce.

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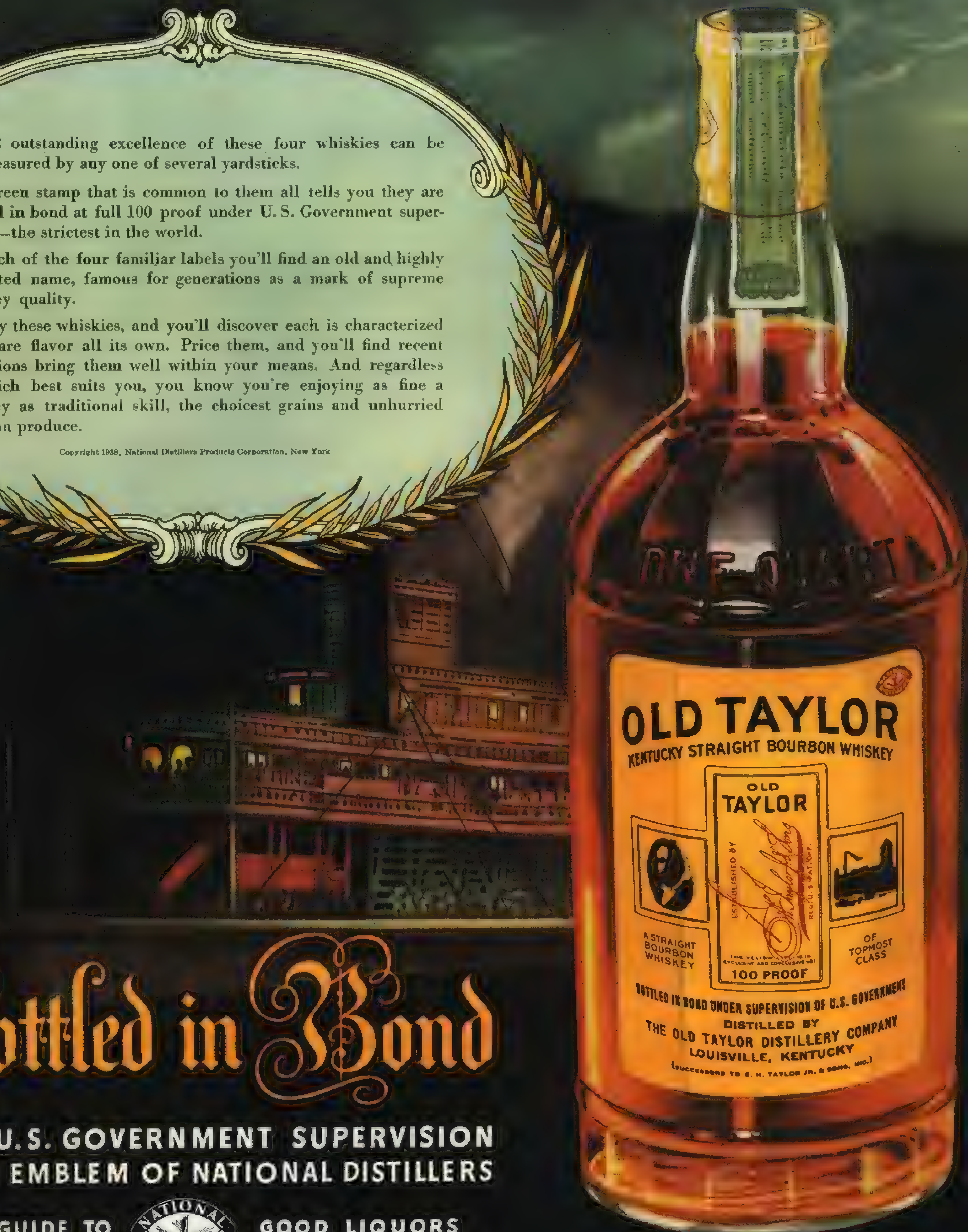

ONE QUART
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)

* Bottled in Bond

UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
AND THE EMBLEM OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

OLD TAYLOR — marked with the signature of a man who made whiskey history

MOST whiskies*

ONE QUART
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
1 QUART 100 PROOF
OLD OVERHOLT STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA., U.S.A.
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOV'T
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
Mount Vernon Brand
Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond Under Supervision of U. S. Govt.
Distilled By
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.

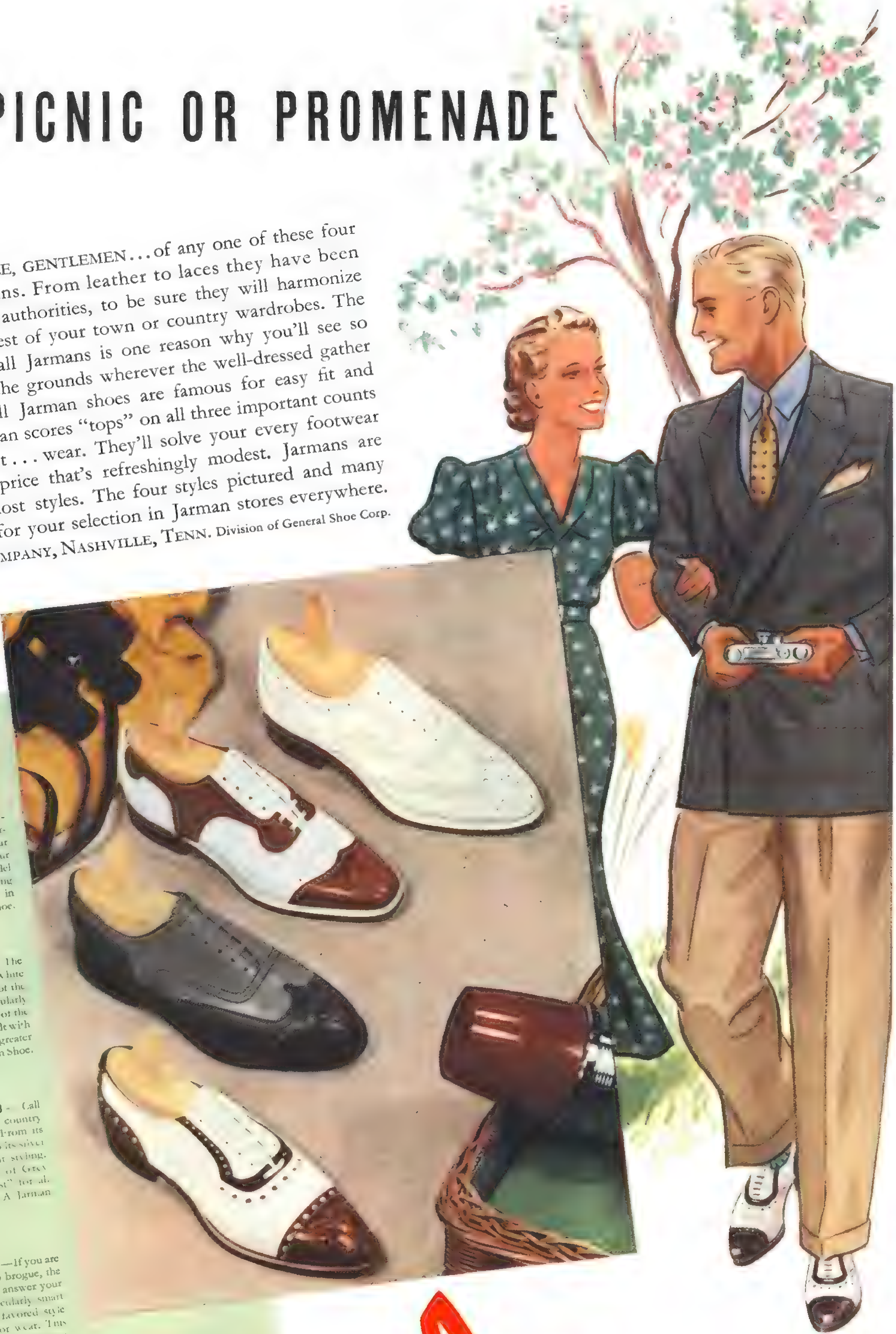
OLD GRAND-DAD — one of the finest bourbons that ever came out of Kentucky

MOUNT VERNON — delicate in flavor . . . the patrician of American ryes

OLD OVERHOLT — 128 years famous for its rich, robust rye taste

FOR PICNIC OR PROMENADE

TAKE YOUR CHOICE, GENTLEMEN . . . of any one of these four fine-looking Jarmans. From leather to laces they have been checked by apparel authorities, to be sure they will harmonize perfectly with the rest of your town or country wardrobes. The ultra smartness of all Jarmans is one reason why you'll see so many Jarmans on the grounds wherever the well-dressed gather . . . then, too . . . all Jarman shoes are famous for easy fit and extra service. Jarman scores "tops" on all three important counts —style . . . comfort . . . wear. They'll solve your every footwear problem . . . at a price that's refreshingly modest. Jarmans are $5.00 to $7.50, most styles. The four styles pictured and many others are ready for your selection in Jarman stores everywhere. JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, NASHVILLE, TENN. Division of General Shoe Corp.



4 STARS IN THE JARMAN SPRING STYLE SHOW

☆ **THE CLIPPER No. 2306** This snow-white brogue—the Clipper—is correctly fashioned to be right with your most formal flannels . . . or with your sportiest slacks. It's an Airflator model . . . which means it has a fine-feeling soft cushion innersole. Fashioned in White Buck. A Jarman Airflator Shoe.

☆ **THE CROYDON No. M4554** The Croydon in Saddle Tan and White Calf is an outstanding example of the shoe designer's art. It is particularly recommended to men in search of the newest in footwear fashion. Built with balanced swing construction for greater walking ease. A Jarman Custom Shoe.

☆ **THE FLEETWOOD No. 4450** - Call for the Fleetwood for your country and spectator sports wear. From its black imported crepe sole to its silver grey laces it bespeaks right styling. Fashioned in two tones of Grey Boarded Calfskin. A "must" for all well-dressed week-enders. A Jarman Custom Shoe.

☆ **THE CLIPPER No. 1550**—If you are partial to the straight tip brogue, the Clipper shown here will answer your every demand. Its particularly smart appearance makes it a favored style for office or for outdoor wear. This season it's as equally right when worn with grey suitings, as with brown or white. A Jarman Friendly Shoe.

TREAD•TESTED

Like car-makers, Jarman pre-tests every new model. We call it the *Tread-Test*. It is an actual walking test, mile after mile, day after day. The *Tread-Test* assures you that your Jarman shoes will keep their smart looks and give lasting satisfaction.

Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

MOST STYLES

$5 TO $7.50

Black Tobias and the Empire

Continued from page 37

tomary good morning. My curiosity was aroused and I decided to step out into the street and wait for the Emperor. Ten-thirty, ten-forty-five, and still no carriage and no Emperor. I looked at my watch and asked a passerby for the right time. It was ten to eleven. That was strange, what could have happened to His Majesty? Perhaps he left for the front, perhaps his army needed moral support? Was he ill?

"Herr Kratochwil, the Socialist, just then came out of his apartment and I stopped him: 'Did you see the Emperor pass by today, or yesterday?'

"He stared at me—and then laughed out loud and began calling the neighbors together: 'That's a good one! Listen, folks, that's a good joke! Black Tobias asks for his Majesty, for his Emperor! Ha—ha—ha—ha—Black Tobias wants to bow deeply. 'Good Morning, Majesty! Ja, ja, your Majesty, ha—ha—ha.'

"I walked away from that disrespectful crowd which joined Kratochwil in wild laughter. I was bewildered. I did not understand the meaning of all this. I escaped into the store of Herr Spira and asked him.

"'Where were you the last few days, Tobias?' he asked. 'Did you not hear what happened? Don't you know about the revolution, about the abdication of Emperor Carl? Don't you know that there is no more an Austrian-Hungarian Empire? Don't you know that the war is lost? That Emperor Carl was chased out of Vienna? That new republics were established? That you live now in the Republic of Austria? Yes, Tobias, the Empire is gone, the Hapsburgs are gone, ach, what a world . . .'

"'Yes,' I said, 'Yes, I know now. Yes, it is all my fault, all my fault . . .' But Herr Spira, of course, did not understand, he could not understand. And as I walked toward my room, I whispered to myself the words the Emperor said in the Trocadero that night, long, long ago—'I fear that if one day he would not be there to greet me, the Empire would fall apart, the end would come for the Hapsburgs' . . ." ⋕

The A B C's in Manila

Continued from page 35

But after you have been out here six years, as I have, you have no idea how good it is to talk to someone fresh from home. I am Jack Brown of the City Bank, and I hope you will forgive me for being so forward."

He gives her a practiced smile and offers a cigarette.

While holding a match for her, she catches him literally devouring her with his eyes. The tropics go to work on her vigorously.

"Won't you have a bit of Manila hospitality, Miss Evans," and without waiting, he claps his hands for the Boy.

The lad comes on the run. "Yes, Mr. Brown." All of which puts the ball right over the center field fence with the lovely Miss Evans, candidate for Class "A" rating.

Other young bucks saunter through the lobby, they speak to Jack most affably. He introduces Miss Evans and she finds herself the center of a group of Manila people and is she thrilled!

Jack Brown, an old hand at the technique, suggests a drive around the city before dinner. He'd be delighted to show her the really interesting places. Jack nods to the hotel starter, who calls in an important manner, "Mr. Jack Brown's car."

As the uniformed chauffeur rolls up in a shiny new sedan, Miss Evans of Indianapolis is practically short of breath.

Of course, she doesn't know that chauffeurs cost only $15 per month, and few people drive their own cars in Manila.

Miss Evans, Charlotte by now, is simply bewildered by all this attention. This is the Romance of the Tropics of which she has dreamed for years. This is the way she had always hoped love would sweep her off her feet.

Jack bargains for her in the native dialect in tourist shops. As the prices come tumbling down, Jack's stock goes up and up. He shows her the revolving cubbyhole in the convent wall where unmarried mothers leave their mistakes. He tells her of naughty cabarets where dusky maids dance for ten cents and go places for half a dollar.

Jack, the quintessence of propriety and decorum at all times, is delighted with so charming and witty a person as Charlotte Evans from Indiana. He tells her so—with enthusiasm. After the drive around Manila, which most Grade "A" customers get, Jack returns her to the *Empress* so she may dress for dinner, a special dinner at the Polo Club. He will wear a mess jacket and send her flowers.

"By the way, Charlotte, what color gown will you wear this evening? I ask so that the orchids I am sending you will be complementary to your color scheme."

And in an hour a shoulder spray of gorgeous orchids arrives at her stateroom door. She and all her friends, who by now have heard much about the glamorous Jack Brown, gasp in ecstasy at the lovely parasites. If Charlotte had any inhibitions, the orchids have insidiously eliminated them.

She, of course, doesn't know that the lovely blossoms are as common as dandelions, and the spray cost Jack not a cent over a dollar. So Charlotte wears her prettiest frock and because it is such a balmy, languid night and the tropics are nibbling away at her, she wears no more than necessary. It can be amazingly little.

Continued on page 108

reliable in the rain

Alligator raincoats achieve a perfect alliance . . . rain reliability plus *style*. Galecloth, an exclusive Alligator fabric, looks like a fine worsted, yet it is lightweight, windproof and water repellent. Here is the perfectly tailored popular double breasted, belted model. In a variety of smart colors. $15.75 and $18.50.

Same model in an ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT, guaranteed waterproof, dustproof and windproof by Alligator's exclusive process in which no rubber is used. Variety of colors. $5.75 to $15.75.

Both Galecoats and Alligator Raincoats may also be had in single breasted models.

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS AND GALECOATS

HOW A SIMPLE TRICK MAKES SHAVING EASY

BLACKSTONE, MASTER MAGICIAN, TELLS ALL

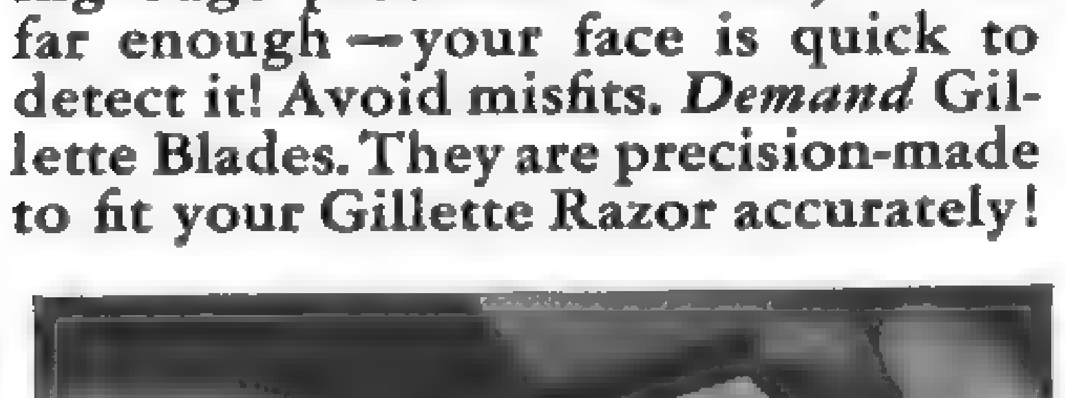
● "Making whiskers disappear like magic is one of the easiest tricks on earth," says Blackstone, who amazes crowds nightly with his startling feats of wizardry. "Just slip a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor and—presto—you've got the closest, longest-lasting shave money can buy. Nobody can fool me on blades or shaving methods. I've tried them all. That's why I say, the cheek is quicker than the eye. Shave the Gillette way and your face *feels* the difference. What's more, it *shows* the difference—looks cleaner and smoother—for hours to come!"

THE CLOCK WAKES YOU—IT TAKES A GILLETTE SHAVE TO WAKE YOUR FACE

● An alarm clock may get you up—but it takes a clean, close Gillette shave to *wake up your face!* No other method is so stimulating and refreshing. A keen Gillette Blade tones your skin magically—keeps it looking and feeling like a "million!"

I SAID GILLETTE!
REMEMBER IT'S YOUR FACE

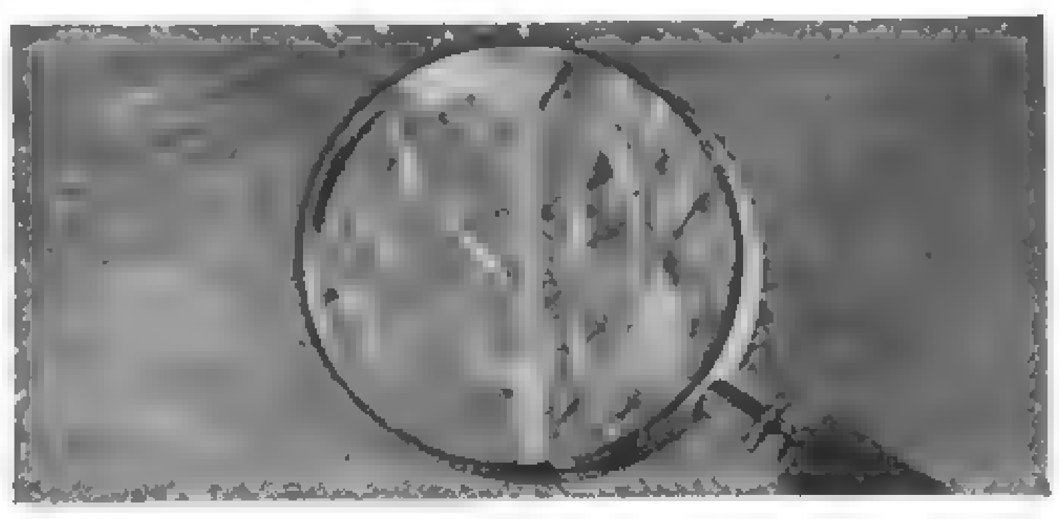
● Misfit razor blades may fool the eye—but not the cheek! When shaving edge protrudes too far, or not far enough—your face is quick to detect it! Avoid misfits. *Demand* Gillette Blades. They are precision-made to fit your Gillette Razor accurately!



● Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream—made with peanut oil—softens tough whiskers, speeds shaving, soothes the skin. You'll like it! Big tube 25¢.

PRESTO! THE WORLD'S BEST SHAVE

● A few passes whisk away Blackstone's steel-gray stubble quickly and cleanly. You don't have to be a magician to duplicate this feat. Simply use a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor. You'll get the world's best shaves for *less than one cent a day.*



GILLETTE METHOD: Gillette removes whiskers cleanly—at the skin line—giving you a shave that really lasts!

OTHER METHOD: The ragged stubble left by another method will look full-grown in a few short hours!

LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY
buys the world's finest blades

PRECISION-MADE FOR EACH OTHER

Gillette Blades
MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

The A B C's in Manila

Continued from pages 35-107

At eight, Jack calls for her. He compliments her on her gown, her jewelry and repeatedly says how fortunate he is to meet so charming and beautiful a person. They go to the Army & Navy Club for a couple of gimlets in the cocktail bar. They have another and maybe another. By nine o'clock, Charlotte, who isn't exactly matriculated to the effect of four Manila gimlets, is very mellow and most amenable. And so to the Polo Club for dinner by candlelight, along the sea wall.

Jack watches his customer carefully. Practice has made him proficient at the flattery that knocks them over.

During the three-mile drive to the Polo Club Charlotte relaxes very sweetly. The casual, but observant eye of her escort now is more certain than ever that Miss Indianapolis is Grade "A."

She rests her head on his strong shoulder. He puts his arm around her as any gentleman should.

"Jack, I've been terribly fortunate meeting you and being so royally entertained. I wish there were some way I could repay you."

"Think nothing of it, Darling. It is so rare that a really interesting girl comes to town that you are giving me the greatest thrill I've had in months and months."

At the Polo Club Jack leads her across the wide lawn down to the sea wall. Dinner is served out under the stars on a faultlessly appointed table with only a solitary shaded candle to cast glamorous shadows across her orchids. The mellow light of the moon, the gentle lapping of the waves on Manila Bay and the ecstatic song of an unseen bird become in their effect not unlike a forbidden potion. Charlotte asks with her eyes, "Why can't this go on and on?"

To himself Jack says, "Good old alcohol and atmosphere. You two guys are doing a nice job."

And so the perfectly served dinner gets under way abetted by a bottle of wine. Before midnight Charlotte and Jack have discussed intimately all of life and love and happiness. The maid from Indianapolis has dramatized the story of her years and her search for love. Jack is so sympathetic and so understanding.

"Jack, you are being very sweet to me. I feel that I have known you for a very long time."

According to schedule, by the time Charlotte has sipped her coffee and topped it off with a Drambuie, Jack has told her of his trips through the land of the Igorotes and their strange trial marriage customs. He has many rolls of colored movies. But they are at his house, unfortunately. Charlotte is most anxious to see them, and so, reluctantly, Jack is persuaded to take her to his house. They drive to his bachelor chalet on the shore of Manila Bay. One side of the verandah opens out on the beach. A dense copse of willowy bamboo secludes his abode from his neighbors a hundred yards away. A faint breeze carries the scent of night blooming flowers.

She flings wide her arms to grasp the beauty of this night as she walks out on the sand. This is the romance of the Orient. This is what she has been waiting for.

Jack arrives with two long brandy sodas. They sit on the edge of the beach couch while they sip their drinks. But the moonlight is too compelling. They walk toward the water.

"You'll ruin your slippers, Precious."

And before she can protest, he has taken them off.

"Wouldn't it be a grand night for a swim," he asks authoritatively. "Really, Darling, you don't know the thrill of the tropics until you have gone swimming by moonlight in Manila Bay."

"But I haven't a suit!"

"Tut, tut. We aren't prudes."

Hand in hand they walk out into the gentle surf. They swim. They splash. They play. He compliments her on her figure and she admits she has been observant too.

"Darling," he calls softly.

"Yes . . ."

"I'm terribly glad you came to Manila. You have given me a great deal of happiness in these few hours. I really want to thank you."

Some time before dawn he returns her to the *Empress*, kisses her tenderly in parting and promises to write regularly and often.

The ship sails at 10 a.m., but not until he has sent her a box of gorgeous flowers with a card, "To a lovely person in the moonlight."

That is the story of Grade "A." The technique and locale may vary slightly, but the finesse and the method have become standardized.

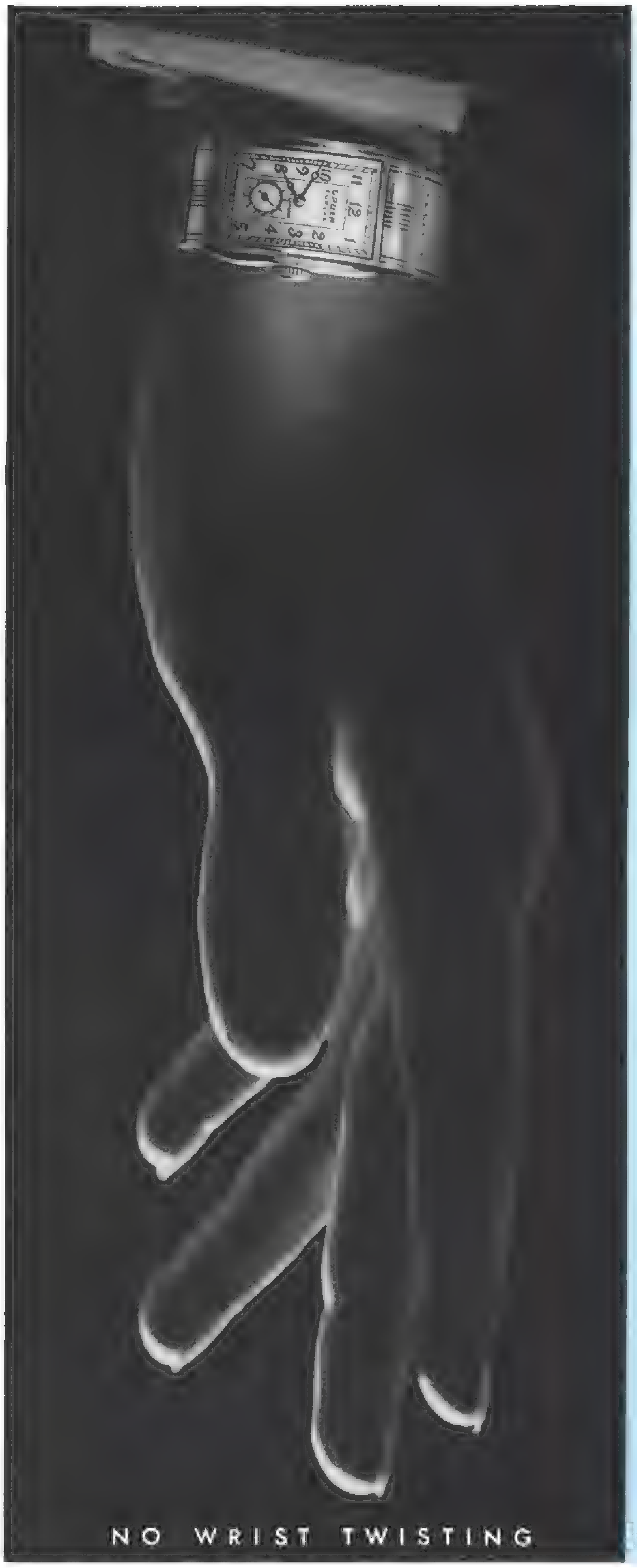
What is Grade "B" you ask? That is the pushover.

Except for a few obvious lads who play them, they get the go-by from the more discriminating males. After all, with so much possible material available, the lad out East becomes very choosy, or he purposely degenerates.

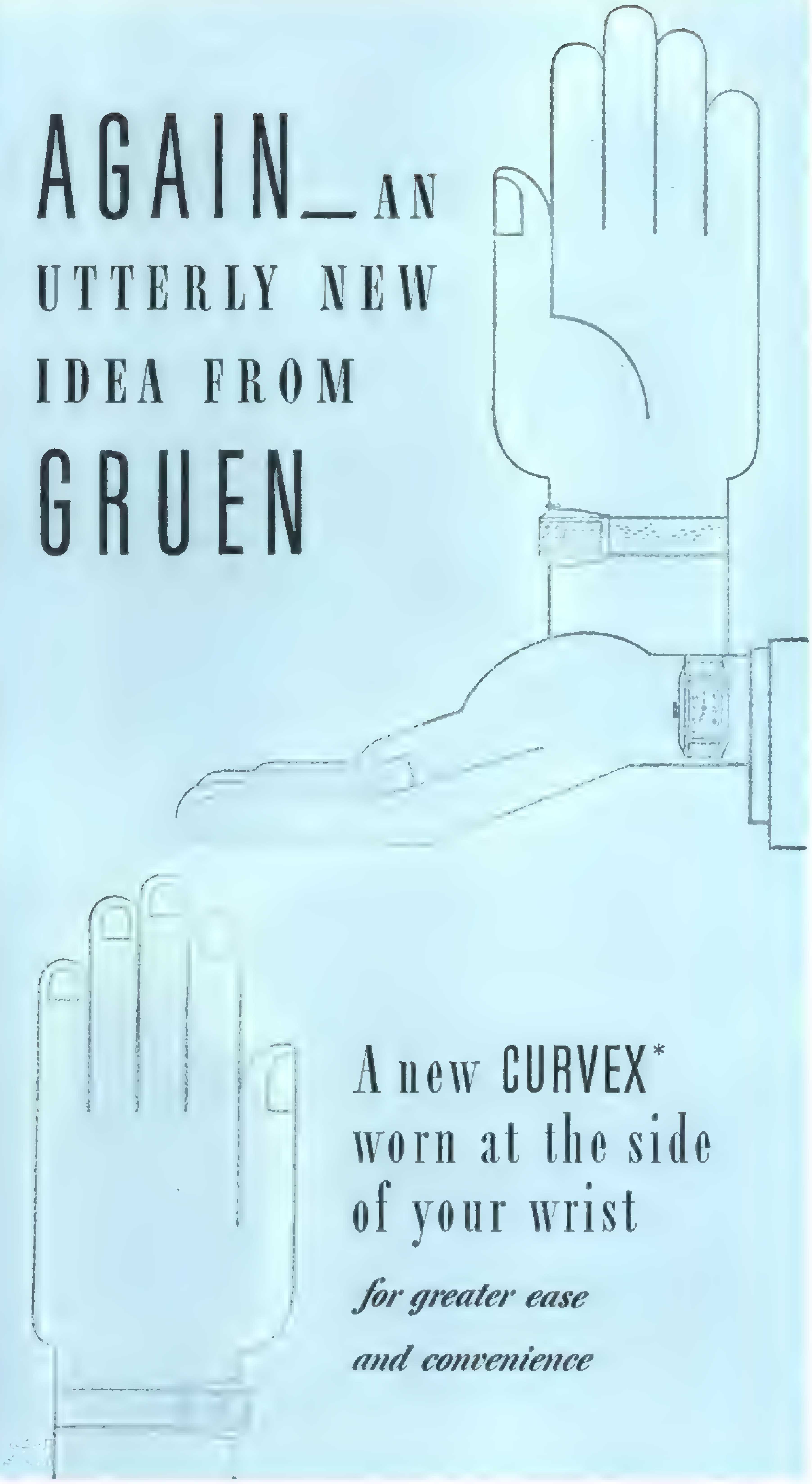
Grade "C" is not a classification. But a confession. It is an admission by a lad of the village that he didn't figure his prospect correctly. He thought she was Grade "A." She talked like one, drank like one, acted like one. But just wasn't. And so she is usually returned to her steamer before midnight, thanked profusely. She doesn't get the flowers.

The males of Manila are immensely discreet. They never discuss their *affaires d'amour* in public, and the tourist ladies, whether they be single or spliced, by unwritten law receive the utmost protection.

When the steamer sails at 10 a.m., many a tear is shed. Grade "A's" come from the heart. "B" just can't help herself. And those ladies over there, behind the lifeboat, with handkerchiefs to their eyes—because they didn't have the chance. ⌘



AGAIN—AN UTTERLY NEW IDEA FROM GRUEN



A new CURVEX* worn at the side of your wrist

for greater ease and convenience

Copyright 1938, The Gruen Watch Co.

Only GRUEN makes the CURVEX

WHEN you see this newest Curvex at your Gruen jeweler's you'll see it is a *new* idea. Strap one on, and you'll say it's a *great* idea! For it's not just a new style, it's a *new kind of watch*. Radical, but right. Smart, because it's so *sensible!* It gives you the time at the drop of an eye, without wrist-twisting or any of the old awkward gestures. It feels as "right" as a ring on your finger. Snug, trim, out of the way. It never slides, is always in place, the *natural* place for a wristwatch to be! Step into your Gruen jeweler's and strap on this remarkable new watch. There's a difference that's real, a difference you *feel*, a difference that's well worth knowing about before you put your money into *any* new watch today.

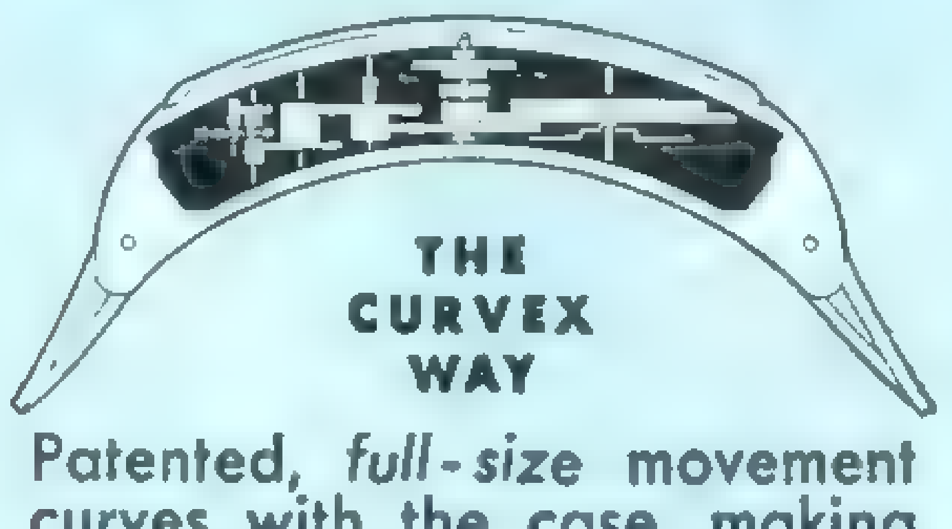
The Gruen Watch Co., Time Hill, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ont.

MODEL ILLUSTRATED, CURVEX LORD, $50.
Gruen Curvex for men from $50 . . . Gruen Curvex for women from $42.50 . . .
Other Gruen watches from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones, up to $2500.

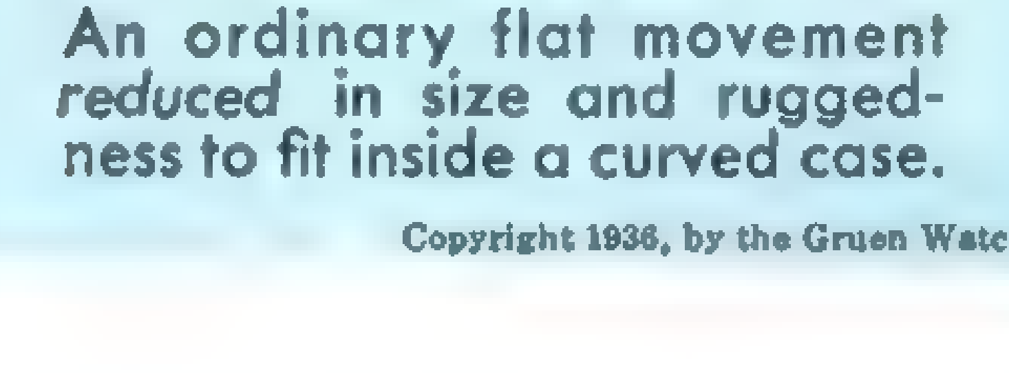
Only Gruen jewelers can sell the CURVEX

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. No other manufacturer is permitted to make the Curvex or to use the name. Patented U. S. Patents No. 1855952 Re. 20480. Canadian Patent No. 370997.

WHY A CURVED WATCH SHOULD HAVE A CURVED MOVEMENT



Patented, *full-size* movement curves with the case, making possible pocket-watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.



An ordinary flat movement *reduced* in size and ruggedness to fit inside a curved case.

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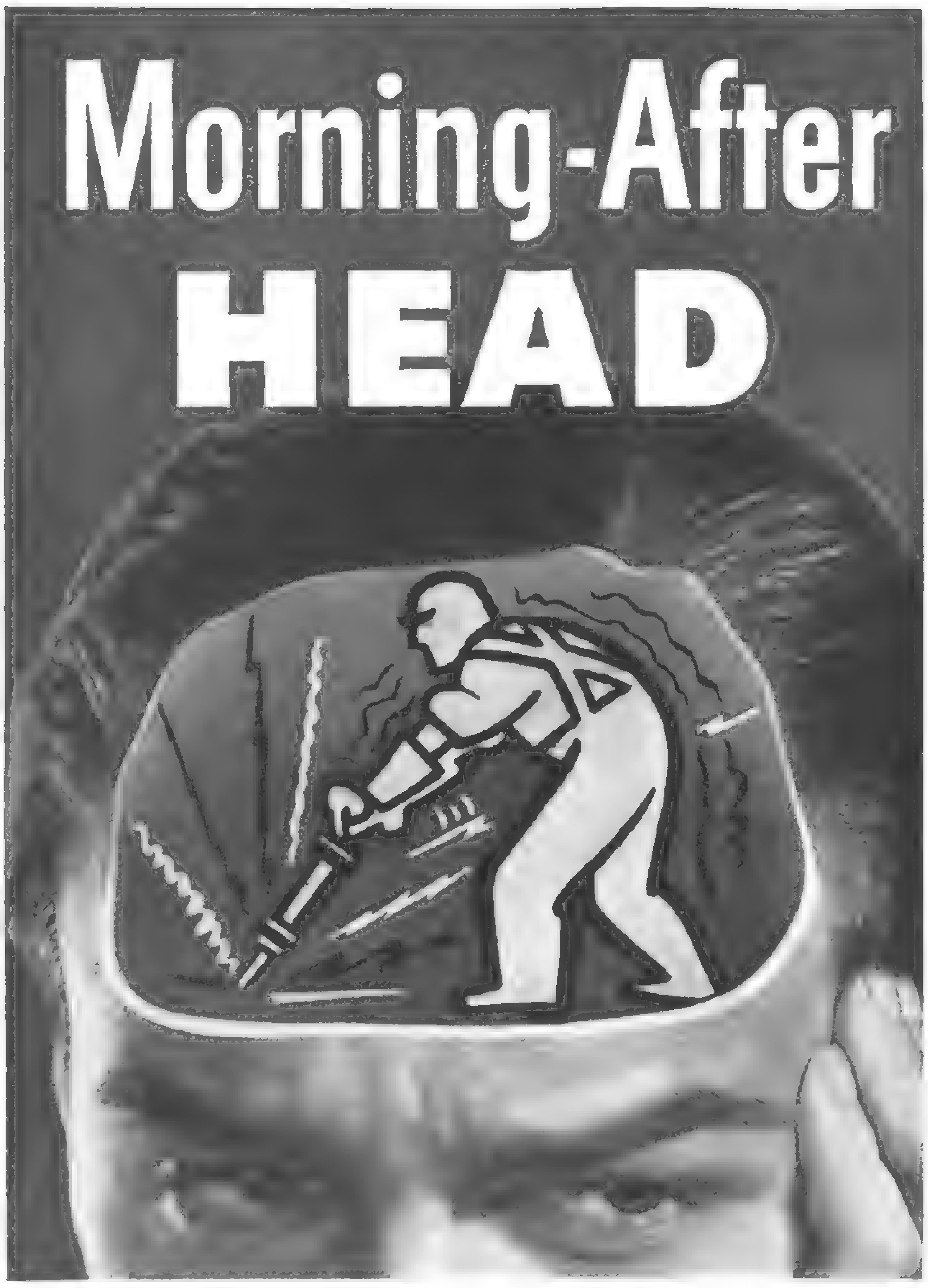
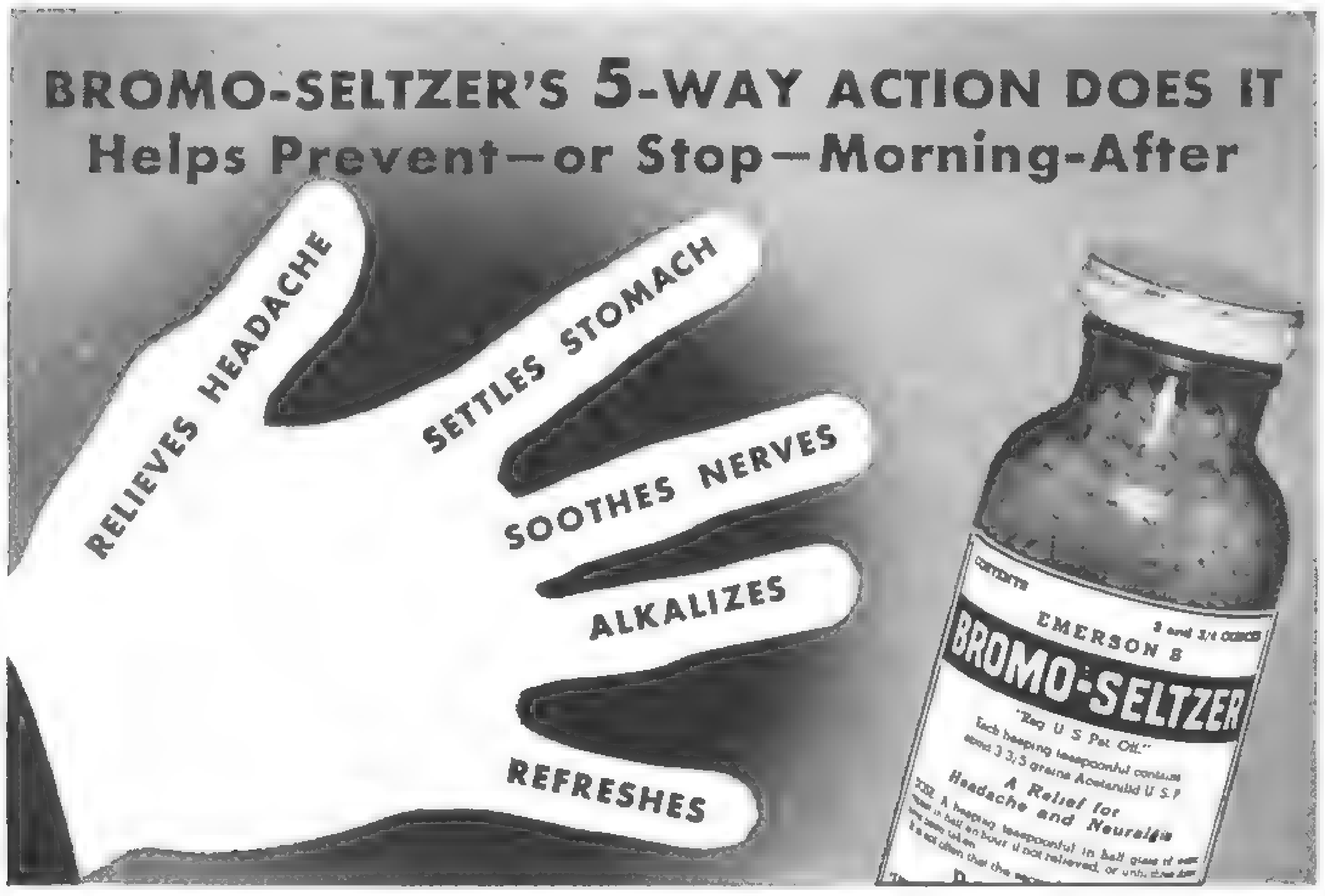


You can avoid it this BEFORE and AFTER way

• Why suffer old-fashioned morning-after agony? Be smart—follow your next evening party with a Bromo-Seltzer nightcap BEFORE you go to bed. While you sleep, it settles your stomach—soothes your nerves—ALKALIZES. Result: you often wake without a "head."

AFTER waking, another Bromo-Seltzer checks the effects of fatigue from a late bedtime. Leaves you more refreshed—feeling more alert!

At drugstores—soda fountains—everywhere. Keep it in your medicine cabinet, too.



Again—the Derby

Continued from page 39

a few furlongs. But a handicap of this sort in sprints is apt to prove an advantage over distances. Not many horses have the flashing speed to win from end to end over routes, as did War Admiral.

Redbreast, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's hopeful, is by Chicle, a bay horse bred in France and foaled in 1913. He was by Spearmint by Lady Hamburg II by Hamburg, and Spearmint also was the sire of Sir Galahad III's dam. Being by Chicle out of a Wildair mare, Redbreast is bred to run all day, certainly as far as horses are asked to go on the flat. His bloodlines cannot be seriously faulted, since his dam and his dam's sire were more than fair horses. His style of running indicates a natural router, and I am confident he will acquit himself creditably in the Derby if he has developed normally over the winter and trains on without mishap or accident in the spring.

Mrs. Whitney won the Derby of 1931 with her great distance-running three-year-old Twenty Grand, which set time of 2.01 4/5 for the mile and a quarter—a record that still stands. The first lady of the American turf may repeat this year, although Redbreast cannot be compared for a moment with the Grand on their performances as two-year-olds. One of America's finest and most bitterly contested horse races was Twenty Grand's victory over Equipoise by a nose in the furiously run Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes of 1930 at a mile. The time of the winner was 1.36—unequalled before or later by a two-year-old until Sailor Beware necked out Omaha at the same distance and in the same time in the Junior Champion Stakes of 1934.

When the present issue of this magazine reaches its readers the sports pages of newspapers will have begun to fill with pre-Derby comment, analyses of horses and their records, reports of workouts or morning gallops of entrants, and the thousand and one items of blue-grass news, from rumors and opinions to facts, that serve to stir up popular interest in the race and give even the most casual reader some idea of the probable starters and what they may be expected to do. Any competent horseman's opinion on the eve of the race is entitled to respect and will have some effect on the odds, but the fluctuation of prices up and down in accordance with the time any horse has set in morning speed trials is mere nonsense. Horses are trained for racing, not raced in training, whether or not the Derby be an immediate objective, and a fast six-furlong, mile or even a mile-and-a-quarter work is positively no reason at all for preferring the animalwhich showed it. Any thoroughbred of sufficient class to be in a Derby can run fast for any reasonable distance at a level rate all the way and when unopposed by other horses; times of workouts mean little on the issue of an animal's real quality; and a very fast work at the full Derby-distance of a mile and a quarter may be and often proves to be a thoroughly bad sign.

In Great Britain—nursery of the thoroughbred and home of racing—a trainer who wants to find out just what a nag is good for at any distance sets him down for a trial at speed against another horse of known ability, not against the watch. English turf-courses, in contrast with our oval dirt-tracks, are highly irregular in outline, and the number of individual animals in any one field usually is greater than with us, nor are English races often timed, and, if they are, the fractional and final figures are not published in past performances of the type we have in our standard racing sheets. Nevertheless, public (newspaper) selectors on the other side get just as high a percentage of winners as our own. These statements verge on the technical and may not be fully understood in all their bearings by a reader not a horse maniac, but their meaning is that times of races and workouts, unless so extremely fast as to indicate quite exceptional ability in the horse, mean very little when unsupported by a racing record satisfactory in terms of wins and general steadiness.

To put it pointedly and in a nutshell, if you fancy a Derby-horse because he won at two, has won at three, or is bred to stay and also won something at two—like Redbreast—don't abandon him and bet on a pre-race fast-worker merely because he has galloped unopposed to lively times, has impressed the clockers, and has set the telegraph wires buzzing. I would bet a few dollars quite cheerfully and confidently that eighty per cent of Derby winners over the past ten or twenty years have worked for the race at their fastest substantially slower than a horse or horses which did not even finish in the money.

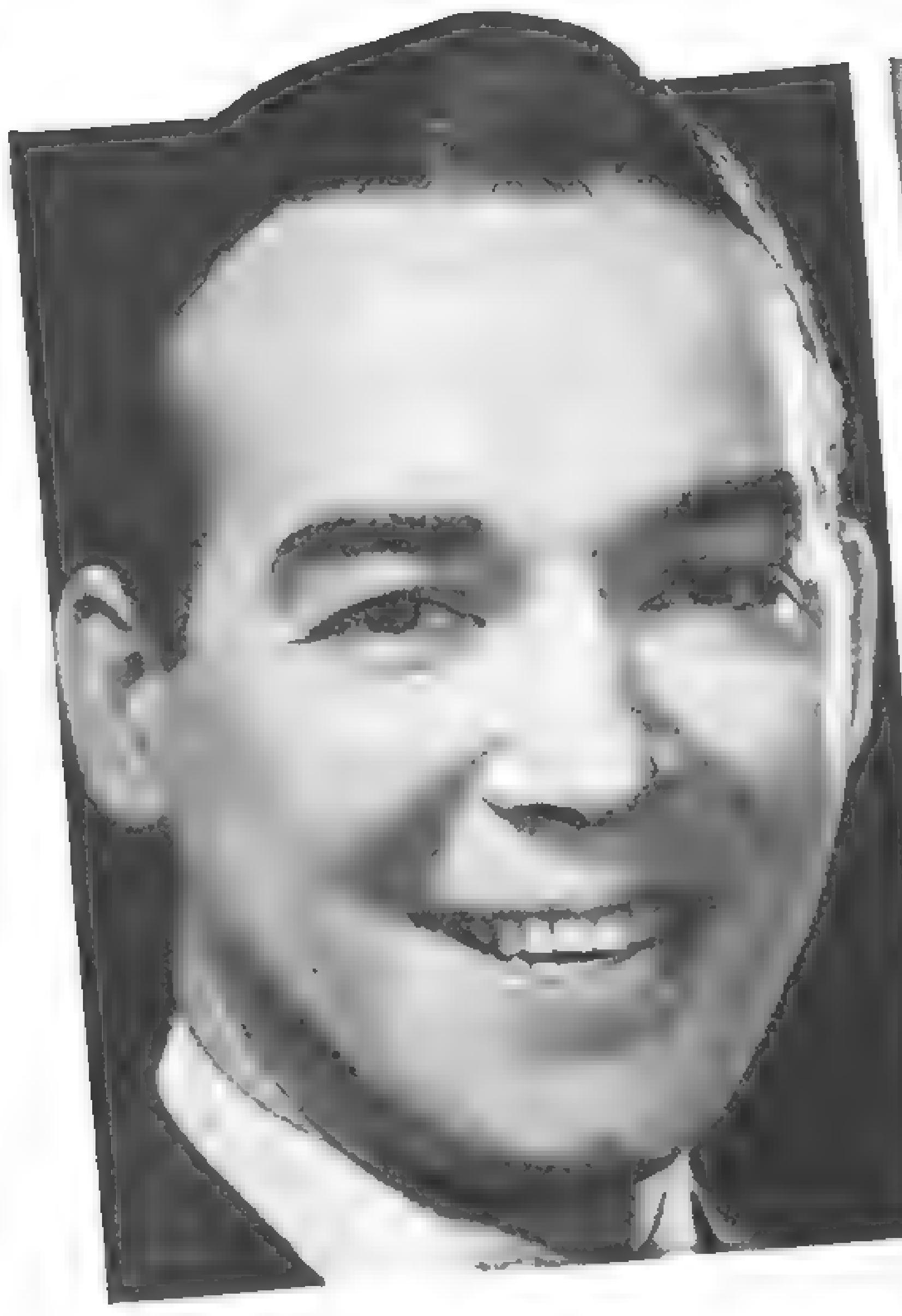
Some of the southern and far-western late winter or early spring distance-stakes in a sense serve as trials for the Derby although they normally do not attract any or many of the top-class colts. The real trials for the race are the mile and a sixteenth Chesapeake Stakes at Havre de Grace, Maryland, and the mile and seventy yard Wood Memorial at Jamaica, Long Island. Cavalcade in 1934 and War Admiral in 1937 forecast their Derby victories by winning the Chesapeake as did Twenty Grand in 1931 by taking the Wood. Usually the latter race attracts somewhat the better field and the future-book odds of its winner drop sharply. Omaha probably would have been post-favorite for the Derby had he not been beaten in the Wood Memorial by Rosemont which in 1937 won the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap at a mile and a quarter for the Foxcatcher

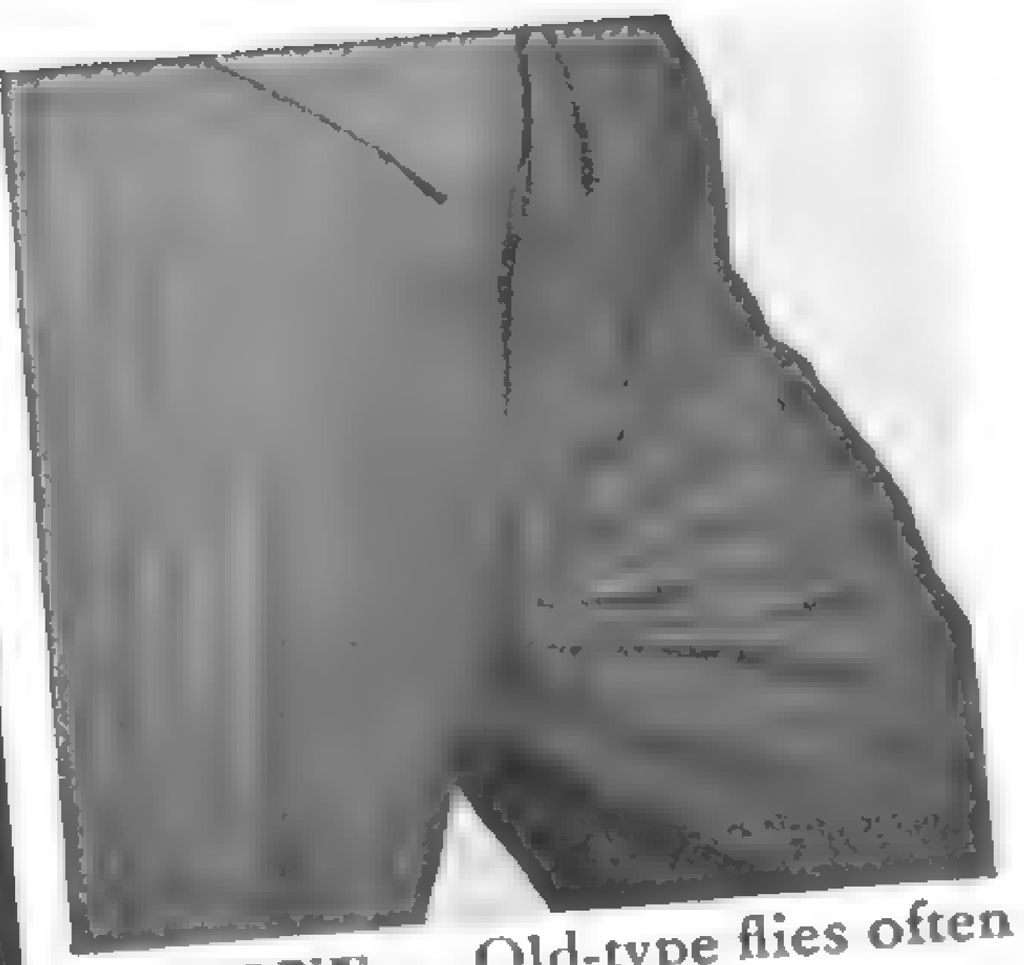
Continued at top of page 112

WELL GROOMED
When you've closed your trousers with a TALON slide fastener, you know they're *properly* closed! You know there are never unsightly gaps or bulges.

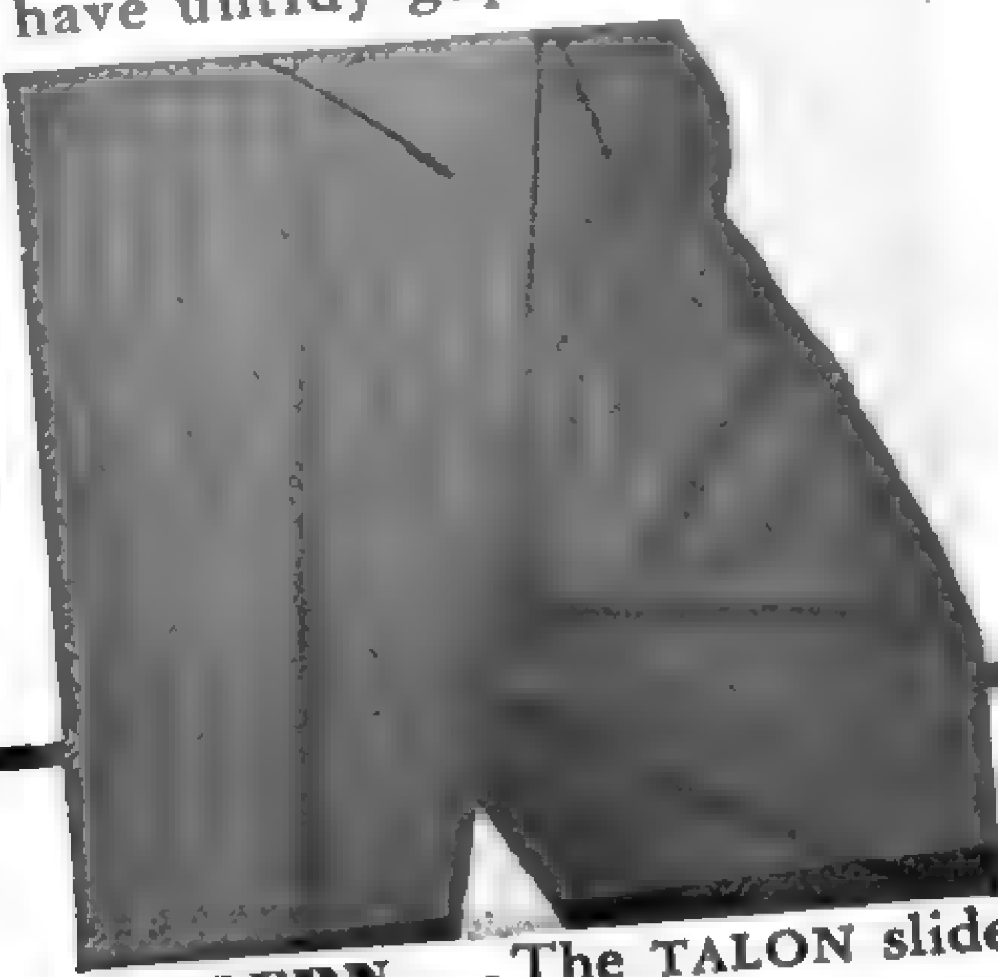
SPEEDS DRESSING
The TALON fastener is *one* closing — not *five!* It opens or closes with one easy motion!

"One pair of Pants sold me for Life!"





BYGONE... Old-type flies often have untidy gaps and bulges.



MODERN... The TALON slide fastener is a neat, smooth closure.

Millions now demand TALON fasteners on all their trousers
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EVER talk to a man wearing his first trousers with the Talon slide fastener? "It's great! No fumbling with five fastenings. No gaps. Nothing to break off!" It's hard to believe that so little a thing could cause such a great deal of enthusiasm.

But try the Talon fastener on *your* next suit! See for yourself how easily it works, how flat it lies, how dependable it is. Once you try it, you'll swear off old-style pants for life!

Introduced in expensive clothes, the Talon fastener now comes as an *extra value* on better-made suits and slacks of all prices! Ask for it!

TALON Slide Fastener
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
made by TALON, Inc.

NEEDLES ARE NEEDLESS
Unlike old-style closures, the TALON fastener can't break off. It works smoothly no matter how frequently your trousers are cleaned or pressed.

IT LOCKS
The TALON trouser fastener can't come open by accident —it locks securely at the top! It is invisible when closed . . . and doesn't catch underwear.

TRY THE TALON FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Good-looking hair

commands respect and admiration!

In intimate conversations or important business sessions—good-looking hair creates a highly-favorable impression. It proclaims your assurance and proper self-respect *at a glance*. And the easy, effortless way to keep your hair well-groomed and handsome is to make Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" part of your daily routine.

Simply rub a little Vitalis briskly on your scalp with your fingertips. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation is aroused. Your scalp loses that tight, restricted feeling—it becomes "looser," more flexible. Your hair takes on a new, rich lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of depleted natural oils.

And good grooming is easier with Vitalis. Notice how quickly your hair responds to your comb and brush, how neatly it stays in place, how much handsomer it looks without a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug store, today. Start using Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." You'll have hair that will point-up your self-respect—hair that will win glances of admiration!

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes!

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Again—the Derby

Continued from pages 39-110

Farms stable of William du Pont. Pompoon raced brilliantly in April of 1937 to beat older horses in the six-furlong Paumanok Handicap at Jamaica, thus shortening his odds for the Derby, but they went up again on account of his defeat by the lightly regarded Melodist in the Wood, where he raced far below his true form and ran out of the money.

To a casual Derby spectator the field parading to the post while the pre-race babble hushes is merely a chance group of sleek and ineffably beautiful animals. But to a horseman the soft-muzzled and hard-muscled colts and fillies mean much more. They are the best of the year, picked stock of picked stock, and stand in close or distant blood-relationship, one to another, for each stems remotely from the same ancestry in England two hundred and fifty years ago and many are allied through more immediate progenitors. And—again to a horseman—they represent long weeks of intensive and even hazardous preparation for the great day and tense moment, through good and inclement weather, with good luck and bad. It is no easy task to render a three-year-old ready so early in the year for so gruelling a race as the mile-and-a-quarter-grind. But most are ready to run to what they have in them as intent eyes watch them tip-toe to the starting-gate. Then, after the usual taut wait, will come the roar of "They're off!" and in two minutes and a blink of time another horse will have earned inscription on the turf's long roster of honor. ⵌ

Mrs. Morton's Enemy

Continued from page 41

look upon my face again. Oh, I told him terrible things you had said. . . . I am a wicked woman. . . . But I did not know how else to protect myself. Now I must go to him tomorrow and tell him that I have lied, and that the Señora has never forbidden me to have my hair cut off. Oh, I am so ashamed to face you! And I do not know how I can bear to face him!"

"So that is what the whole matter is about! I understand now why poor Manuel fancied that I was his enemy! Well, Clara, this is nothing very tragic. You go to bed now, and tomorrow we will decide what to do. We will find some way of fixing things up so that you will not have to have your hair cut and will not have to tell Manuel of things that are just between you and me. Wait until tomorrow, Clara, my dear! And now, good-night."

Mrs. Morton was on most occasions a woman of notable reserve and poise. But all her life she had found that at moments there surged up in her a flash of the nature of the stormy petrel, which either seeks out the tempest or mysteriously draws the tempest toward itself. Tonight as she was drifting off to sleep she felt the turbulence of that stormy petrel mood to be strong in her, and she suspected that it would devise some devilment for her. She closed her eyes and sank into oblivion, knowing that in the morning she would know more of her own intentions than she knew now.

In the morning, she found that her mind was made up for her; she had a clear plan and, she thought, an intelligent one. There were three branches of the problem to be solved: she must save Clara's hair, she must save Clara's pride, and she must end Manuel's absurd enmity toward herself. She thought she saw a way that would make him her friend and distract his mind from his fantastic fixation on the locks of Clara.

Soon after Pedro, the house boy, had brought her breakfast and she had relishingly consumed the fruit and coffee and eggs and bacon, she set out down the street with her stick. She carefully avoided any chance of seeing Clara; she went out through the small garden gate by the lakeside instead of through the large front gate which she usually used. Her intention was perfectly fixed. She smiled to herself grimly. What she was going to do might be grotesque, and it might not produce the desired effect on Manuel; but she was very hopeful, and went on her determined way.

Thumping down the cobbled street, she approached the Plaza, crossed between the bandstand and the flower beds, and marched up to the door of Manuel's barber shop. She looked into the dim little tunnel. It appeared to be empty. Perhaps he was in some back room. "Manuel, may I come in?" she called from the doorway.

At the back of the shop something moved. Then she realized that the shop had not been empty—for the face of Manuel, covered with white lather, emerged from the shadows. She had apparently intruded at the inopportune moment when he was giving his leathery jaws their morning shave.

"Oh, I'm sorry to have interrupted you. I'll come back later."

With a sweep of his arm that would have done credit to the great Don Quixote himself, Manuel advanced. "Will the Señora be pleased to enter?" With demonlike swiftness he seized a towel, wiped the lather off his face, dashed his arms into the sleeves of a coat, and stood silent.

"Good-morning, Manuel. Are you too busy to do a little work for me?"

"I am at your service," he said gloomily.

"I should like to have you cut my hair off."

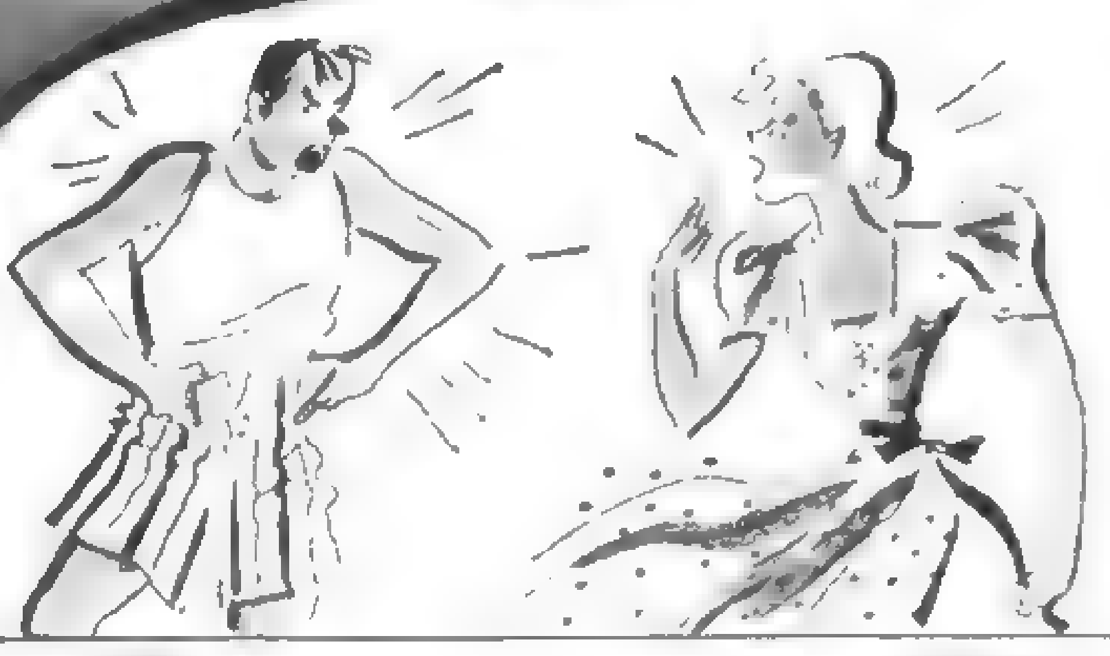
"I do not understand, Señora."

"I should like to have you cut

Continued on page 114

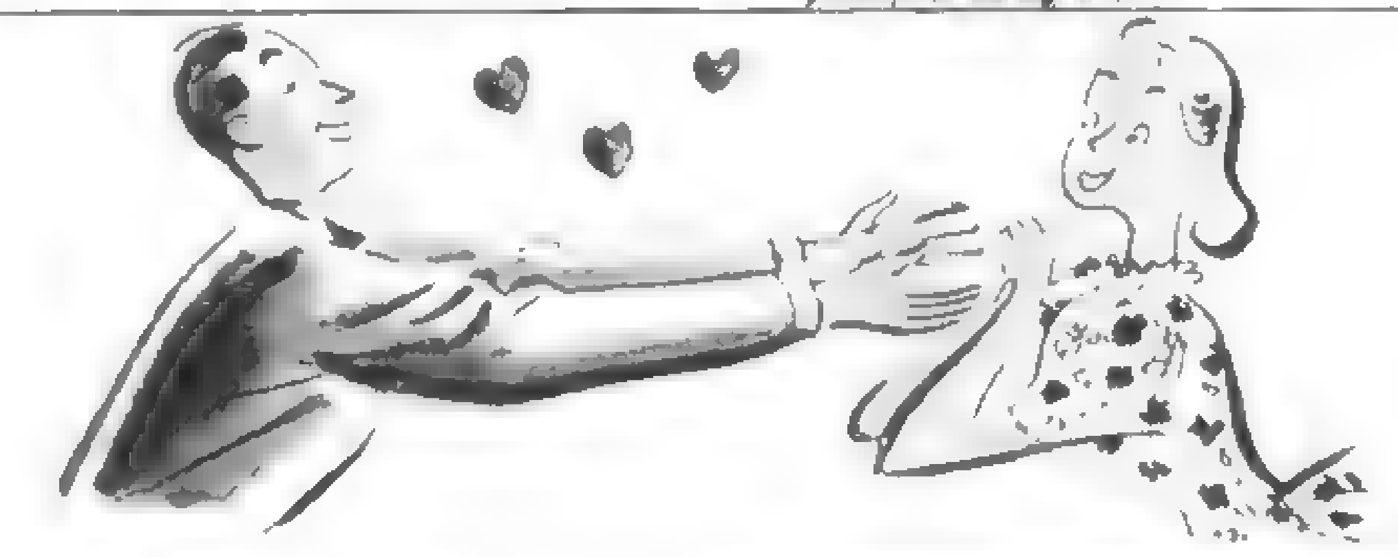
"You'd lose your temper too if your shorts shed buttons!"

"This happened today in thousands of homes. It always happens when Henry is in a special hurry. No wonder it makes him mad." But Mrs. Lovely knows what to do. "Calm down, my dear," she coos . . .



"Pin yourself together and today we'll buy you shorts with *Grippers* instead of buttons. I've been reading that *Grippers* put an end to all button troubles. They're guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Magazine."

"Most of my customers are changing to shorts with *Grippers*," the clerk told them. "Grippers were designed specially for men's shorts. They never rip off or break. The American Institute of Laundering has approved Grippers as *laundry-proof*."



Happy ending! Now Henry never worries about missing buttons on his shorts. *Grippers* stay on permanently. The bother of missing buttons and torn button holes is gone forever.

Insist on SHORTS with Grippers instead of buttons

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping *as advertised therein*

AMERICAN LAUNDRY TESTED and APPROVED by INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING

Grippers are quicker... neater... and they're really LAUNDRY-PROOF!

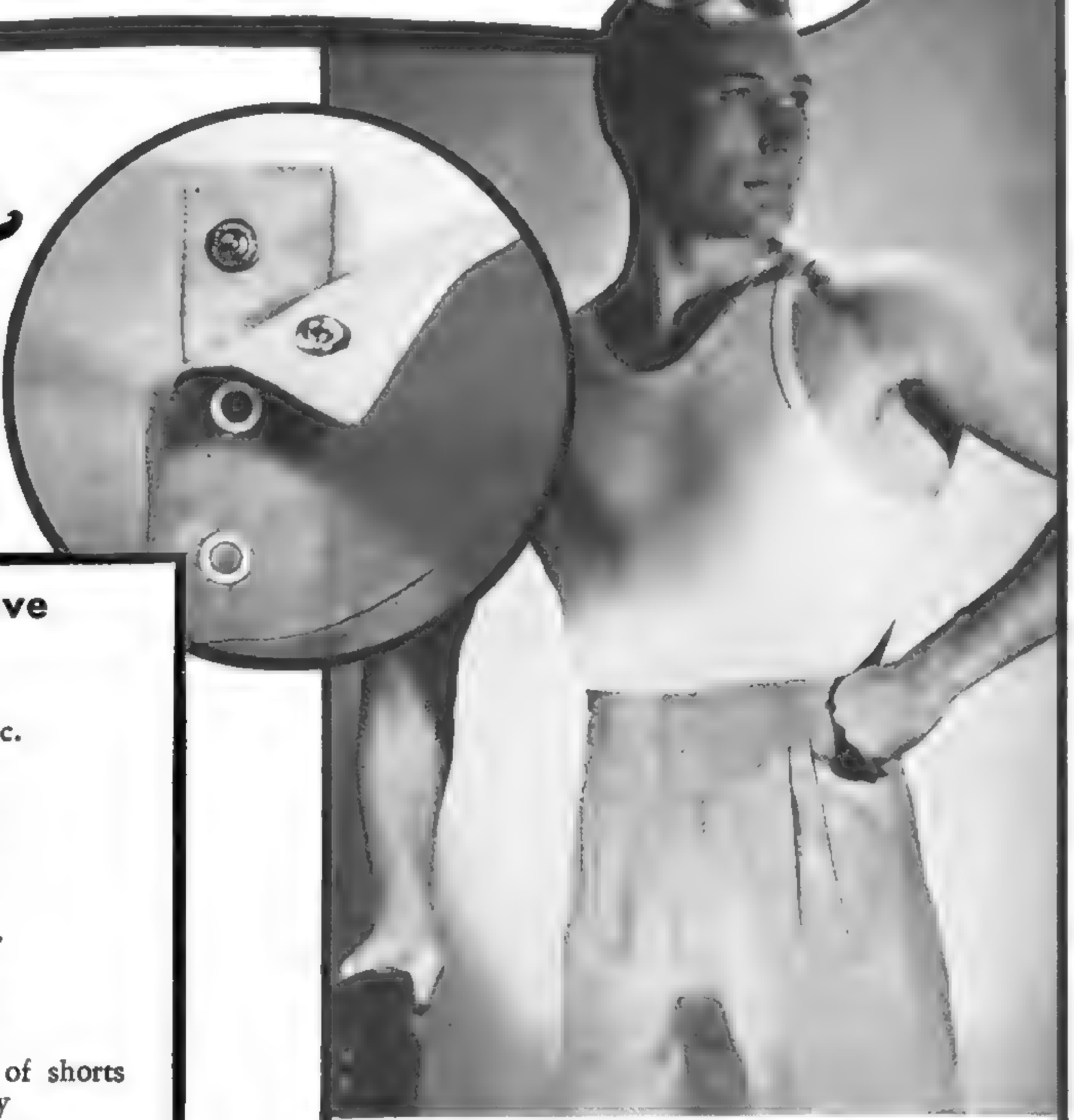
These Leading Brands of Shorts have Grippers instead of buttons

NOBELT SUPER SHORTS by Wilson Brothers
AROSNAP SHORTS by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
MANSCO SHORTS by Mansco, Inc.
ALLEN-A SHORTS by The Allen-A Company
B. V. D. SHORTS by The B. V. D. Corporation
SEALPAX SHORTS by The Sealpax Company
SHORT-EEZ SHORTS by Superior, Inc.
GOODSNAP SHORTS by Goodenow Textiles Co.
VARSITY SHORTS by Varsity Underwear Co.
CREVELING SHORTS by Johnson & Creveling
MUNSINGWEAR SHORTS by Munsingwear, Inc.

Many department stores also carry their own brand of shorts equipped with Grippers. These quality shorts are made by

THE MOSES ROSENTHAL CO. • REGATTA MFG. CO.
SEEGULL MFG. CO. • AINTREE CORPORATION

• Canadian shorts with Grippers—Arrow, B. V. D., Forsyth, St. James, Lewis • Mexican shorts with Grippers—High-Life, Society.



LAUNDRYPROOF

Grippers won't break or tear off. *But be sure you get Grippers.* The genuine Grippers are plainly stamped. • • • *Tested and approved by The American Institute of Laundering and approved by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.*

SCOVILL

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Button and Fastener Division, Waterbury, Connecticut

COPR. 1938, SCOVILL

"I'm falling in love

with your Barbasol Face"

WE'VE been putting pretty girls in Barbasol ads for some time now to get across the idea that a Barbasol Face is what it takes to coax the caressing eye and hand of sweethearts, wives or otherwise.

For a Barbasol Face means much more than the cleanest, sweetest shave you ever had.

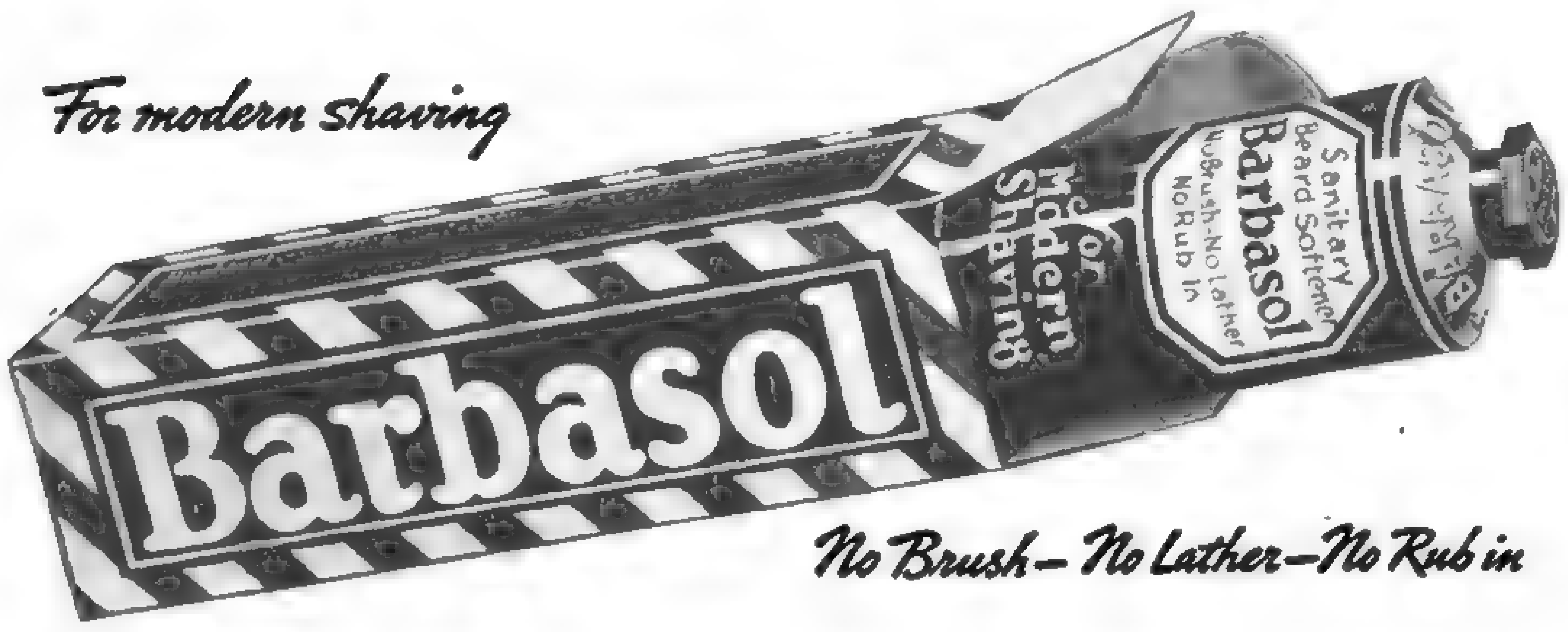
It also means a skin that feels softer and smoother, looks younger and more attractive by years, thanks to the soothing, friendly oils contained in Barbasol.

If you're a young shaver now, start and stay with Barbasol and keep that schoolboy complexion.

If you're an old hand at the game, throw away old-fashioned shaving methods that tend to dry, tighten and wrinkle your skin.

Buy a thrifty big tube and try Barbasol for just ten days. When you see how it speeds up the cleaning up of whiskers—when you see what a wonderful improvement it makes in your skin—you'll never change from cooling, soothing Barbasol. At all drug stores, large tube, 25¢. Giant tube, 50¢. Family-size jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades for 15¢.

For modern shaving



No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

Mrs. Morton's Enemy

Continued from pages 41-112

my hair off—to bob it, please."

Manuel glared at her. "The Señora is making fun of me!"

"No, I'm not. I have often thought that it would be cooler that way in summer, and easier to wash, and more comfortable at night. And I notice in the illustrations of *The Illustrated London News* and *The Queen* that a considerable number of distinguished ladies have taken to wearing their hair that way. And furthermore my hair is not long beautiful hair which it would be a pity to cut; mine is short and scraggly and hard to keep tidy. So I thought I would like to try the newer way. Of course if you yourself don't care to oblige me by doing it, I can probably find somebody in Guadalajara who knows how. But I thought that perhaps you could do it better."

Manuel's face was gloomy. "The Señora is not afraid? Not afraid to sit there in that chair while I cut, cut, cut?" He peered at her fiendishly.

She shook her head, smiled, and sat down in the chair.

His expression changed into the rapt look of a visionary. "Pardon me a moment, Señora." He scurried into the back of the room, washed the remnants of lather off his face, scrubbed his hands with a brush and soap, changed to a clean white coat, brushed his hair before a mirror, and returned to his operating chair. "I shall be honored to perform a work of art in the great tradition of barbering. One of my most famous ancestors, whom you may have heard of—his name was Don Quixote of La Mancha—was also a barber."

Swiftly he set to work. His burning eyes were so intent upon her hair that he never met her glance: he was a great artist straining toward beauty, a great astronomer groping through infinite confusions of chaos into new realms of truth. She closed her eyes and relaxed. Now that she was committed to this step, she did not want to watch the intermediate stages between long hair and bobbed hair. Perhaps she would hate herself when she saw the result—but there was no turning back now.

She laughed to herself as she recalled a similar occasion of a graver nature—a moment long ago when she lay on an operating table in St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London, with the glare of lights and white tiles and nurses' white uniforms around her, and with her friend the famous surgeon standing in masked and impersonal silence like a great white thunder-head before the storm—and she had had an absurd momentary impulse to get up, and say she didn't want to be operated on after all, and run out of the hospital. Her pride had restrained her then, and she submitted quietly to the ether mask. Her pride restrained her now.

Snip, snip, snip, snip . . . Combing, combing . . . Snip, snip, snip . . . Combing . . .

The falling hairs tickled her face. She grew used to the monotonous rhythm of the shears. She thought drowsily of other matters, and tried to forget what a frightful sight her hair might be when Dr. Fergus MacKnight finished his operation—if indeed she didn't die on the operation table as she rather expected to . . .

She awoke. "It is finished, Señora!" A proud boastful voice was addressing her. "And it is a masterpiece!"

She looked at herself. Well, it was a little startling not to know who you were when you saw yourself in a mirror—but she did not question for an instant that this stranger looked very intelligent and alive and handsome in her new disguise. She shook her head to get the feel of it. Very pleasant in feeling.

She studied her appearance again. No, she did not look absurd or girlish; she looked like some sensible alert woman-doctor or woman-novelist. She had suspected that this would be the result; otherwise she would not have embarked on this enterprise.

"It looks very fine, Manuel. You are an artist, are you not?"

His gloomy eyes lighted up. "It is a lonely life, to be an artist, Señora."

"Yes, it must be. All lives are a little lonely, I think. All people are a little different, one from the other, so each must go his own way. For example—some people like to have their hair short—as I think I shall when I get used to it: other people like to have their hair long. We must make allowances for differences in personalities, don't you think? We can't all be the same."

Manuel's sad eyes were fixed on her face. "The Señora is right."

"Now, Clara, for example. She is not like me. With her long dark hair, she looks a little like the Blessed Virgin herself. Nobody would dare suggest that the Blessed Virgin have her hair cut. Hair like that is sacred."

"The Señora is right."

"Manuel, you will not make Clara unhappy any more, will you? She thinks you are such a fine man, and both she and I want your friendship. Will you give it to us?"

Manuel did not speak. His eyes filled with tears and he nodded his head in assent.

Mrs. Morton took up her black bag. "And how much will that be, Manuel?"

He shook his head, bent low, and kissed her hand.

She said: "Then, thank you very much, Manuel. *A Dios!*" She left the shop.

From the street, she glanced back into the darkness of the shop and smiled. It almost seemed to her that Manuel was returning her smile in his remote dim way.

1931
Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
90.4 U.S. PROOF

Dear Ted—
Sorry you missed it.. this fellow
can really paint. Incidentally, the drinks were
other works of art I know you would have enjoyed...
they were made with "Canadian Club"! And it's just
as delicious in Paris as in Palm Beach!
Jim

Monsieur Marcel Jacno
requests the pleasure of your company
to view his most recent paintings
prior to their removal
to the Granier exhibition
Thursday, the tenth of March
four until six o'clock
624 Avenue Montaigne

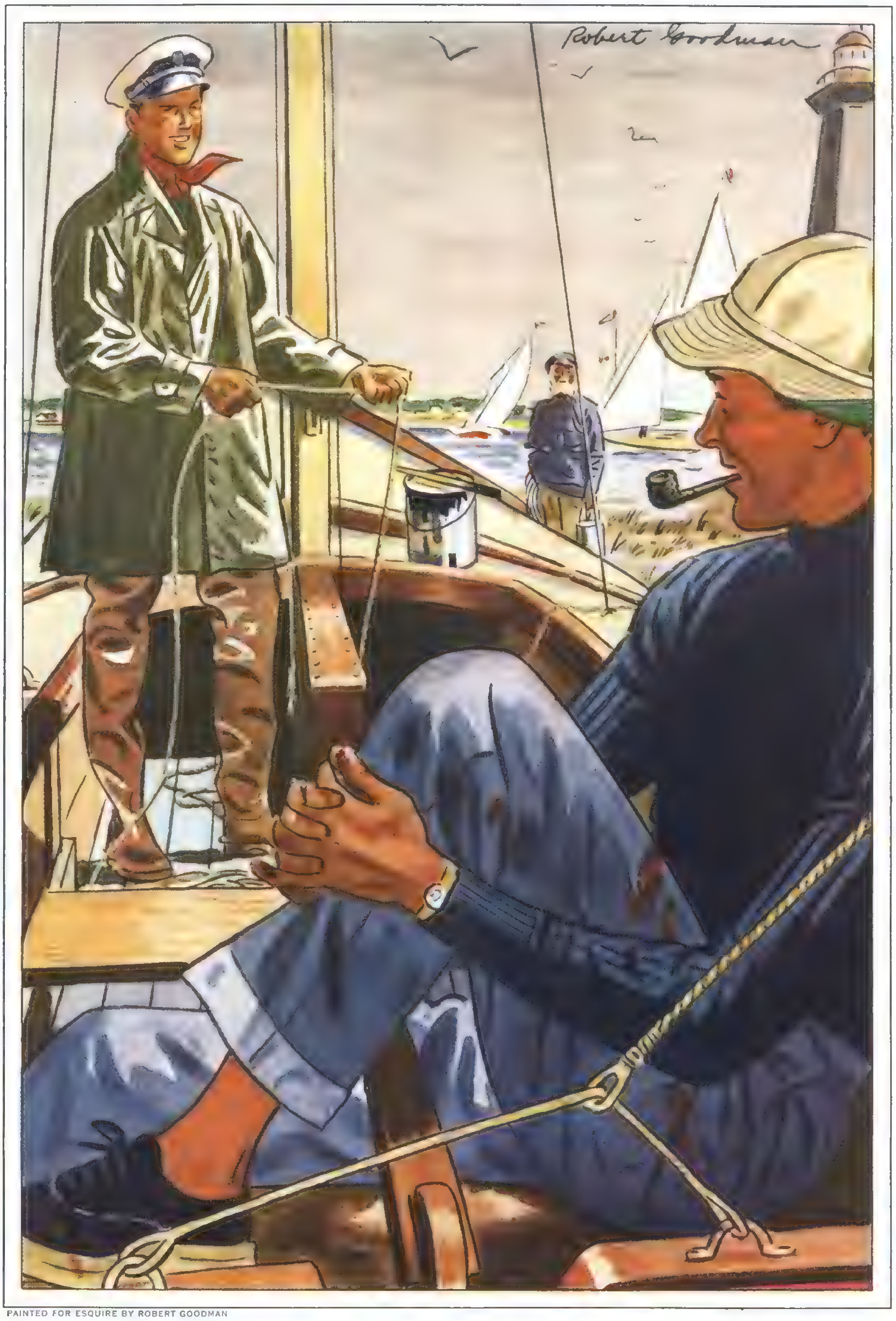
R.S.V.P. *Cocktails*

In 87 countries whisky-wise men ask for "Canadian Club and soda." You, too, will like its distinctively different flavor. Its taste is easy to identify because "Canadian Club" is neither rye, bourbon, nor Scotch. It's Hiram Walker's "Canadian Club"—imported whisky (90.4 proof), with a unique, rich taste all its own.

Hiram Walker also makes fine rye, bourbon, Scotch, gin, and a complete line of liqueurs, cordials and prepared cocktails—whatever type you prefer, at whatever price you like to pay. At all leading dealers and at your favorite clubs, bars, and hotels everywhere. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland.

AMBASSADOR
OF GOODWILL
IN 87
COUNTRIES

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"

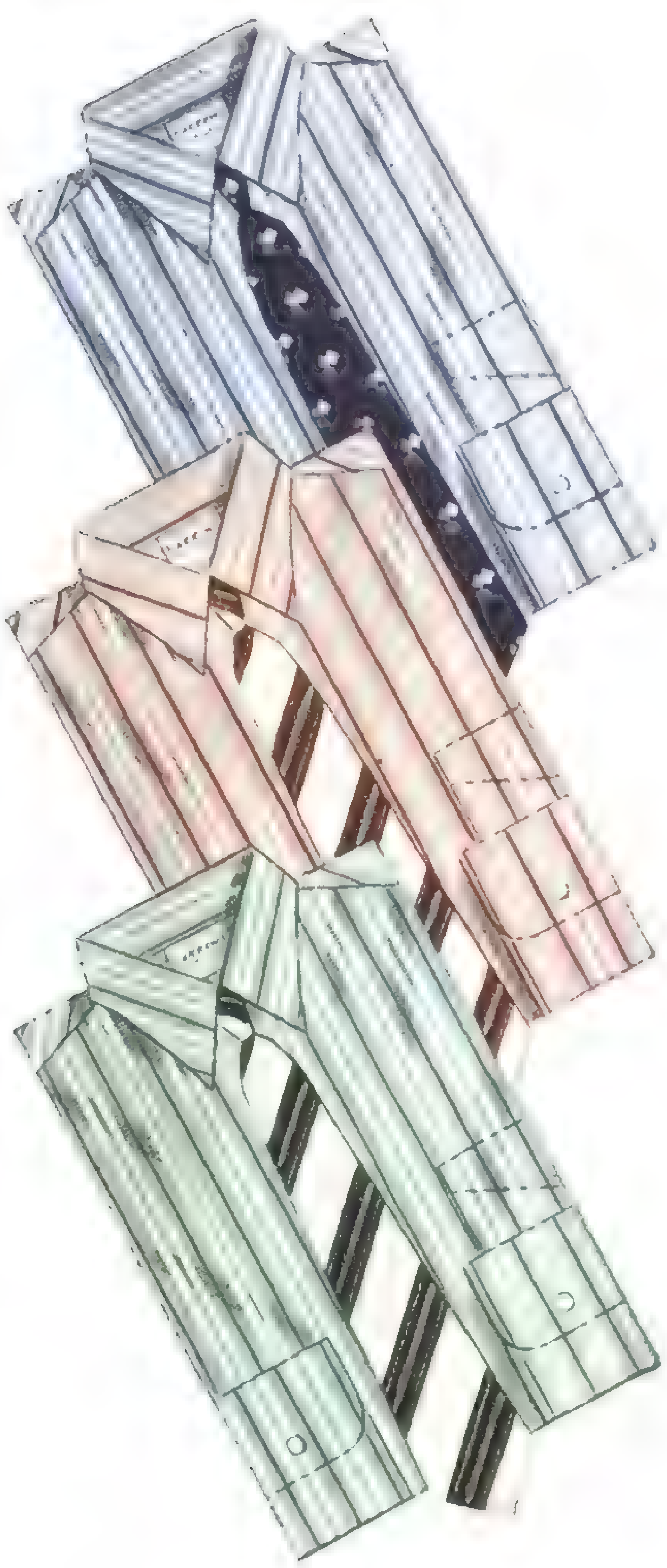


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE BY ROBERT GOODMAN

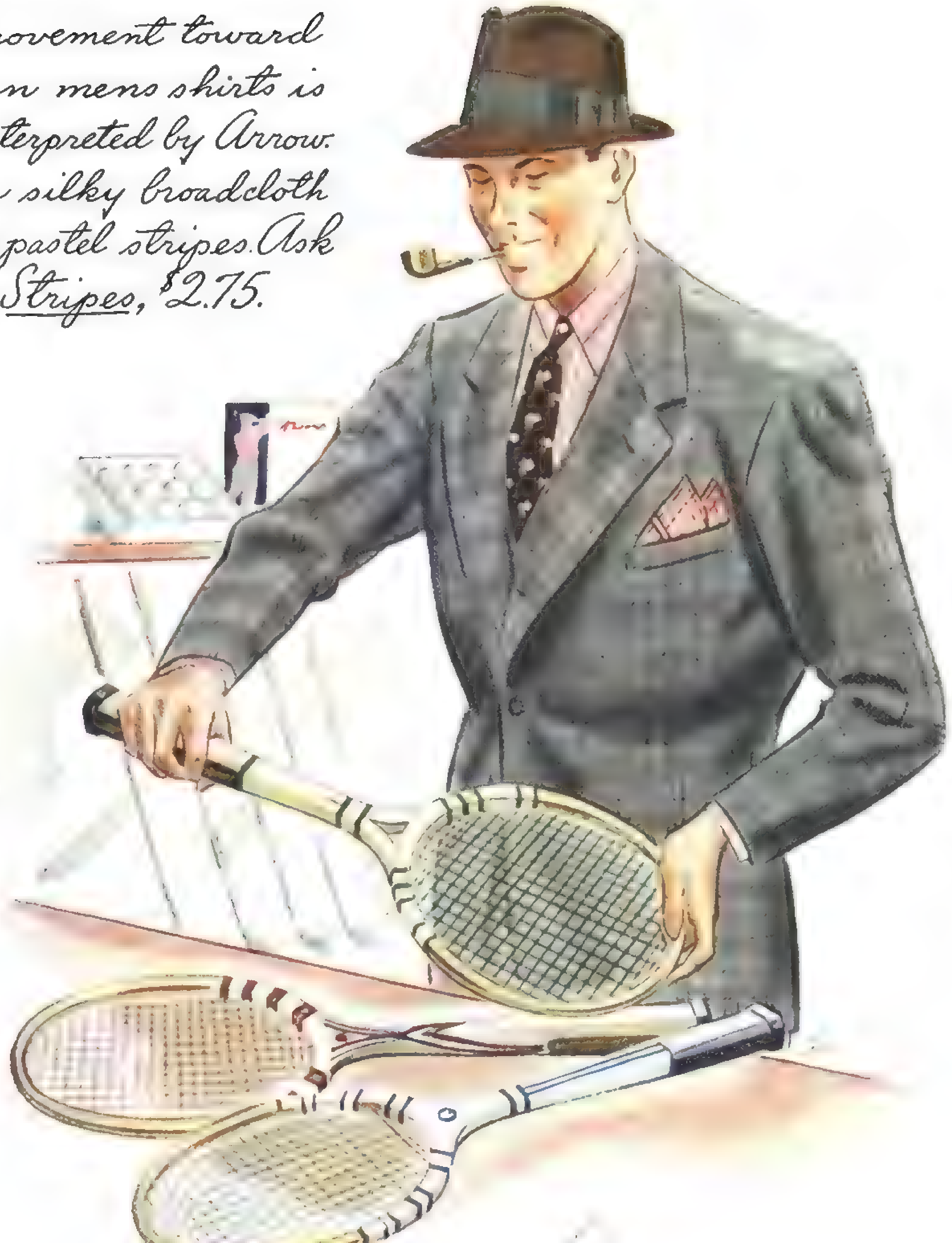
PAINT STAINS ARE IN STYLE THIS SEASON

It is a pleasure and a privilege, not to mention a welcome variation from routine, to be able to call to your attention the paint-stained dungarees of the man in the foreground. These are fine and dandy for boating. In fact, they're O.K. Other elements in the ensemble, just as fashionable as the dungarees, are the heavy turtleneck sweater, the white sailing hat with green underbrim and the blue canvas shoes with yellow crepe soles and heels. The other man wears a putty colored lightweight raincoat with side vents, cut short for leg freedom, hip length brown rubber boots, heavy knit sweater, white yachting cap with club insignia and cotton print handkerchief knotted around the neck. Both are rough and ready outfits, quite up to it for sailing, deep sea fishing or just knocking about the boatyard curling rope and bending canvas (whatever that is). And, as we said before, it's a pleasure to describe them.

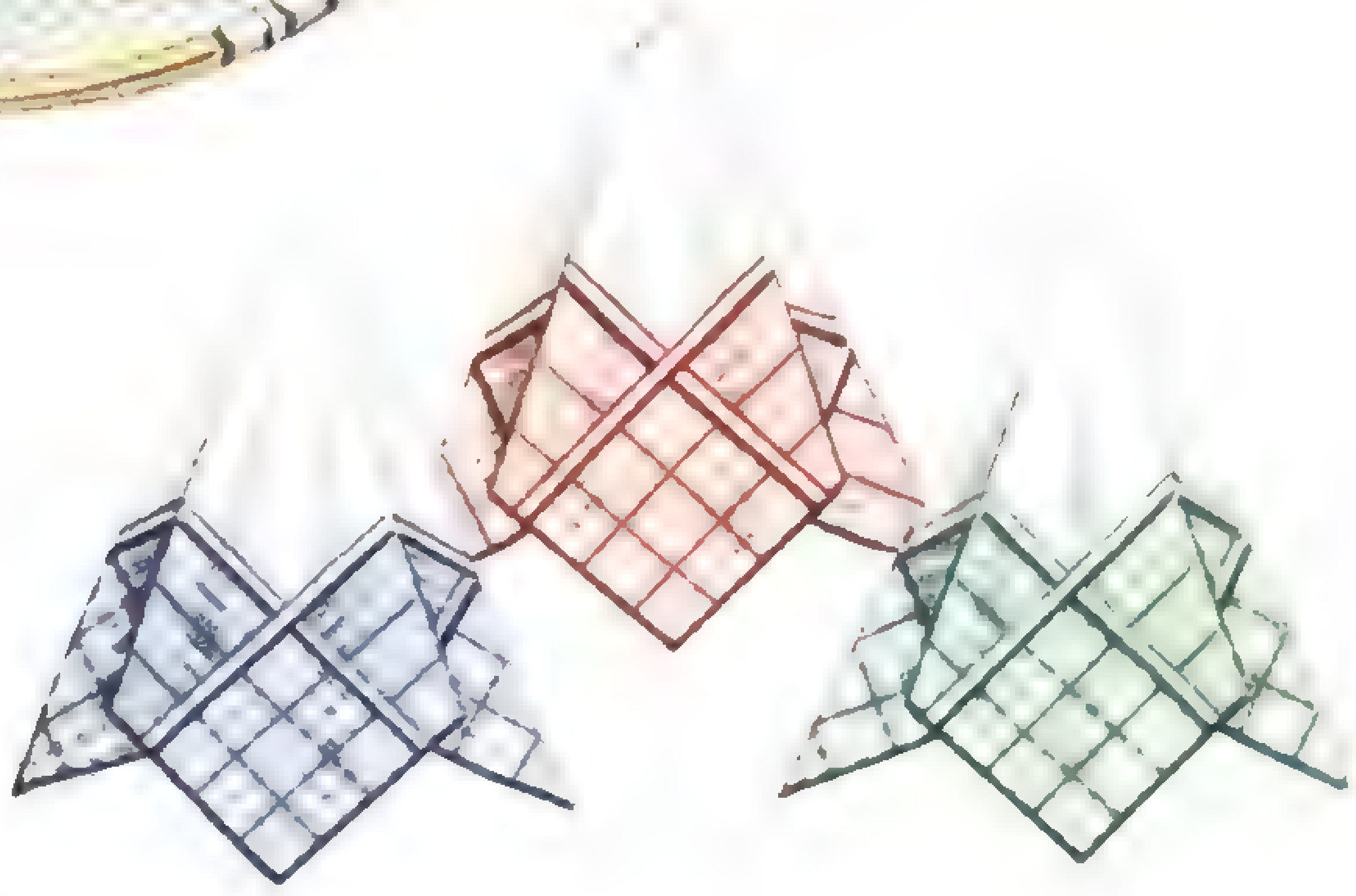
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



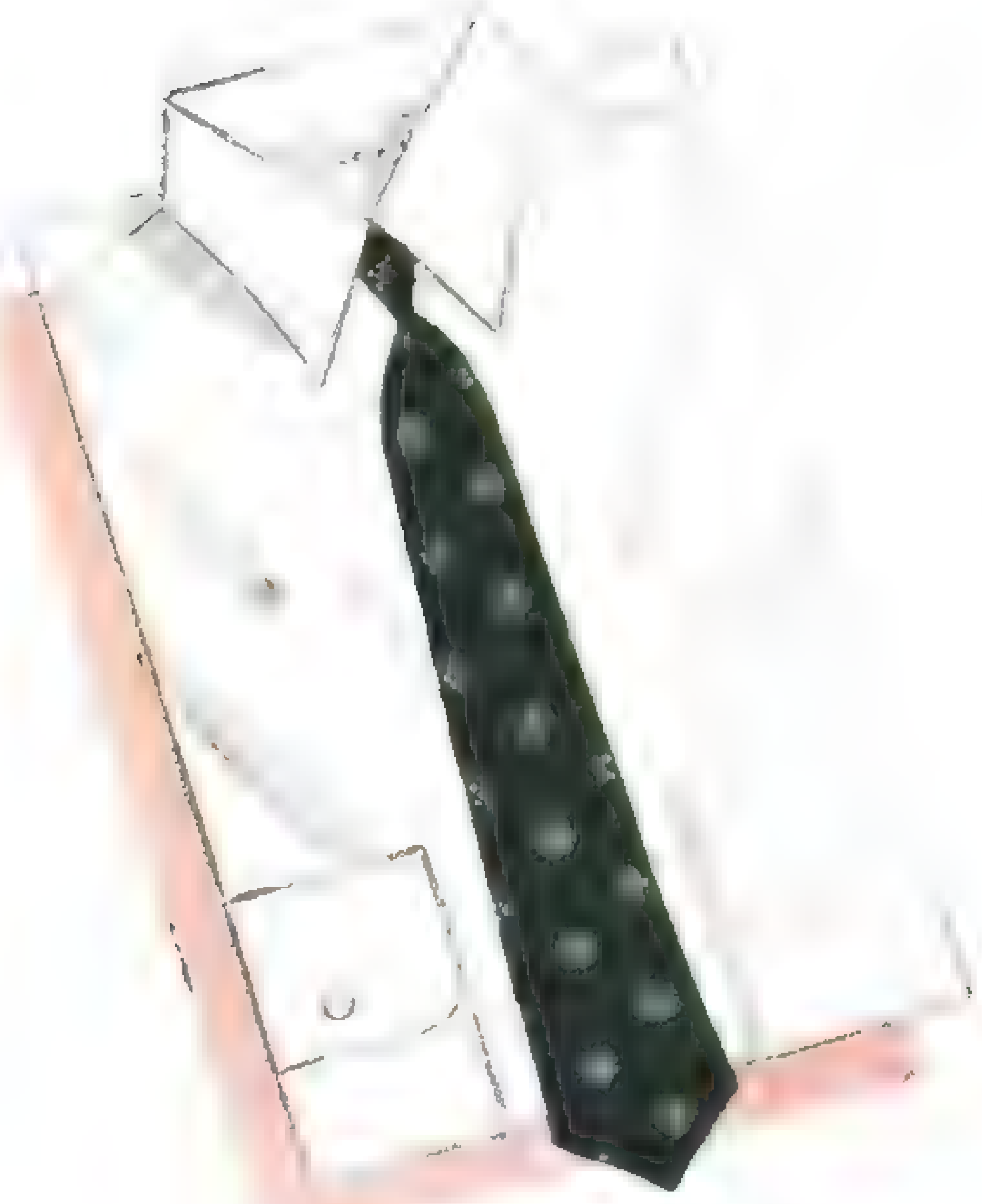
The current movement toward softer colors in mens shirts is handsomely interpreted by Arrow. The shirt is a silky broadcloth with subdued pastel stripes. Ask for Broadtone Stripes, $2.75.

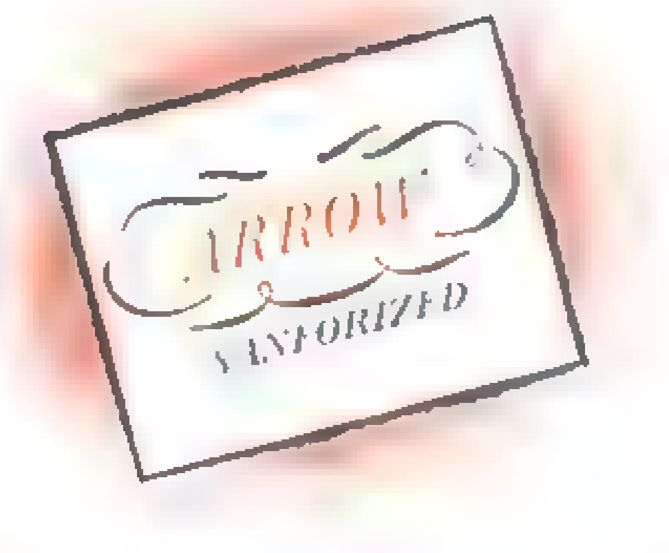


Arrow has created not one, but two ties specially for this shirt. Either makes a perfect mate. Broadtone Stripe or Broadtone Square Ties, $1.50.



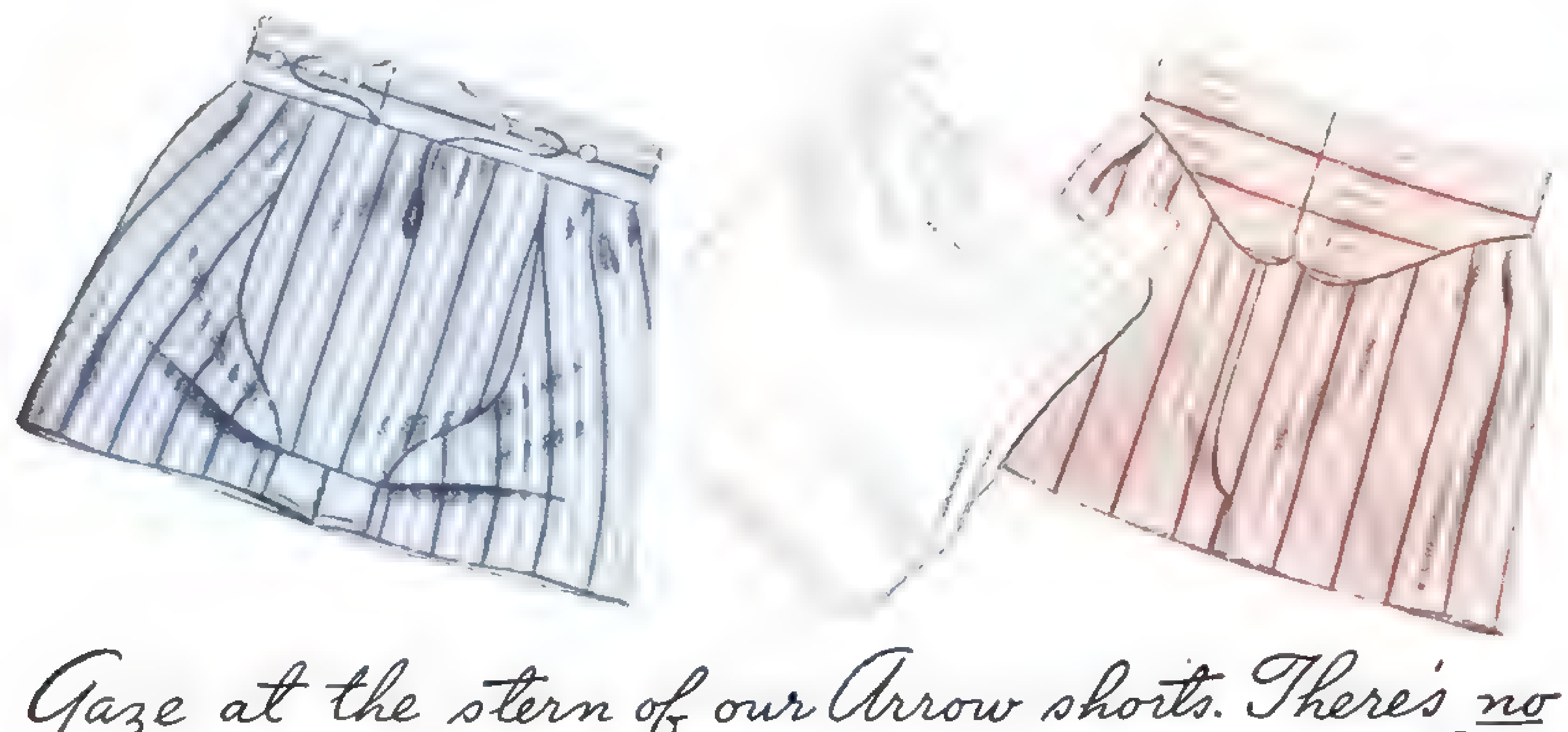
Final dash of seasoning to your Broadtone Stripe outfit should be this Broadtone Stripe Handkerchief, and no other. It has same colors, same design as the shirt. 50¢





If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't Arrow.

New Trump is the National Champion of all soft collar shirts. One reason: its collar outlasts any other soft collar ever woven. Sanforized. Form-fit. $2.



Gaze at the stern of our Arrow shorts. There's no seam there! Shorts with seams saw and bind. Arrow shorts don't. In Broadtone Stripes, $1. Undershirts, 50¢ up

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

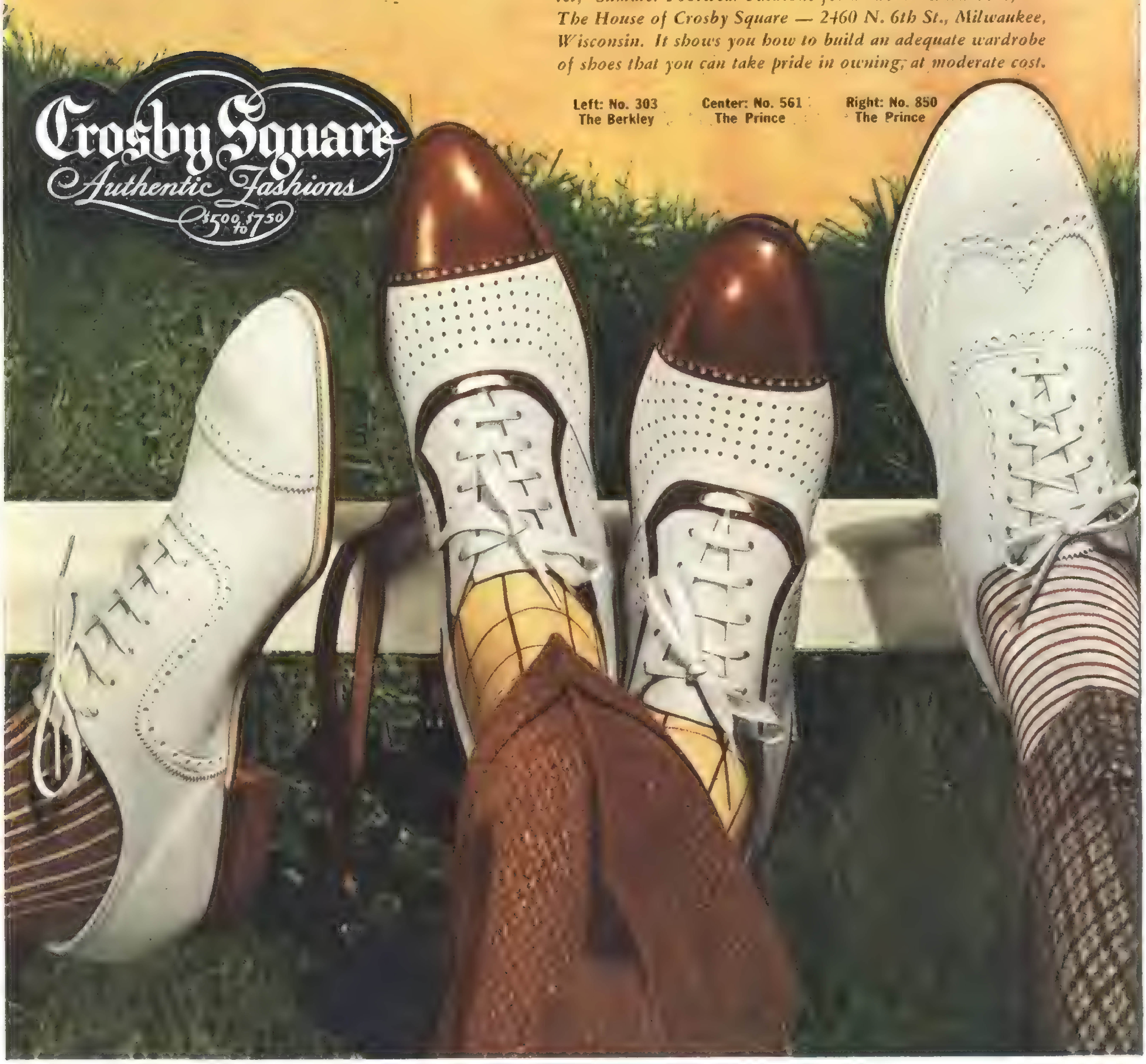
Crosby Squares

— shoes with the grace and endurance of an English Thoroughbred . . . comfortable shoes you are proud to wear

The sleek, distinctive lines and enjoyable house-slipper comfort of Crosby Squares give you assurance of being well-shod . . . You *know* Crosby Squares are *right*, because they are faithful reproductions of costly, hand-made originals by famous New York and London custom bootmakers. They are distinguished by careful attention to custom details, sometimes lacking in ordinary shoes at higher prices; they keep these smart lines even after a summer's strenuous wear. They add the finishing touch to that handsome, masculine appearance that makes feminine hearts flutter . . . Rich, pliable leathers assure an almost glove-softness at the first wearing. You can afford a *wardrobe* of Crosby Squares on a limited budget. Buy a pair for sports, walking, town, and dress, respectively. See them at your Crosby Square dealer.

• • •

★Write today for your free copy of colorful illustrated booklet, "Summer Footwear Fashions for authentic wardrobes," to The House of Crosby Square — 2460 N. 6th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It shows you how to build an adequate wardrobe of shoes that you can take pride in owning, at moderate cost.



Left: No. 303 The Berkley
Center: No. 561 The Prince
Right: No. 850 The Prince

Economics Are Fun

Continued from page 45

Myself: More money?

Me: No. More real wealth. Like food and goods and clothing. In other words we aren't working enough. We're using up stuff that was produced in the past—using it faster than we're producing new stuff. That's what it implies.

Myself: Well, we've got lots of unemployment.

Me: Yeah, but I still say we're not running down hill. We're making plenty of new stuff, and we've got plenty of natural resources to make it from. Look at the figures.

Myself: Where?

Me: They must be around. That's all there is to it. That proves this country isn't going into debt.

Myself: What proves it?

Me: What I've been telling you for the last ten minutes. Weren't you listening?

Myself: Sure I was listening. But *why* aren't we going into debt?

Me: Because—aw, never mind. Maybe we *are* going into debt. Say, how do you figure the American League race next year?

Myself: Looks to me as those Yanks still have plenty left. As long as their pitching holds up—

Me: That's the way *I* see it. Now you're talking. 'Nother Scotch?

Myself: Don't mind if I do. #

The Pit of Death

Continued from page 48

I didn't want to run away, had little desire to go down alone into that horrible hole with no idea of what I might find at the bottom and only the dubious assistance of my cook to fall back on, for though he could face a lion with extraordinary courage, he was gripped by all the superstitious terror of a native in the presence of a *tabu.* However, I couldn't go back to the camp and say that I had found at last the so-coveted Kawena and had not gone down to investigate it. Also sometimes curiosity is stronger than common sense. I made up my mind to go down.

I fastened one end of the rope to a big rock and tied the other end around my waist. Emptying the bag, I tied it bandolier fashion across my chest, putting in it only a flashlight and a Colt revolver. Then I ordered Milk not to move from that spot, not to be afraid whatever happened and to lower me slowly into the pit, pulling me up again when I called to him. He moved his mouth in an effort to answer me but not a sound came out, his "Yes, *Musungu,*" frozen by fear.

I confess I felt nervous myself. But it was too late to retire, so, trying to paint my face with the biggest indifference I nodded to Milk to ease the rope down little by little. Two or three fragments of rock dislodged by my movements had clattered down into the pit when—Frrrrr—something hurled itself out of the crevice, gave me a stinging slap and uttered a piercing cry in my ear. Instinctively I threw myself back, closing my eyes. Almost in the same moment I realized that this was only a huge night bird disturbed in his quiet and that I was a perfectly silly ass. Milk, annihilated, had fallen to the ground and lay motionless, his head hidden beneath his arms, awaiting my catastrophe.

"Spirits," he whispered.

"Spirits be blowed," I shouted. "Look here," and with a nice cold shot I dropped the bird which had stopped on a nearby rock.

The noise of that shot did me a lot of good, breaking that sort of charm which had taken possession of me, too, for the moment. It also revived Milk somewhat, but I thought that trusting myself to his hands would be very similar to a suicide and started down the rope myself, hand over hand, helping my progress as much as possible with my feet. I descended a few yards, the silence broken only by two or three of those ugly birds flying around me toward the opening at the top of the pit.

"They are birds," I yelled up at Milk, "don't be a *bobojanni.*"

"Y-y-y-es, M-m-m-musungu," floated back to me.

Then I encountered a rocky point projecting from the wall of the cavity as sharply edged as a spear. I took the chance to rest a bit against this projection, looking and listening. Nothing. Silence and darkness.

Twice I went down again, twice again resting on these jutting rocks which seemed to have been put there just by a cruel caprice of nature so that a body falling down could the better be torn to pieces before it reached the bottom.

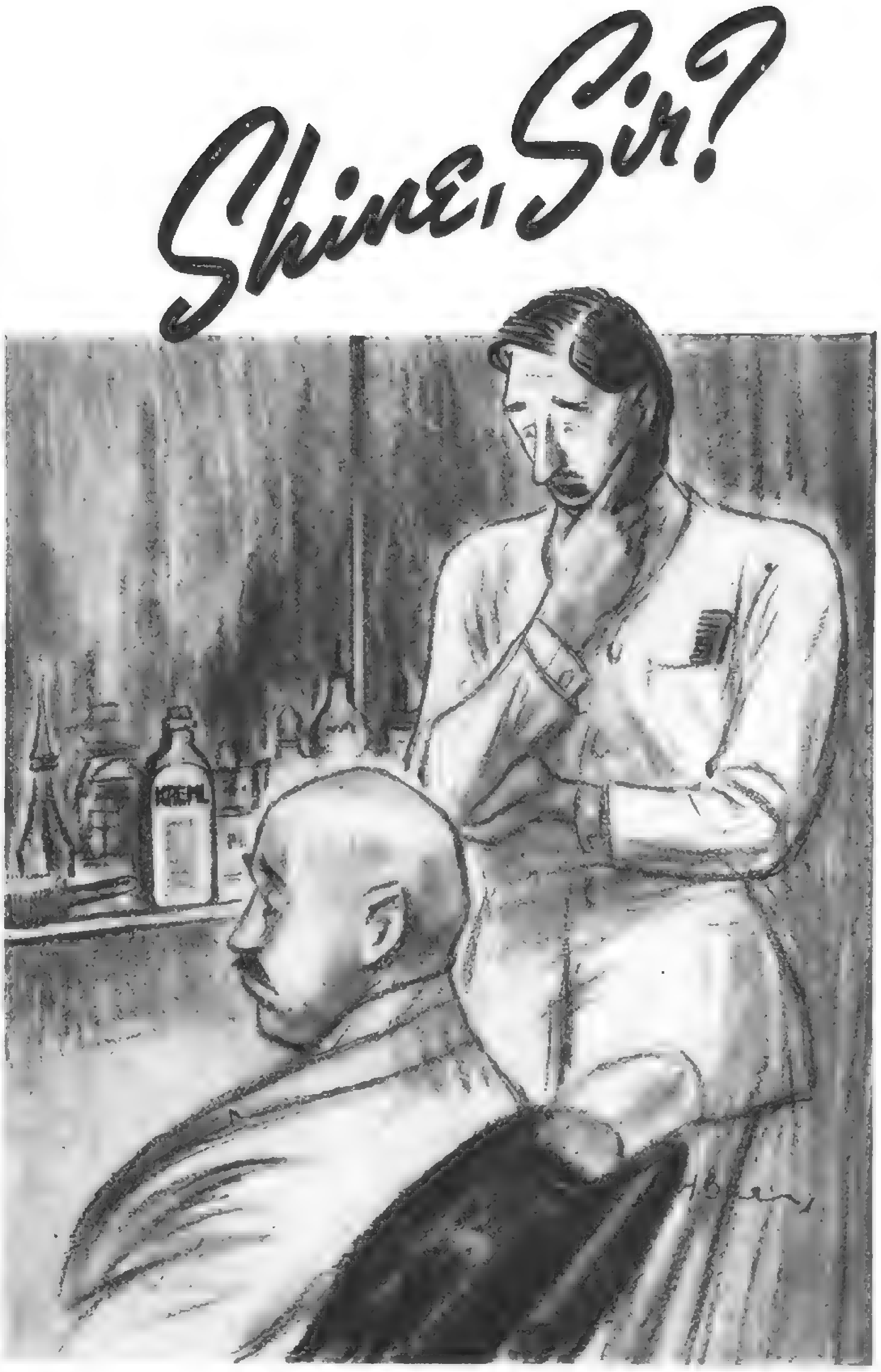
But not even from the third of these points was I able to see the bottom of the pit with my flashlight because of the quantity of stony spears projecting from every side.

The rope was at least 25 meters long, but I was already nearing the end. My arms began to grow tired and my feet less sure against the rocks when suddenly both of them slipped, I don't know how or why. I screamed involuntarily and clutched for the rope in the blackness, but I was already falling.

The fall seemed to last an eternity. I crashed violently against a spear-like rock, tried to grasp it but only succeeded in badly skinning my hands. Then a shock which seemed to snap me in two, while a rain of earth and small stones fell upon me. I had reached the end of the rope, which fortunately was just short enough to prevent my being dashed to pieces at the bottom of the pit.

I was safe. Touching myself gingerly here and there I understood that I was still all in one piece, with a few cuts and bruises, more painful than serious, and

Continued on page 120



ONCE you're bald your barber shop days must be confined to a shave, shine and manicure.

You're bad news to a barber—and you don't look so hot to the rest of the world, either.

Baldness is no disgrace—but it can be mighty humiliating.

So if dandruff is drifting down to your coat—if your comb is sprouting hairs after it's gone through your hair, it's high time you started using Kreml—and started at once.

For Kreml won't grow hair on a bald head. But it will remove dandruff and it will check falling hair. Thousands of letters from satisfied Kreml users attest to *that.*

Kreml is the perfect hair dressing, too. It keeps your hair trim but never sticky or greasy.

Ask your barber for it. Ask for the Kreml Treatment, too.

And you, ladies—ask for Kreml at your beauty shop, see how it adds glamour to a permanent and serves as the finest kind of wave-set.

Kreml Shampoo is the staunch ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It cleanses thoroughly—and it's made with an 80% olive oil base and leaves the hair lustrous and easy to arrange.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"
Copr., 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

A 4-Year Loafer Graduates with Honors

Idling in the wood 4 full years... BRIGGS comes forth as the world's richest and friendliest tobacco

THIS IS THE STORY of the loafer that goes to the head of the class!

Briggs is *born* rich. It starts life as a blend of nature's choicest tobaccos. Then it enters college for a 4-year course in idling.

For 4 long years it loafs in stout oaken casks, getting richer... doing nothing! Just naturally maturing into the smoothest and mellowest pipe tobacco you ever touched a match to.

When it finally graduates to your pipe, Briggs has been aged longer than many fancy pipe mixtures selling at $5.00 a pound.

At 15¢ the tin, Briggs costs a few cents more than ordinary uneducated tobaccos. But those extra pennies are *miracle* pennies... in the extra enjoyment they bring to your smoking. Ask any Briggs smoker.

BRIGGS... CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS

The Pit of Death

Continued from pages 48-119

that the revolver and the flashlight were still intact in the bag. But the rope around my waist cut into me cruelly. Terribly desiring to touch the ground, to sit down and recover breath and calm, I flashed on the light and looked around.

Brrrrrrr! Less than ten feet below me lay the bottom of the cavern. Among the heaps of earth and stone several skulls leered up at me, their empty eye sockets seemingly turned on me with ominous warning. All over the floor of the pit white and yellowish bones were piled in disorder, but amidst the skulls and the bones something was moving which gave me a cold chill from my head to my feet—a sickening, wriggling movement that made my very heart shudder. Six or seven deadly poisonous cobras were coiled among the bones. Furious at the intrusion and blinded by the sudden light, they coiled and uncoiled, stood erect upon their tails and lashed their loathesome bodies back and forth, back and forth, hissing and lunging forward to attack the enemy they could not see. At the appalling vision of what would have happened had the rope been a few feet longer drops of sweat—or of blood?—trickled across my forehead, the rope tightened around my waist like a vise with a pain which was fast becoming insupportable. Beneath me the cobras, accustomed now to the light, were staring at me fixedly, uncoiling toward me like released springs.

A desire, a desperate need of getting out of that accursed hole, took possession of me. I took the flashlight between my teeth and made a violent effort to straighten up, grasp the rope above me and climb to the first rocky point where I could at least rest for a moment and pull myself together and decide what to do. But my arms refused to raise me even an inch.

Then the instinct of self-preservation aroused me to a fury. I grasped the Colt and madly—bang—bang—bang—I fired one after the other the seven cartridges at the hissing cobras.

Five of the snakes I had somehow managed to hit, the cold fury in my brain no doubt steadying my nerves and aiding my marksmanship. Now they were writhing, contracting and contorting in a last fight against death. The rage still possessed me, lending me strength to extricate my body from the loop of the rope. I let myself fall, scarcely caring what would happen to me after I landed, so great was my relief to be rid of the pressure of the rope. A few kicks, as prudent as energetic, removed to a safe distance the still wriggling bodies of the snakes. Then I sank down on a stone. I really was finished.

Gradually I bound up my wounds as best I could and massaged into life the benumbed parts of my body. When at last I was able to go over to a hole through which one of the cobras had vanished I noticed that some air was passing through it with a light whistle. I understood then what at the beginning appeared to me to be an absolute impossibility—the presence of snakes in the bottom of such a deep pit. Evidently the hole communicated with the outside by a sort of channel which must have either gone up to the platform on the top of the hill or ended in an opening at the foot among the big stones we had noticed around the base of the hill, and this was certainly the passage used by the snakes.

Then I began to look around me. That sort of chimney by which I had arrived ended in a cavern about thirty feet long and twenty feet wide and deep. On the surface of the floor, completely exposed and intact, was but one skeleton, evidently a very recent one of not later than five or ten years. This seemed to clear up one point: that the Mashukulumbwe were still following their ancient and cruel custom in spite of the white occupation, although such acts must be much rarer now and accomplished with great secrecy to avoid the serious chastisement of the whites.

Then I cautiously began to brush away stones and earth, bringing to light other bones, badly mixed up and already half buried. Another skull appeared, at least a hundred years old. Then other bones and skulls of great age, some of them perfectly preserved, which I carefully packed in my bag for later study.

Suddenly the light of my lamp flickered and reduced itself to a tiny phosphorescent point. Then abruptly I came back to the realization of my uncomfortable position.

No doubt Milk had long ago given me up for dead and gone away. I shouted up at him. Did a quavering voice answer me? I could not be sure. I had to get out with all possible haste. Of course my only hope of escape lay in the rope which dangled three or four feet beyond my reach. Quickly I piled stone upon stone until I succeeded in reaching the rope. Then I fastened about me my bandolier of skulls and began the hard ascent.

It took me almost an hour, between climbing and resting, to reach the top of the pit. When I arrived there I must have been an ugly looking specimen for I was thoroughly exhausted. The first thing I saw was Milk, standing open-mouthed. Beholding my pale bloody face, my torn clothes and the skulls viciously grinning from the bag, instead of giving me a hand he fell to the ground more dead than alive. Trembling like a leaf in the wind, tightly closing his eyes and gulping with fright, "*Musungu*," he finally succeeded in whispering, "don't make tricks with me. Tell me the truth. You are not you any more. You certainly are your spirit." #

GOODBYE TO GARTER TROUBLES

when you switch to Pacer

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

. . . the new-type sock with guaranteed washable garter attached

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by HOLEPROOF
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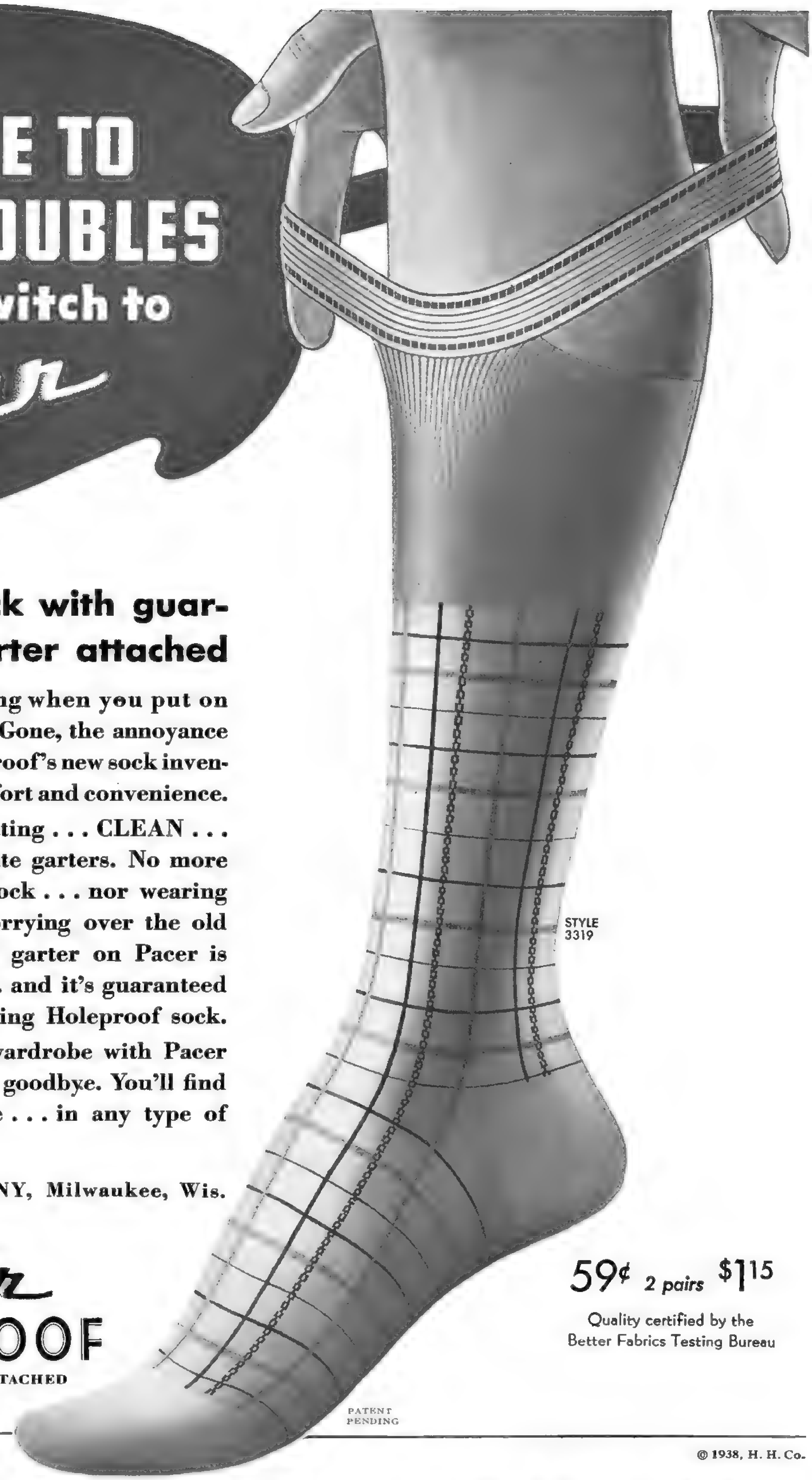

59¢ 2 pairs $1.15

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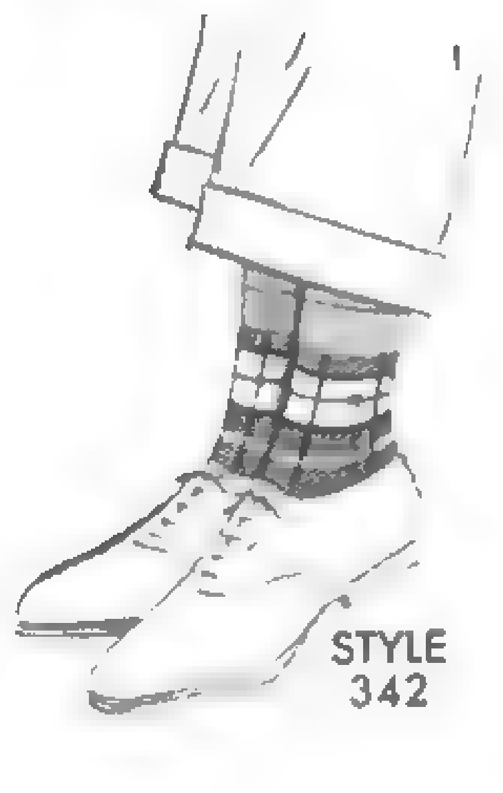

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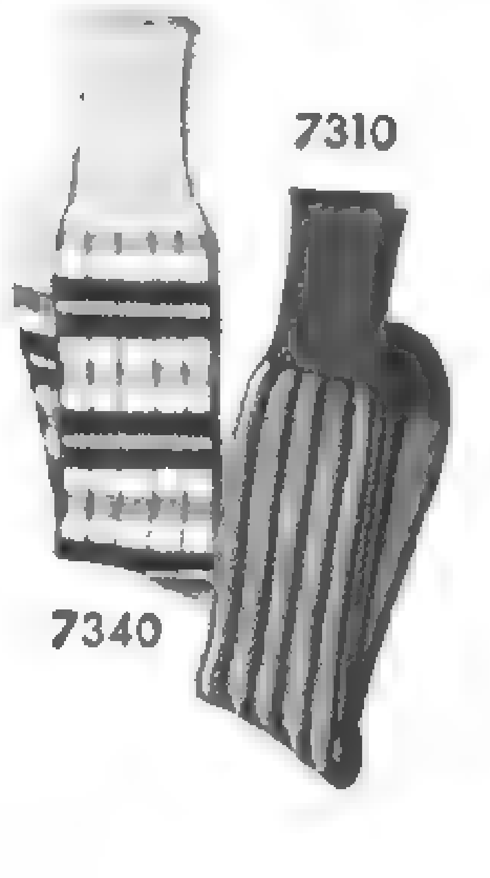

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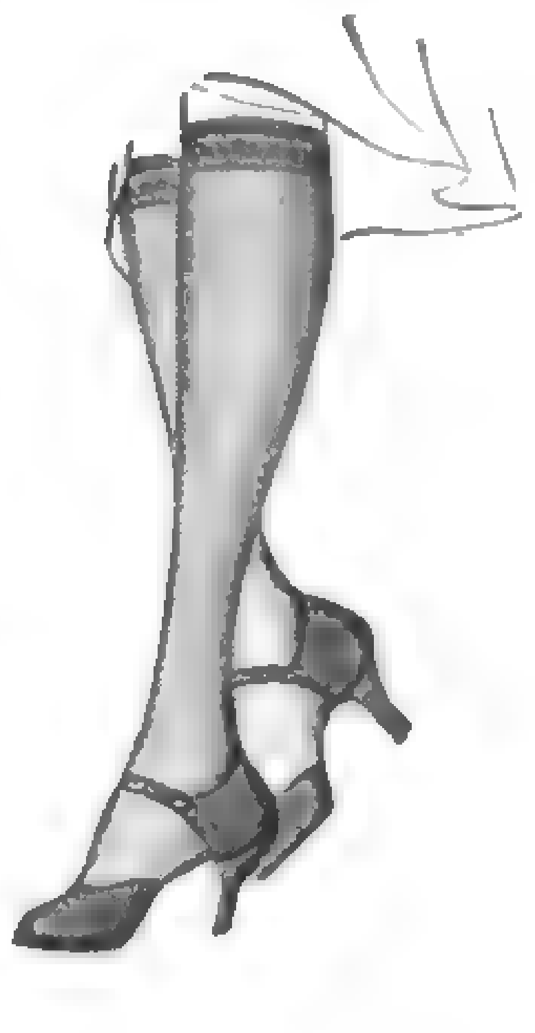

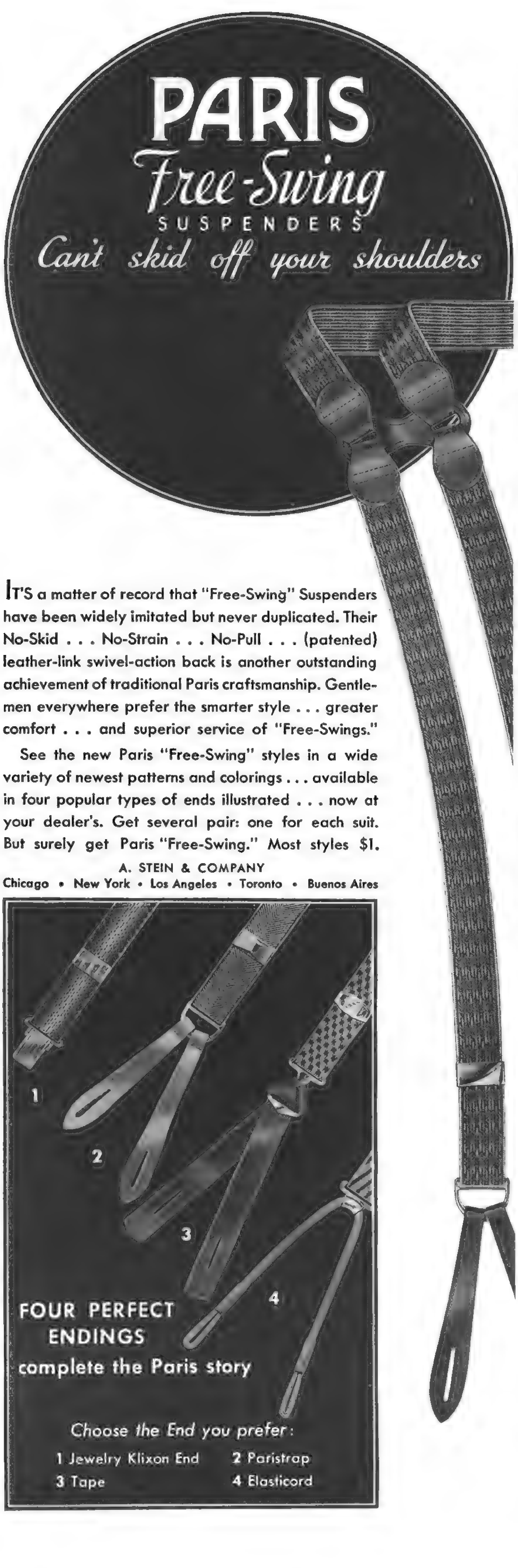

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The Rape of the Tooth

Continued from page 47

my plate. I hissed. I took water in my mouth and rinsed it. I even left the table without eating any of the cherry-strudle which I adored.

My mother sat down next to me on the davenport and kissed me.

"Show me which one is hurting!" said my practical grandmother, and wanted me to open my mouth.

"Leave me alone!" I said petulantly, with the prerogative of the afflicted.

They held a council right there to decide what was to be done. Whether to call Dr. Brück, who was our family physician, or to take me to the dentist at once. I kept my ears open. Finally, the family conclave reached the decision that such a thing should not be taken care of too hastily. To have it extracted? Yes, but only if it was absolutely necessary. For the time being they gave me a gram of aspirin. I took it. It made me sweat like a pig.

At half-past three in the afternoon, when my mother was taking her siesta, I went out to the kitchen to my grandmother. There she stood, in the middle of the kitchen, the chief of a staff engaged in the act of putting up tomato juice.

On the stove gigantic pots were brewing. Julia, the chambermaid, and Mari, the cook, were working with rolled-up sleeves. On the floor there was a fourfold row of empty bottles.

I played my part so simply, with such small artifices, like a really great tragic actor.

"I can't stand this any longer, Grandmother!" I said softly. "I'll go crazy if my tooth isn't pulled!"

My grandmother looked at me pityingly, at the same time casting a desperate glance at the boiling pots.

"All right!" she sighed. "I'll just put on something. I'll take you to the dentist.

"But Grandmother," I answered angelically, "it isn't necessary for you to come with me! I can go alone. Our hygiene-professor at school is a dentist. I know him well. I can go to him alone."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"I?" said I proudly. And in secret I wondered whether I had chosen the appropriate psychological moment. Would the tomatoes have a sufficient holding force on my grandmother to let me go to the dentist alone?

The juice ran down on the side of one of the pots. Its steam rose sizzling from the stove plate. No, this battle of preserve-making could not be forsaken at its climax! My grandmother sighed that she couldn't tear herself in two, and gave me four crowns. Only that much because she had voluntarily decreased the dentist's honorarium. She had always been a very parsimonious creature.

Now I had the money. I held it tightly in my pocket. Happily I ran down the stairs. I swung out the gate. I started out toward Buda, in the direction of Margit Bridge. My tutor had explained to me in detail the location of the Charitable Brothers' free dental clinic.

It was beautiful weather. I walked. I paid the four-*fillér* bridge toll. All the way across Margit Bridge I was whistling and daydreaming. Finny! What was Finny going to say, when, in the opaque light of the staircase, I would extend the candy toward her with an indifferent gesture?

"Oh, yes! I had almost forgotten. . . . Here is the *Kugler* we bet."

It was among the young bushes of St. Lukács Park that fear first shot into my heart. Yes, it was going to be wonderful to look into Finney's admiring eyes! But before that something else had to happen.

Already I was in Buda. This was the park near which the clinic stood. Where they were going to pull my tooth!

I stopped. I sat down on a bench in the sunny park. I was beginning to feel sick at my stomach. What was it going to be like? Was it going to hurt? And which one of my teeth should I have extracted? I didn't hesitate a minute: one of the back molars. True, they were tougher, and probably had stronger roots. But one had to think of one's beauty, too! How could I stand in front of Finny with one of my front teeth missing?

My flaming courage had abated a little. Twenty times I walked up and down in the short street in front of the Charitable Brothers' yellow building. I didn't have the guts to enter.

Should I go home? Should I tell them that my toothache was gone and return the money? No! Should I tell them a lie? That I had lost the money; that they didn't have to pull my tooth; that they had just done something to it? I felt that these were no good solutions. They would have given rise to suspicion, to complications. The whole thing might come to light. On the other hand, the extracted tooth would forestall all arguments.

Life was swarming in front of the Charitable Brothers' gate. I noticed the tortured, sickly, bandage-cheeked, green-faced people who went in the gate; the relieved, happy, smiling souls who came out of it.

The whole thing couldn't be so important. Just ten minutes! Finny's figure appeared before me in a silvery cloud of mist. I went in.

In a tremulous voice I asked a brown-robed monk in the sour-smelling corridor if it was true that one didn't have to pay in this place for getting a tooth pulled.

The monk turned toward me, smiled pleasantly (he had two gold teeth) and stroked my hair:

"Yes, my little boy, it is true. In this place we give free treatment to the poor sick. Just go in

Continued on page 124

FINE OLD
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BLACK & WHITE
GLASGOW
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PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
8 YEARS OLD
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
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Above all-this Scotch has Character!

Black & White stands out as prominently as its distinctive personality. And you will always recognize it by a magnificent flavor and a bouquet of rare delicacy. These qualities give Black & White a character that you can always be sure of—for Black & White's famous blend has remained unchanged since it was created generations ago. Ask for Black & White by name—and you'll get Scotch of untiring satisfaction.

EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

The Scotch with Character

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And so a Hat is Born

A wind blows . . . and a million particles of fine fur flash to the cone that gives them fleeting form. Moisture makes them plastic under cunning hands, yielding as the sculptor's clay yields to his summoning fingers. ❦ Wise with a secret of the centuries, the hands of Dunlap craftsmen mesh the fur to felt, in ever-finer texture. Contours curve to rounded life. Style lines emerge in subtle harmonies. Under the light, the sheen of felt takes on a luminous lustre. ❦ So, by almost imperceptible steps, a Dunlap Hat comes into being...made to a standard of quality and style set by the famous hatter, Robert Dunlap. By his ideal, the hands that make the Dunlap Hats of today and tomorrow, are hands inspired.

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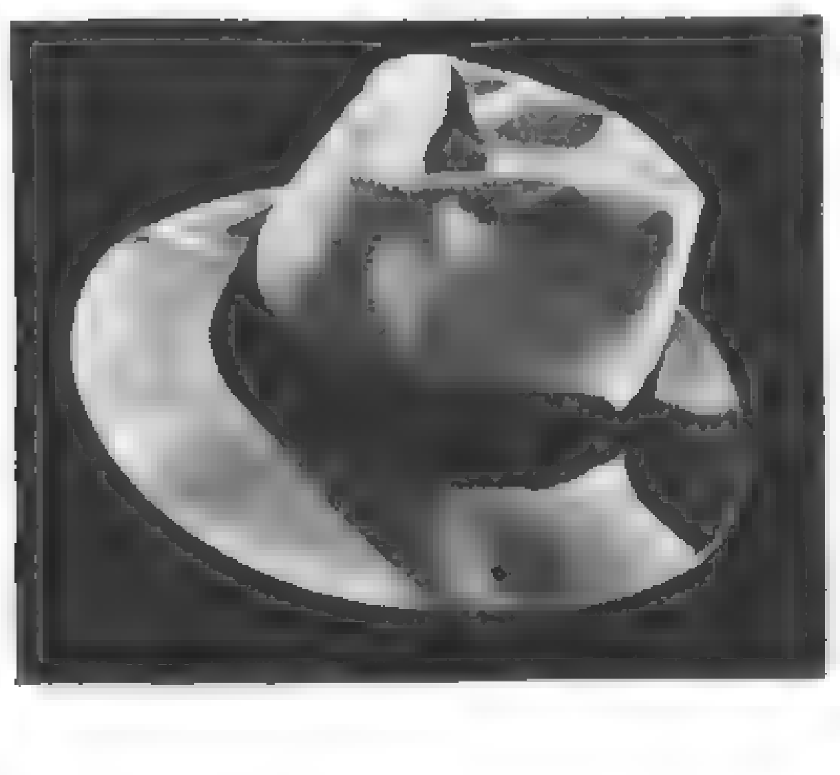


The Rape of the Tooth

Continued from pages 47-122

through that door!" and he pointed toward a glass door, in front of which three simply-dressed women stood.

Their heads were tied in handkerchiefs. One of them was holding her handkerchief to her face, while the other two were pushing her toward the door.

My ears began to burn with shame. Was I one of "the poor sick?" I had the money in my pocket! I was stealing from the real poor-sick! I made up my mind to drop eighty *fillérs* in the urn. And I entered the waiting room, which was crowded with lethargically sitting or impatiently complaining dental patients.

It seems to me that the patients were called into the operating room in groups of eight. I had to wait a good three or four hours before finally a white-gowned brother (the hem of his robe showed under the white gown) called me to join the group which was next to go in.

By that time horror had completely enthrålled me. From inside I had heard the perpetual groans and painful cries of the patients. I must confess that there were many moments when I almost jumped from my seat, abandoning everything, money, honor, and love, to rush out into the open with my thirty-two teeth. I still don't know how I had the strength to control myself, to suffer the excitement of waiting.... How I got in the presence of the extracting monk, more dead than alive, to be called from the dark end of the long room to the light window, where the chair of tortures stood.

The thin brother—he resembled Fra Lippo Lippi's narrow-faced, sadly-pale monks—spoke to me with his sonorous voice:

"Which tooth is hurting, my little boy?"

I answered, trembling:

"This, in the back, on the left side...."

"Sit down, my little boy!" said the monk, and helped me into the chair, which was a whole machine in itself, with two pedal-like rests for the feet. I sat in it. The mechanism started and I began to rise. My heart almost stopped beating, and I clung desperately to the armrests.

"Lean your head back, and open your mouth!" the monk directed me in his sweet, deep voice.

I obeyed him with closed eyes. I could feel as he reached into my mouth with some cold, metallic object. I shuddered. It was only the mirror. The monk looked at all my teeth.

"I don't see anything wrong. Your teeth are all healthy. It would be a shame to have any one of them pulled!" he said in a friendly voice.

My hand became ice-cold with fright. Should I give up now? Should I get up from the chair? Should I leave now when I was already sitting here? I whined:

"But it's hurting so much!"

The monk leaned over me with a serious face. He reached into my mouth with his big hand. He pushed one of my teeth:

"Is this the one that hurts?"

I hissed:

"Yes! That's the one!"

The monk shrugged his shoulders and muttered to himself:

"I wonder what could be the trouble? It couldn't be inflammation.... The gum is not at all irritated...."

But he had not time for a long examination. A multitude of patients was waiting to be taken care of. I was groaning in the chair. Well, if it hurt, it hurt! Something had to be done about it.

I saw him put down the mirror on the glass top of the little table, and take into his hand another implement, secretively, almost tenderly, so that I might not even see the gleaming object.

This was the most horrible moment. The smell of ether, the bloody cotton in the bucket beside the chair. I felt like vomiting. I turned white as a sheet of paper, because the monk had started to console me meekly:

"You mustn't be so afraid! It's like the sting of a bee! Take it like a soldier!"

I had to open my mouth again, and lean back in the chair, the nape of my neck on the headrest.

I saw the monk's queerly-cut hair on his forehead, his serious, masculine searching face, as he leaned above me and with his right hand carefully pushed that gleaming something into my mouth. The cold steel firmly pushed the flesh back around my back molar. The forceps gripped it brutally. Something cracked, as if a deep root had been torn out of my brain.

I screamed like a madman.

But my scream had hardly died away when everything was over. The monk was meekly holding out a glass of water toward me:

"Rinse your mouth now, my little boy. Here is your tooth—and he held up between his two fingers my red-rooted tooth."

My forehead and my palms were pearly with sweat, and my hands trembled as I rinsed my mouth. The monk was looking at my tooth at the window, shaking his head:

"I still don't see anything wrong with this tooth.... What was the trouble?"

I spat out the tepid, pink water into the bucket:

"I don't know. It just hurt. And now nothing hurts any more! Thank you very much!" I said gratefully.

The monk washed the tooth, wiped it, and extended it to me:

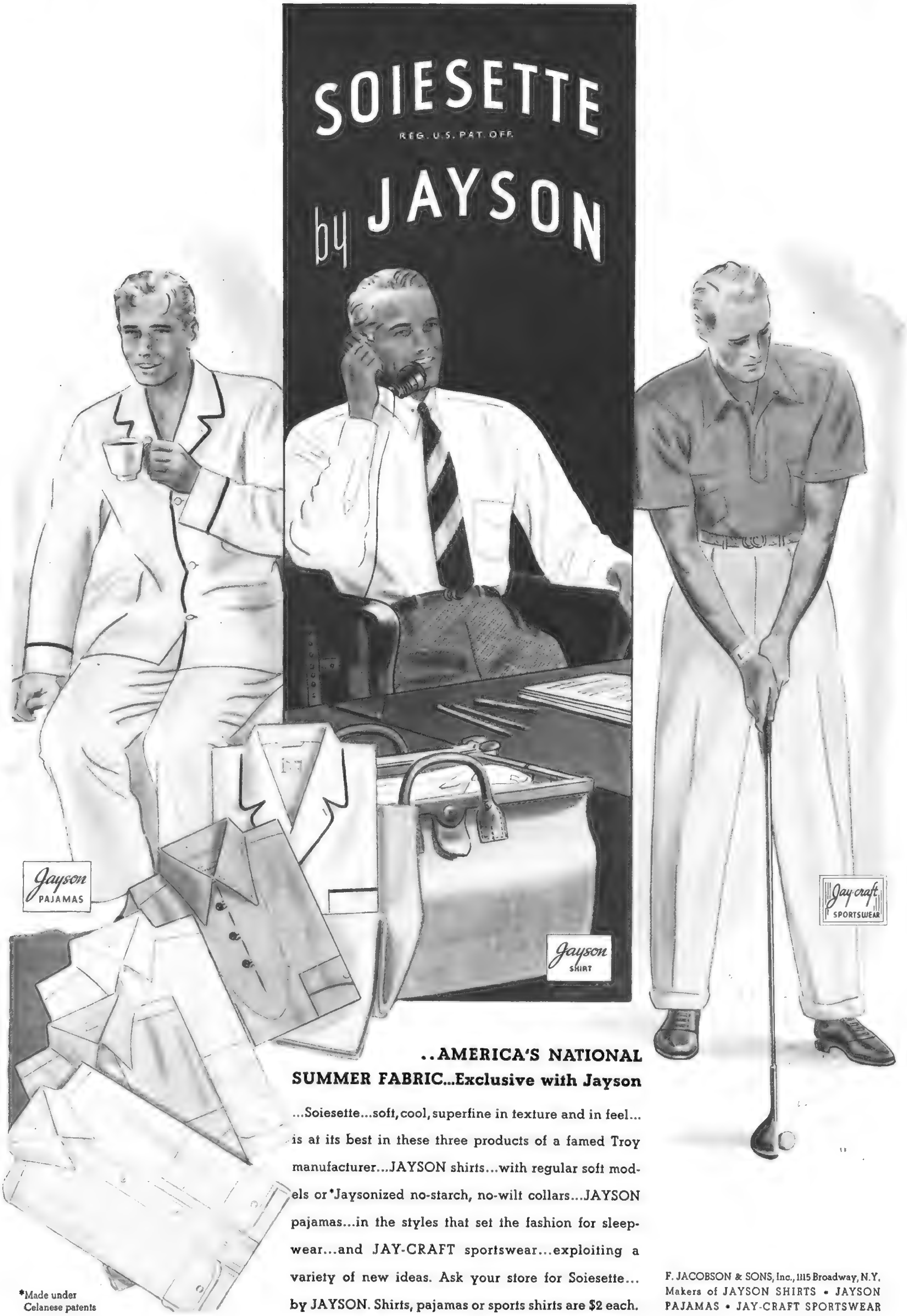
"Here you are! Keep it for a souvenir!" he said pleasantly.

I bowed:

"Thank you!" and then added a little embarrassed: "please, I'd like to put something in the urn...."

I was still a very little boy. My eyes were wide with the excitement I had just passed through.

Continued on page 126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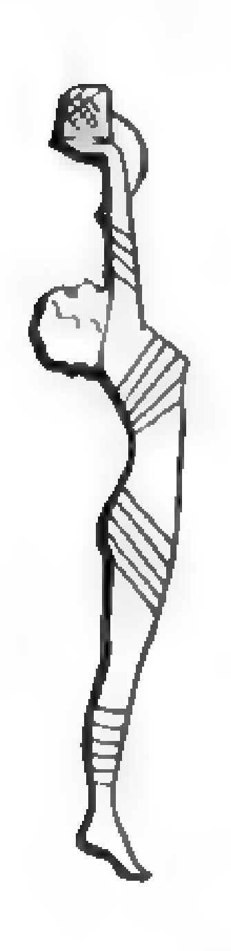

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An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York City

The Rape of the Tooth

Continued from pages 47-122-124

The monk waved benevolently with his big hand:

"That's all right, my little boy! It isn't important!" and he dismissed me from his presence to turn patiently and meekly to my successor, who was a postman and who stood with a gray face beside the chair.

This was all. It was all over. Outside, in St. Lukács Park, the sun was shining unchanged. Now came the true delights. Going to Gizella Place to buy the *Kugler*. Just play. Somewhere, under an arch, I drilled a hole in my tooth with my penknife. With a pencil I blackened the hole. I fixed it up to look like an old, disintegrating molar, with a gorgeous big black hole in it.

I kept the *Kugler*-box hidden in the antechamber until six o'clock in the evening. Then I saw Finny come out to the loggia. I stuck the box into my blouse and went out to her.

I must say that our meeting didn't go off the way I had imagined it. I could not rise to the full dignity of the situation. I felt that my giving her the candy was full of despicable bragging. I had wanted to be blasé and make a mountain of an anthill:

"Here you are. The candy. I recall telling you that you don't know me. . . ."

But no matter how I did it, Finny was greatly impressed. In vain she pursed her lips despisingly; I could see how avidly she reached for the box. She was a woman, after all. And since then I have known how true the bitter observation is: all we need is to give them something, and at once we grow in their eyes and become like a very happy result of cross-breeding between Don Juan, Apollo, and Napoleon.

Finny pressed the box to herself.

"How much did it cost?" she asked curiously.

I put the tip of my tongue in the sensitive gap of my extracted tooth, and answered her with perfect ease:

"Oh, I don't even know. . . . A bagatelle. . . ."

I could see in Finny's crossed, violet eyes that she saw through this. But unfortunately, we couldn't converse more at length. The chambermaid called out:

"Finny, please, you are wanted!"

Finny now gave me her hand: this was the first handshake of our acquaintance. Then she slunk in through the door, the box under her arm.

Happy hours ensued after this. Long periods of reverie in bed, before falling asleep. How wonderful it would be to meet Finny in the morning, on the trolley! To look at her! To greet her with clear self-respect! It would be quite different from what it had been. . . . But Heaven forbid that Finny should ever find out about the tooth! I never wanted her to know. . . . But I knew, I felt, what I had done. And—may I be forgiven by the world for my lack of modesty —I was waiting for my reward.

Next morning on the trolley I had a horrible surprise. Finny was cold to me. More than cold. Hostile.

Other times she had at least nodded to return my greetings. But now she didn't even give me a chance to confront her. She turned her head away. And, when we came to the Basilica, she got off from the front platform, not from the back one, where I had been waiting excitedly to see how she was going to act when she had to pass me.

This happened on a Saturday. Sunday there was no school; so we didn't meet. Monday was a Jewish holiday. Finny didn't have to go to school.

Finally, on Tuesday, I lay in ambush for her, and saluted her. She pretended that she didn't even see me.

It was positively shameless with what impertinence a little bitch like her could behave, even with her eyes just half-open!

My heart was heavy. I didn't understand the whole business. I just stared stupidly, my tongue in the little gap from which my tooth had been extracted.

Perhaps a week had passed when one afternoon I caught Egon, Finny's kid brother, on the loggia. He was an eight-year-old little devil, who had often disrupted our duets with his dreaded appearance.

But this time I was glad to see him.

"What's the matter, Egon?" I asked him as disinterestedly as I could. "What happened to Finny? Haven't seen her in ages. . . ."

Egon slowly turned toward me his impudent little face which shone in the effulgence of complete informativeness:

"Finny got her face slapped!"

"Who hurt her?" I asked terrified.

"Mamma!" answered he, grinning fiercely. Then he added:

"On account of the candy. Where does she get the nerve to accept candy from boys?"

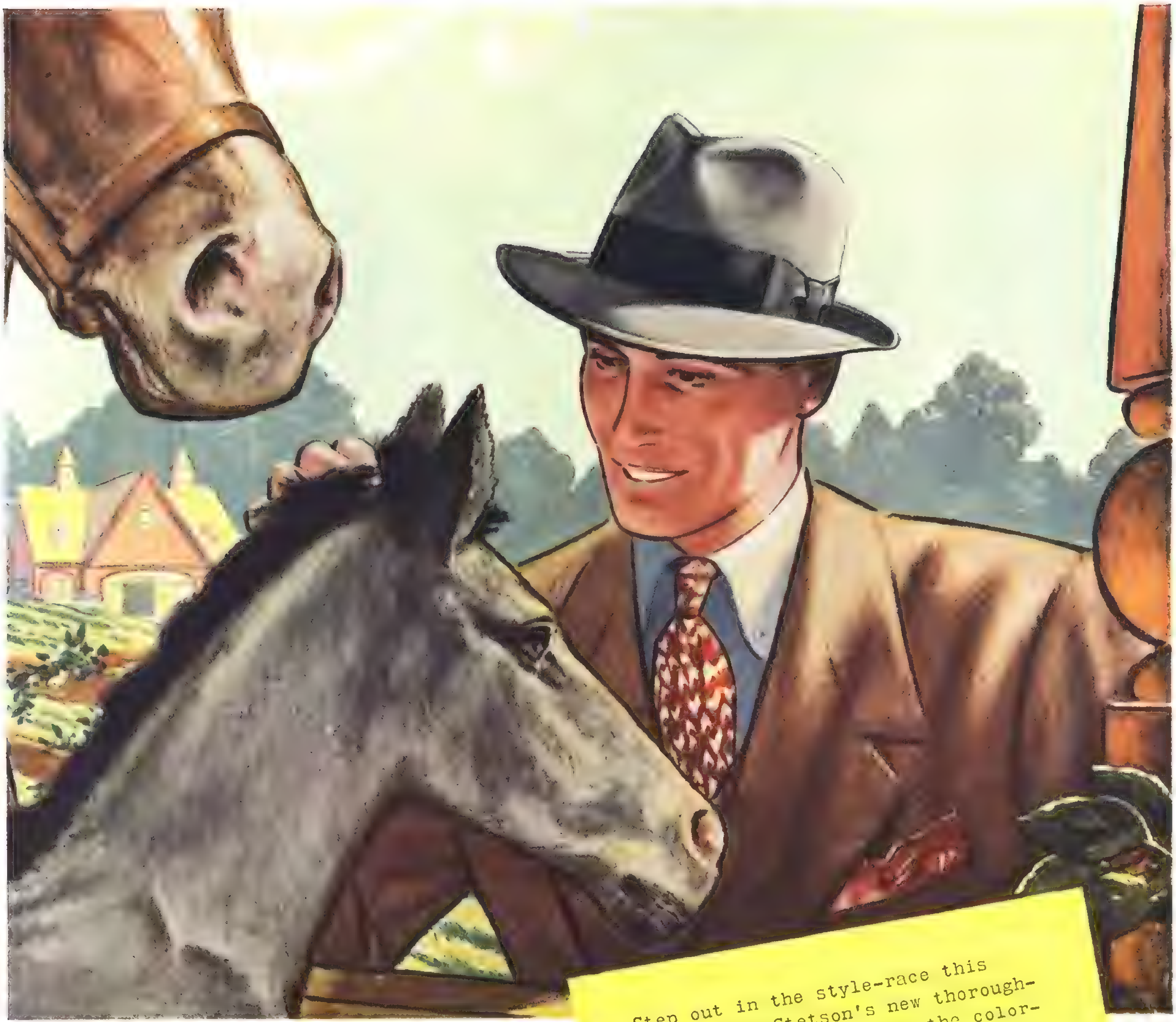
* * *

I never again saw Finny. Summer came, and then her family moved away from the building. But I am certain that my escapade with her has had a definite influence upon the character of my whole love-life. At least, I have often caught myself, when I was at the point of getting mixed up in some affair of the sentiments, sticking my tongue instinctively back into the little gap in the place of the tooth extracted thirty years ago.

I can feel the little gap. The old sorrow and disappointment. And I usually start being so circumspect and careful that there is no woman, no matter how desperate, who would find it worth her while to keep on making passes at such a coward. #

Stetson Originates

ARAB GRAY



Step out in the style-race this Spring with Stetson's new thoroughbred colors, inspired by the colorings of pedigreed horses. Best choice for tweeds or flannels is this excellent "Arab Gray" shade...shown with a bound edge, lower crown, and wider rakish brim. It has the correctly lower band, of course. Bring your hat wardrobe up to date with this new Stetson color.

Like all other fine Stetsons, an "Arab Gray" is tops in quality as well as thoroughbred in color. See the complete range of Thoroughbred Colors at your hatter. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris. Stetsons are also made in Canada.

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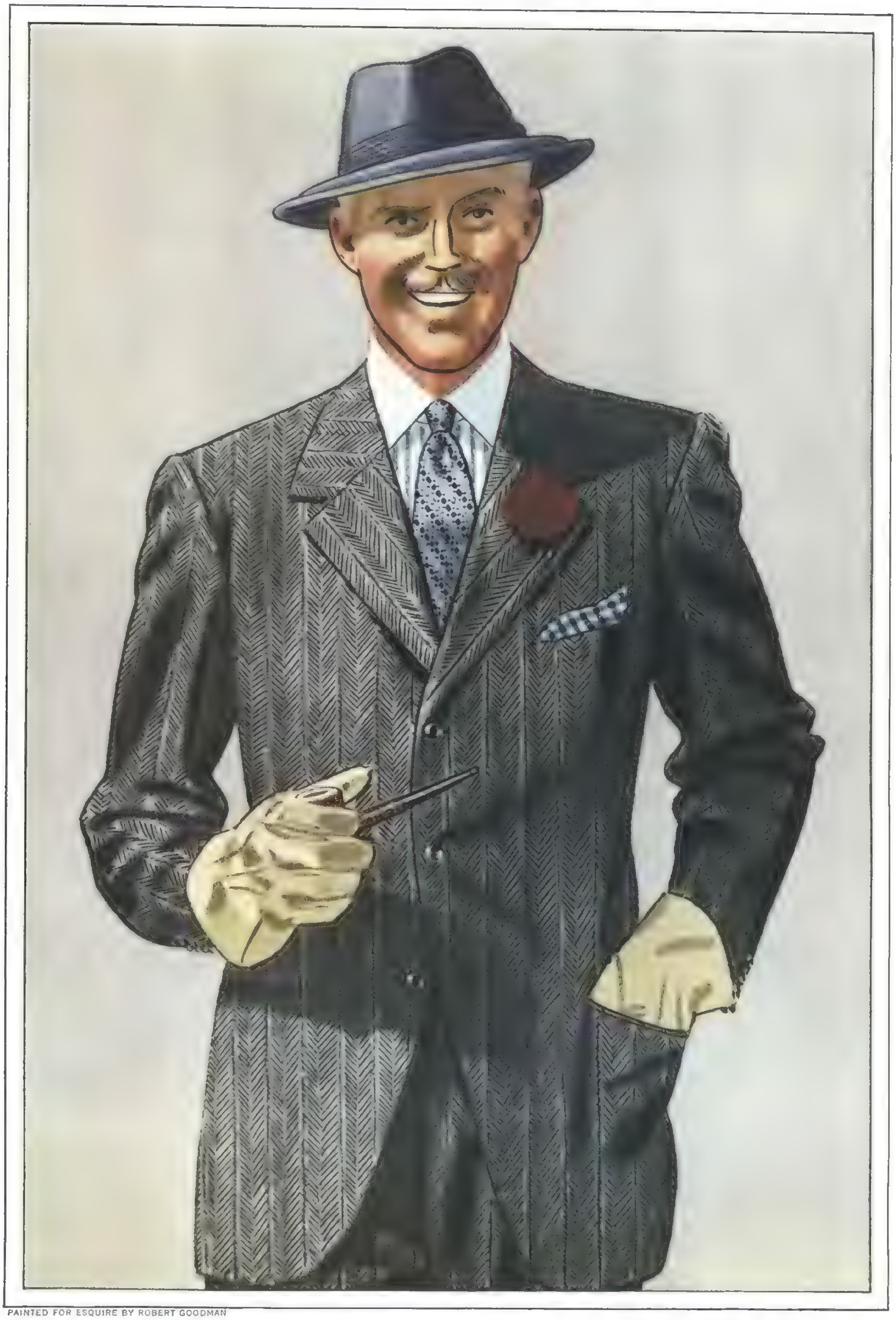

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE BY ROBERT GOODMAN

THE SEMI-SPORTS KIT AT CLOSE QUARTERS

We've been talking "semi-sports" in such a casual, side-of-the-mouth sort of way that we thought we'd better bag a typical semi-sports outfit, stuff it and mount it up for close inspection. Mark well the carnation boutonnière, gentlemen. Time was when that would have been the only element in the outfit considered correct for town wear. The soft shirt-stiff collar combination crossed the border, on its second time around, several years ago. A newer note is the fairly country-minded suit, this one in lightweight cheviot. The chamois gauntlet gloves are informal enough, and the semi-sports hat—a Tyrolean in London Blue with woven band—takes full advantage of the welcome fact that the siege has been raised and the town made safe for informality. Of course, the above specimen is only one version of the semi-sports idea, but you'll find plenty of others, from page to page and issue to issue.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

FROM A KODACHROME ORIGINAL

All the wonders of awakening life

. . . by tens of thousands, people are capturing them, keeping them, with a movie camera

MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK

loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and shoot. Effortless loading is only one of six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including combination carrying case, $137.50.

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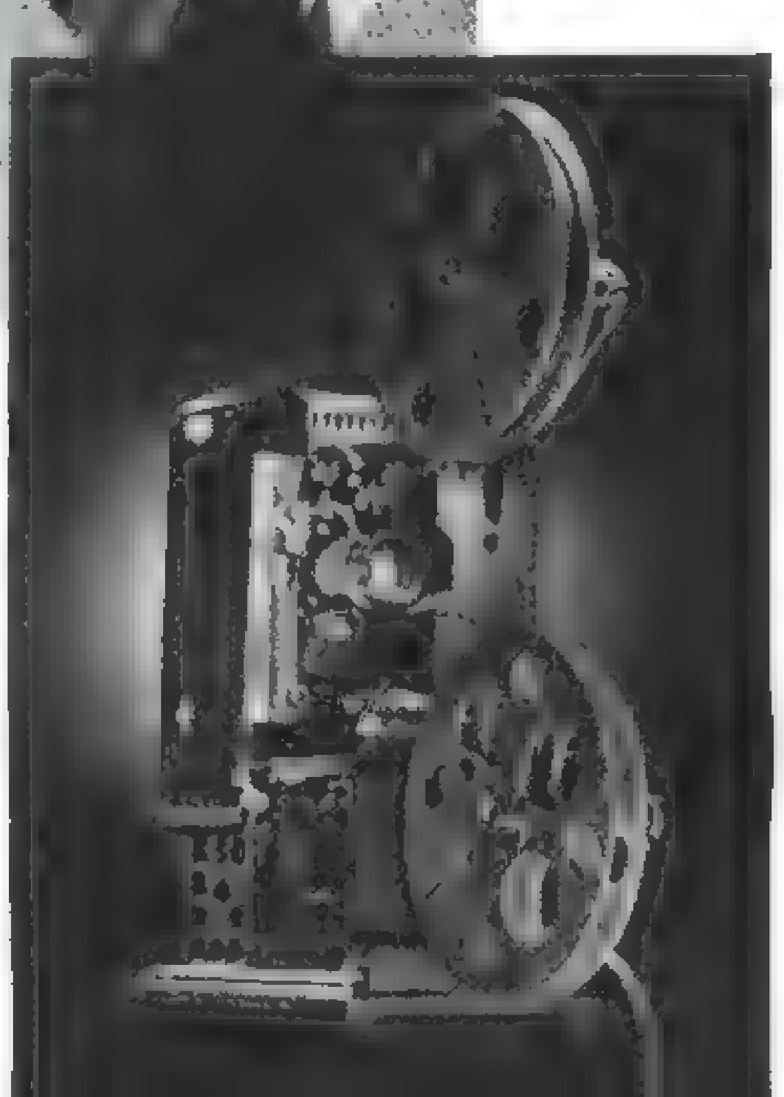
is the most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and, as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens, $88.50; including case, $100.

AND FOR PROJECTION

For clearer, more brilliant projection, use Kodascope, the Eastman-made projector which teams up beautifully with Ciné-Kodak and shows your pictures at their best.

Ciné-Kodaks, Kodascopes, and Ciné-Kodak Film are all Eastman-made, designed to work together, and backed by world-wide Eastman service.



NOW IS THE TIME to get out-of-doors with a movie camera—

Now, while everything that meets the eye seems fresh, young, exciting; while your garden is surprising you every day with its riotous behavior . . .

Wherever you go, you'll see something beautiful . . . new life pouring into things on every side.

Tens of thousands of people will be using their movie cameras this spring. You see things with new eyes when you make movies of them. And afterwards—when your pictures leap into life on your own home movie screen—you'll be almost startled by their vivid beauty; thrilled to think you made them—and that you'll always have them. With Eastman's finer home movie cameras—Magazine Ciné-Kodak and Ciné-Kodak "K"—you can get wonderful movies from the very beginning; movies that are clear, brilliant, pulsing with life and motion.

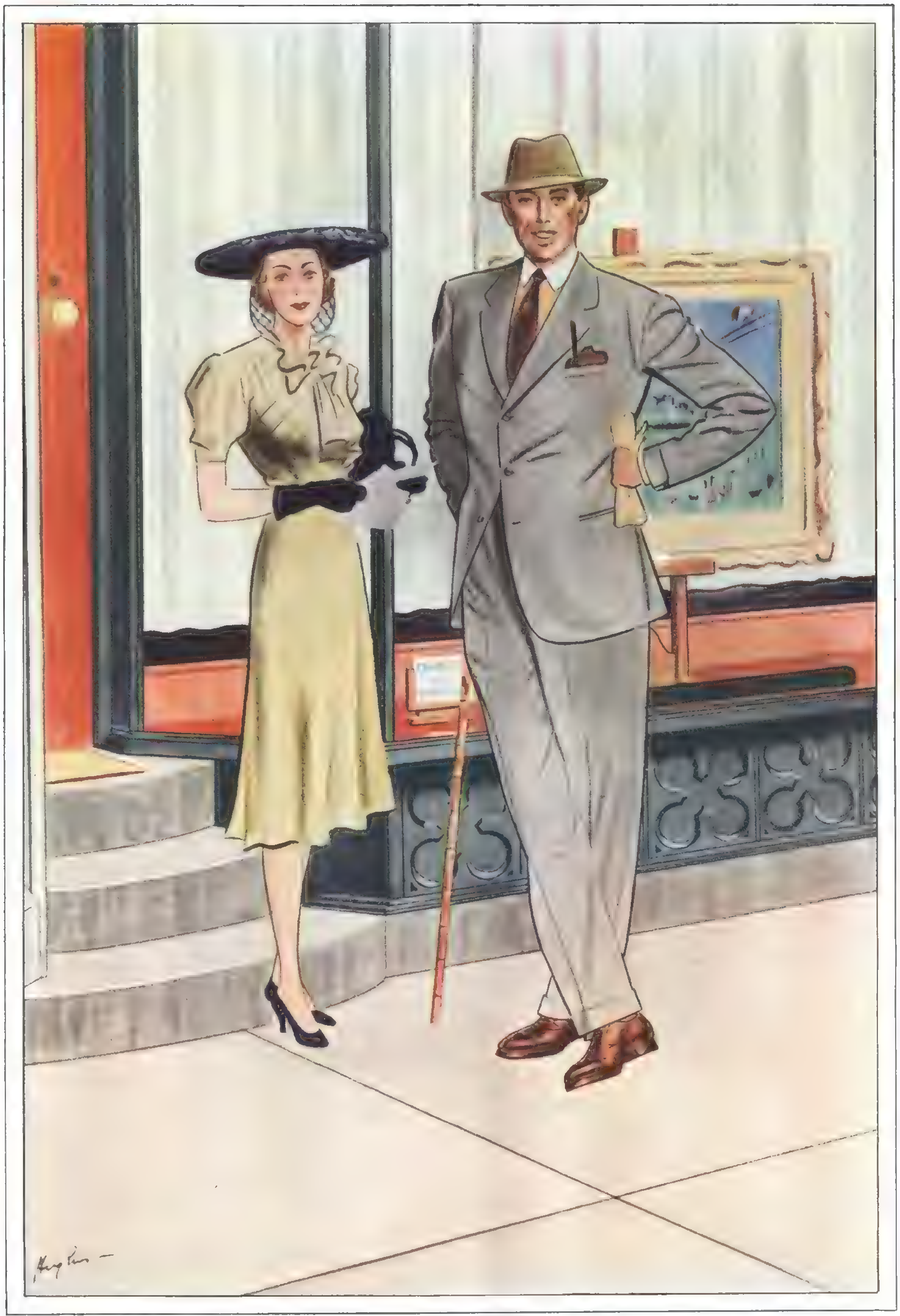
These are the two most popular of all 16 mm. home movie cameras.

FULL-COLOR KODACHROME—And simply by changing your film—loading your Ciné-Kodak with Kodachrome instead of black-and-white—your movies will be flooded with the glory of gorgeous full color.

You can hardly imagine, until you see them, how marvelously lifelike and beautiful color makes them.

Drop in at your dealer's—let him show you these 16 mm. Ciné-Kodaks. And some sample reels, both in black-and-white and full color . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Ciné-Kodak **EASTMAN'S FINER HOME MOVIE CAMERAS**



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN NEW YORK BY GEORGE HUGHES

CORRECT AS ALL GETOUT, BUT IS IT ART?

Talk about posing for your picture, these people are virtually posturing. But let's keep personalities out of this and concentrate on the very sprightly semi-sports outfit. The *pièce de résistance* is the unassuming but perennially smart three-button single breasted plain grey flannel suit. It is practically wallowing in its quiet way in hallmarks of high fashion, such as the turnback cuffs, flapless pockets and British Blade lines with extra fullness at the shoulder blades in the back and at the chest in the front. An added fillip is the fastening of the two top buttons, a sporting new touch for single breasted town jackets and especially desirable when the waistcoat yields to the heat. Accessories include the tan soft broadcloth shirt with white stiff collar, woven silk tie, rough finish semi-Tyrolean hat, brown buckskin quarter-brogue shoes, yellow chamois gloves, foulard handkerchief and rattan cane.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Blue Brass Laughter

Continued from page 64

emotions and events. He had something to say, this flower of centuries of evolutionary growth in Africa and America. Yet where there might have been dark, rich symphonies there were innumerable ragtime tunes. He was a great man, a truly great man, condemned to write his autobiography in 4-4 time.

Hop heads, muggle smokers, whores—all kicked the gong around to the wild tune of his jazz-mad trumpet. Laddie Casselle, three thousand a week, the toast of Harlem—no, it was not good enough.

After the first drink he changed to gin and water in a tall glass. I had another Scotch. He smoked one cigarette after another, reaching them out of an ivory box with his long slender fingers. After I had expressed my appreciation of his work he became friendly, ordered another gin and water and went to the piano.

Though it was not quite five in the afternoon, the blinds were drawn. Hidden fixtures bathed the large room in quiet light. He had played until four the night before, he told me, and then rehearsed the band until noon. It was always the same, it seemed. His men played without sheet music, depended on improvisation for the pulse-speeding effect of the melodies.

Now he played the first draft of what was later to be known as *Bad Man Blues* on the glistening white piano. It was clever, original with a muted significance which failed only because of the inadequacy of his medium.

At the piano he was a giant playing with marbles. *Bad Man Blues* and the dozens of other songs he had composed were like cracked, distorting mirrors. And it was then, as he completed his playing, that I realized the flaw which made Laddie Casselle what he was.

Had I seen in his tortured actions what he failed to realize himself, or was I constructing an image with the sand of my imagination?

I think it was the latter; possibly a combination of the two.

At any rate I believe I discovered what it was that gave rise to the impression of unhealthy obscenity which he conveyed to those who heard him, to those who listened again and again to his music with fascinated distaste . . . for at the completion of that clever, yet hackneyed composition, Laddie Casselle, who might have borne the standard of a race, was undeniably satisfied.

III

It was less than a year later that Casselle began to slip. One evening over a coast-to-coast hook-up an announcer said:

"We are sorry to announce that due to a sudden attack of influenza Laddie Casselle will not be able to appear with his orchestra tonight. In his place, as first trumpeter, will be Georgie Grant."

Two weeks later he had a relapse. With the coming of spring laryngitis took the place of influenza, and finally his periodic absences were left unexplained. Listeners from Jersey to Walla Walla, avid students of the Broadway columnists, leered knowingly at the increasingly frequent announcements to the effect that "Tonight Georgie Grant, leading Laddie Casselle's Cotton Gin Orchestra, will open the program with . . ."

Jimmy Lane and I heard him one night in the middle of summer. He was as good as ever. If anything, his frenzied performance was better than before. The man who had made a joke of drug addiction and had introduced the degenerate riffraff of New York's Harlem into the American home via his swinging, catchy tunes, put on a show that beaded the cool foreheads of swing fans with excited sweat.

Jimmy Lane, lean, nervous, brilliant, who found in hot music something of the intense, moody excitement which pervaded his life, was bright-eyed with enthusiasm.

"Listen to that boy," he shouted through the din. "He's really in the groove tonight."

Later, in a white-tiled, all-night cafeteria we discussed Casselle over bacon and eggs and coffee.

"There's something unclean, something obscene about him," I said. "I know he's good. I've gone to hear him dozens of times. In his line, there's no one better. His songs are clever, exciting . . . but the happiness in them is artificial. He's a Negro, yet he isn't carefree. There's a 'shot-in-the-arm, let's-have-another-drink' vein running through his work that all the laughing trombones in Harlem can't obliterate."

"You know," Jimmy said, "I've got a theory about that."

He snapped a match on his thumbnail, lit a cigarette. He had a hard white face, pale sharp eyes. Only an engaging smile, legacy of a Wisconsin boyhood, saved him from being typed as a Broadway wise guy.

"I think it's because he never sees the sun," he said. "D'you get what I mean? Negroes . . . they're from Africa originally. Then they came to the southern states. They've lived in the hot sun for centuries. Everything . . . their heavily pigmented skin, their innate laziness, their outlook on life —all of them resulted from the hot, merciless sunlight which poured down on them since the race began.

"D'you get it? See what I mean? Laddie Casselle is a Negro without sun. Instead of hot fields its Harlem basement joints for him. He's like the plants we used to find under boards when we were kids. Remember them . . . pale, degenerate things? Plants have got to have the sun, too.

"Laddie Casselle is like one of those plants. I know what I mean, but I can't say it. But he isn't

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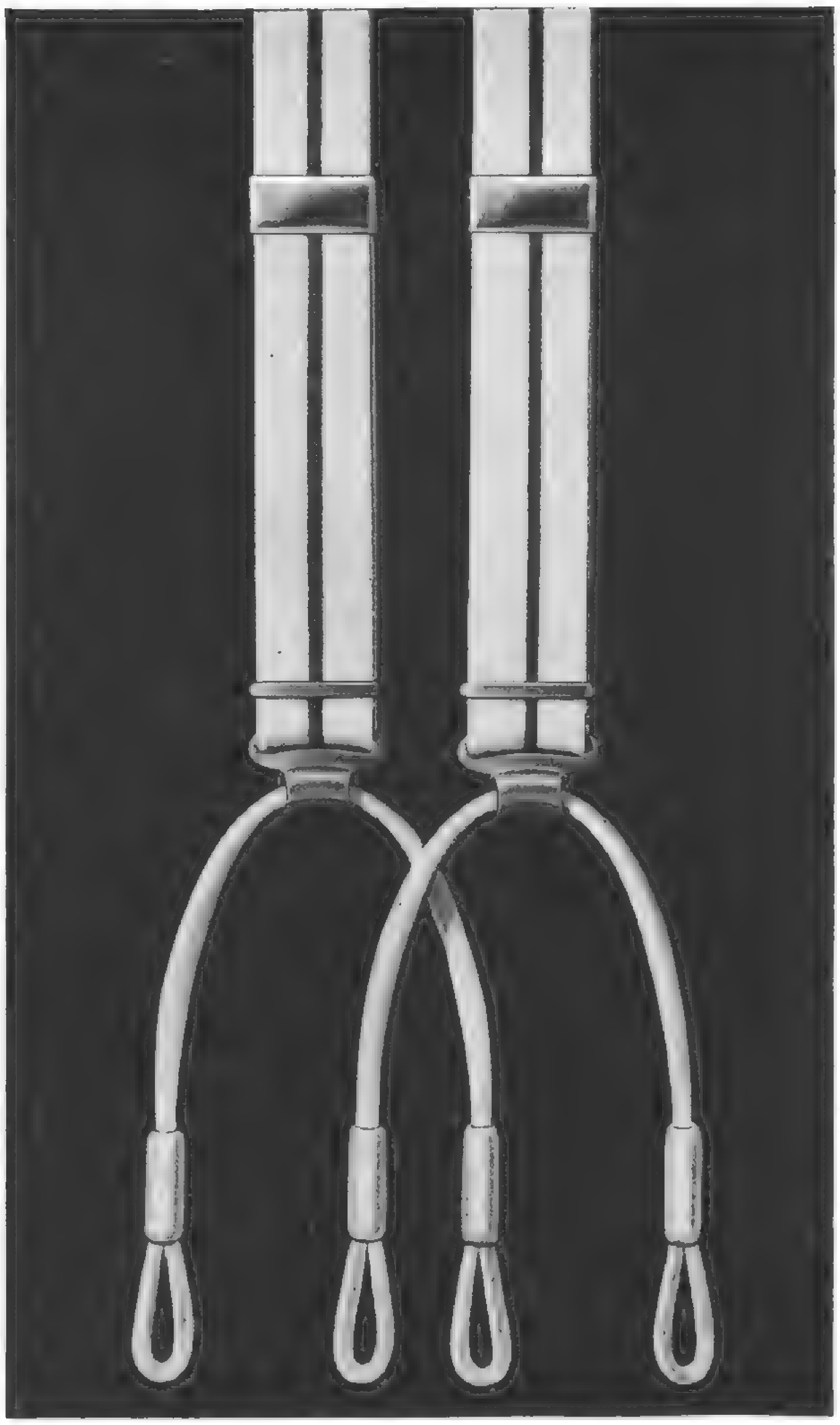

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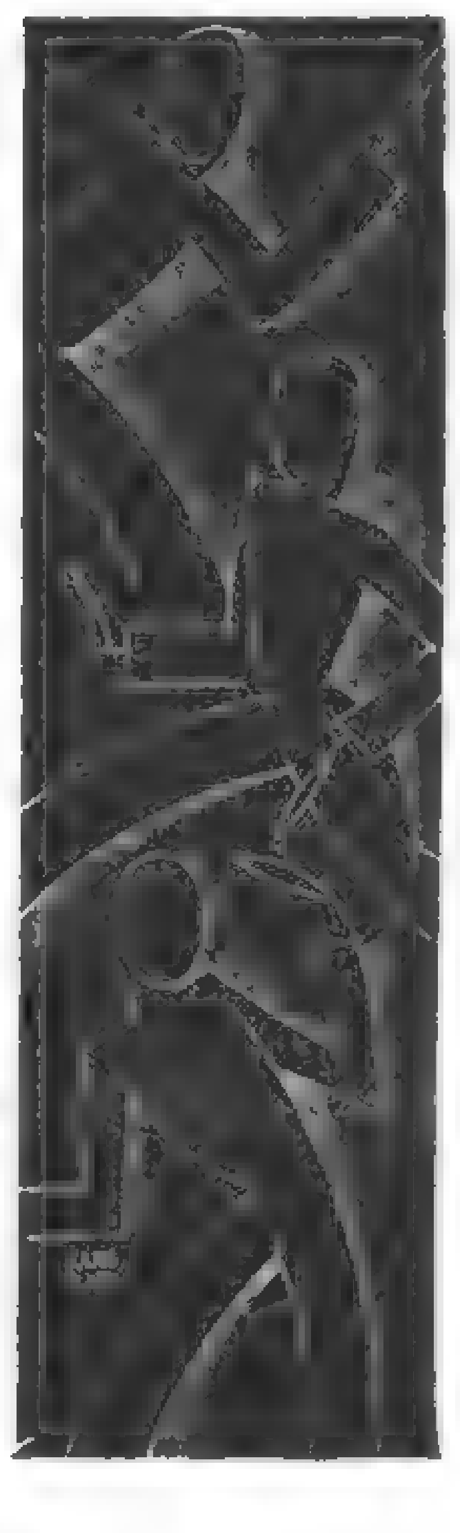

Blue Brass Laughter

Continued from pages 64-131

Negro really. He lives like a white man, but he isn't . . .

"I don't know, he's just a Negro without sun."

Jimmy Lane doused his cigarette in the dregs of his coffee, fished another from his pocket without removing the pack and lit it from a match I struck for him. I lighted my cigarette and dropped the match in the heavy china coffee mug.

"And he's gone too far in his field," Lane added. "He hasn't played for Negroes in the past two years that I know of. He's too popular, too famous. He's gone away ahead of the other shines into a sort of no-man's land of his own."

Jimmy blew a streamer of smoke against the black table top. In the silence which followed, our minds turned to Casselle's sudden slump.

"D'you think there's anything in the talk about him and the Mayhall girl?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Something's happened to him. I don't know. Maybe a white woman could do it."

IV

For almost a year Casselle kept on the downward path, leaving a trail of broken contracts. Georgie Grant took over most of his men, formed a band of his own. Even the columnists ceased to mention him, ceased to make veiled remarks regarding a white girl who bore the tabloid label: Society.

Then at one of New York's earliest swing concerts Casselle played his first Sepia Sonnet. The next morning newspaper readers were treated to another Cinderella story. Casselle found himself a new actor in the old role—the man who came back.

Five more Sepia Sonnets followed, each one more powerful than its predecessors. Strange intense compositions, they were jazz released from its old ties. The critics' battle which started with the *Rhapsody in Blue* flared again.

"But is it music?" asked the conservatives. "America finds its voice," exulted the others.

Through it all moved Laddie Casselle, a moody, enigmatic figure.

He refused to comment on his music, let it speak for itself. Instead of returning to the night clubs he formed an all-star band to play at concerts and on a weekly radio program. And if his trumpet was better, it was because it had become more than a syncopated voice; it now had something to say.

And then one night in Carnegie Hall six months after the *Music Goes 'Round and 'Round* christened hot music swing, Laddie Casselle played his Sepia Sonnet Number Seven. Following Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington and blind Artie Tatum he took the most difficult spot on the program.

Whispered comments mixed with applause as he walked out onto the stage, took his place in front of the band. Sitting with Jimmy Lane I felt myself aligned with him against the audience, felt fear in my heart that he might not succeed.

But as he raised his trumpet to his lips I knew that tonight was his night. This time he would be a little better than ever before. I don't know how I knew this. He was the same lean, angular Negro, the same slick clothes-horse, dressed in a white linen suit—but as a bettor who sees that his favorite is at its peak form, I settled back into my seat, prepared to share with Casselle the pleasure of surprising a strange, almost unsympathetic audience.

As the house lights dimmed, the spotlight's brilliance gained in intensity, filled the brass section with dazzling highlights. He opened Number Seven with a trumpet solo which for sheer technique I have never heard surpassed. High, piercing notes flashed from his trumpet like musical sheet-lightning. The stillness of his stiff body emphasized the quick movements of the melody.

Then the band came in, playing a rhythmic, muted accompaniment. The music was bold, defiant, charged with powerful, youthful confidence. The trumpet soared, reached new heights.

Here was the exultant cry of a man, an American Negro, glorying in his strength; here was praise for the brilliant past, the multi-colored pageant which had spawned him; here was ambition realized, achievement recognized.

Behind the trumpet's pagan cry the full orchestra grew louder. The beat of the tympani swelled in volume and intensity. Suddenly the trumpet faltered. At first the wavering was barely discernible. Then doubt possessed the music, followed by a mood of frustration and disillusionment.

Around me people leaned forward, tense and expectant. This was swing music, great swing music, yet something more. On the stage a man, typifying a portion of a race, was offering a testament of defeat.

One by one the instruments became still. A thin broken melody came from Casselle's trumpet offset by the steady beat of the drum. A guitar whimpered. Casselle lifted his trumpet to the ceiling and a last arrogant blast ripped the air, ending in a choked cry of defeat. He slowly lowered the

keep that youthful look — step out in

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Lastex yarn is knitted into the material to give you the life and stretch of a regular cotton garment, with a perfect fit, but without the discomfort of binding.

Allen-A also offers *woven* shorts in conventional styles. They are cool, durable, inexpensive — and sure to please you.

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If you want real comfort next to your skin, stock your wardrobe with Life Guards. Buy your spring quota now, at your Allen-A dealer's.

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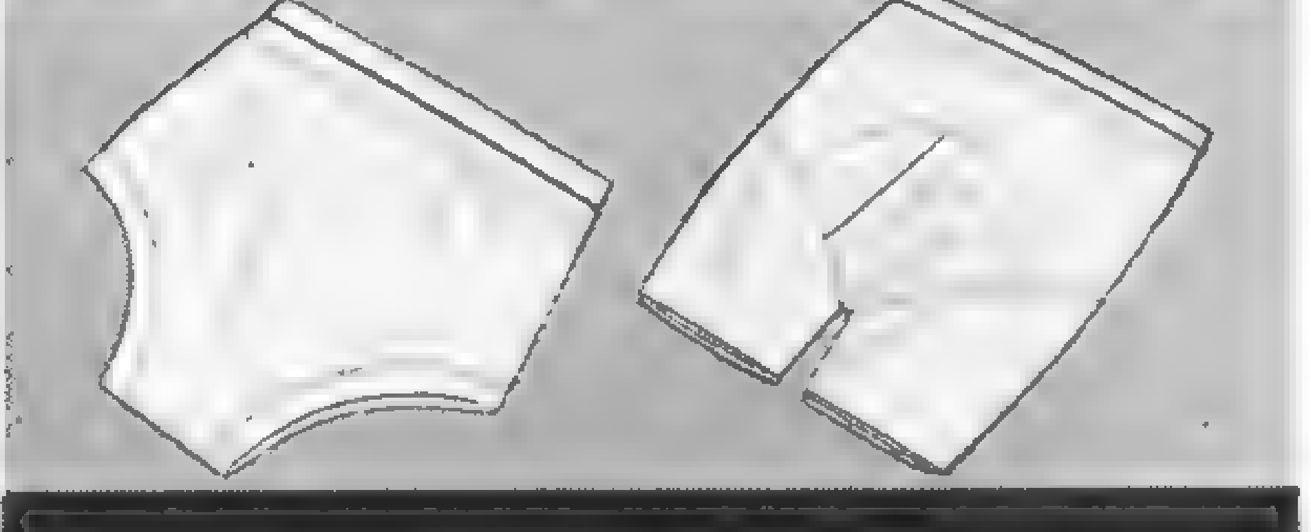

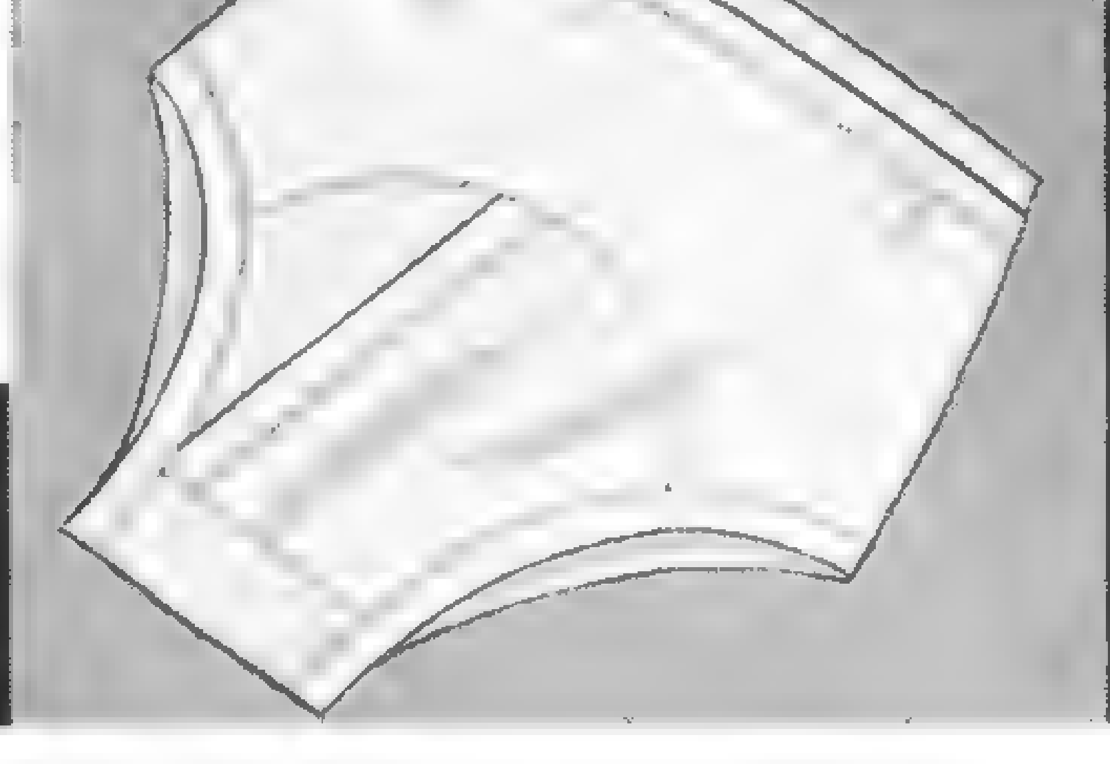

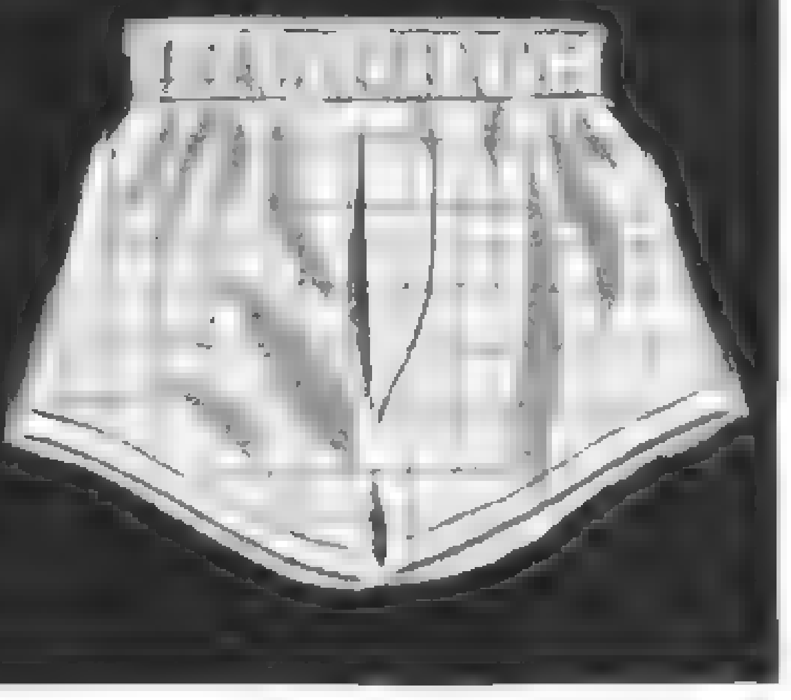

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A new way to keep cool . . . Made of Fu Shan Cloth, and other cool fabrics, with wide, short legs, elastic waistband, no buttons.

trumpet, his thin body motionless.

The guitar carried on, offering whimpering, plaintive chords. Then the even beat of the drum faltered —the rhythm was lost—and the brass section lifted its instruments and ended Number Seven on blaring discord.

That night the news services carried the story of the crowd's reaction to every corner of the country. It was the kind of ovation that Americans reserve for football heroes and heavyweight champions.

Jimmy Lane, in his enthusiasm, wrote a story that was reprinted for months in papers and magazines. You may remember his concluding line: "Tonight Laddie Casselle lost hope—and found greatness."

V

The sequel might have been used as the basis for one of Casselle's own songs.

For Casselle was undone by one of his historians, a Broadway columnist, who ran an item concerning the band leader and a white "society" girl so strong in its implications that the writer's innate caution and knowledge of libel laws necessitated the realization by everyone that he had concrete documentary proof of the affair.

I can only guess what followed. Someone connected with the girl—it has never been proved who—made a telephone call.

In some corner of New York over a pair of rye highballs a thin envelope changed hands. More phone calls followed and one night Laddie Casselle was whisked from the sidewalk into a black sedan.

A mail carrier found him beside a dirt road off the main highway one morning a little before noon. I talked with one of the interns who answered the police call not long ago. He was voluble and a little drunk.

"It was the damnedest thing," he said. "You know, it was about twelve o'clock when we picked him up. He'd been dead for hours, lying on his back in the sun."

The intern directed a shot of whiskey down his throat and shook his head wonderingly.

"His face was warm when I touched it. I could've sworn he was alive . . . of course it was from lying like that . . . on his back with the sun beating on him." #

As the Immortals Say

Continued from page 72

make an attempt at it anyway."

"How far from shore are we, d'you think?" Halligan asked.

"About three-quarters of a mile," says the old man.

"There are lights on the beach," says Halligan. "Some of them must be coastguardsmen or lifeguards or something."

"Well, what of it?" snaps the skipper.

"Sometimes a swimmer can live where a boat can't," says Halligan. "If you got a small line ashore, could you keep communication with wigwags and eventually get a breeches buoy working?"

"Of course we could," growls the skipper, "but who's going to take a line ashore? Everybody knows sailors are the world's worst swimmers."

"Well," says Halligan quietly, "I'm fat, flabby and fifty, but I know my stuff in the water. Can you dig up enough fishline or some other light, strong cord to reach?"

"I can, man," says the skip, "but do you realize it's practically suicide?"

Halligan grinned, and I could see he wasn't whistling himself past the graveyard, either. "Well," he says, "to paraphrase the immortal Alfred, 'Life means but little and of one to me little remains.' If I don't get in you can still try the boats."

His wife spoke up for the first time then, just as quietly as he had been speaking. "Your life means something to me, Kid."

He turned to her and said, "I know, Kid, but you wouldn't want—"

"No," she came back, "if you sidestepped it wouldn't mean anything to me any longer."

"Attagirl," he says. "Well, captain? Let's get started, shall we?"

"I'll get the fishline," says the skipper gruffly. "What else you want?"

"I want the most competent man in your crew to handle the line," says Halligan. "I want somebody to fix a shoulder harness so I can pull that line without cramping my stroke and without chafing more than we can help. I want women and kids kept in another part of the boat so they won't bother us. Besides," he grinned again, "I can't be annoyed with so much as a pair of shorts, and I don't want to shock their modesty. I want a lot of grease to rub on myself. I want some men to lower me over the side, of course; might hit a rock if I dove. And I want a light rigged so the man tending the line can see what he's doing." All business, that was him.

"You'll get 'em," says the skipper, and he wheels around and sees me. "Steward," he told me, "get Dick Evans."

Dick Evans was the toughest man on the boat, or on several boats, and the best one if you wanted a mean job done right—and if you could make him think it was important. I got Dick up and the old man says:

"Evans, Mr. Halligan is going to take a line ashore. Take orders from him."

"O.K., Mr. Halligan," says Dick, spitting over the rail. He didn't waste words any more than Halligan did.

"Dick," Halligan told him, "I can swim three-quarters of a mile with my hands and feet tied, but this is business. We've got to take all the percentage we can get. Twelve or fifteen hundred yards of fishline trailing in the water is

Continued on page 134

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As the Immortals Say

Continued from pages 72-133

plenty of drag to start with. If you pay out too fast it'll drag more. If you pay out too slow it'll drag more. One ounce extra pull may decide if we make it or don't make it. Catch?"

"I catch, boy," said Dick, and I knew what it meant when Dick called anybody boy, especially a passenger.

Then Halligan turned to his wife and she slapped his face, and her eyes were wet and she said, "You damn, damn fool!" So they went below while he was getting greased up and the skipper set an old sailmaker that was in the crew to fix the harness, while others were getting up the cord and coiling it so it would pay out without snarling, and training the light on the water under our lee. Presently the Halligans came up again, he in a bathrobe and slippers. He looked over what we'd done and called it jake.

"I'll go straight with the waves," he told the old man. "It looks a little farther, but it's better than trying to quarter that current. Wigwag 'em on shore to spread out a little further south. I may need help getting through that last surf."

Then he turned to his wife and says, "In the words of the immortal William, forever and forever farewell, Kid. If we do meet again, why we shall smile; if not, why then this parting was well made."

She looked up at him with her eyes wet again, standing straight and slim, and she was really beautiful, not pretty like a flapper but better, and she told him:

"To hell with the immortal William, but forever and forever farewell, Kid. If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; if not, 'tis true this parting was well made."

So they kissed. They didn't know anyone else was there. Then he shucked his bathrobe and slippers, every stitch he had on, and fastened on the harness, climbed over the bulwark and said, "Lower away, boys."

Down he started, but turned to look at her again and said,

"The old grin, Kid. Send me with the old grin."

He got it, but you could see her chin quiver. In a minute he hit the water, kicked his foot out of the loop and started. He hadn't been bragging when he said he knew his stuff in the water. He swam the racing breaststroke, which really isn't much for speed, but pretty effective in rough water, his body flat along the water and going straight as a boat could pull, riding every swell for all the distance he could get out of it.

In a minute or two we lost him in the dark. A man's head in the middle of the ocean at night isn't much of a mark for your eye. And then we all watched the woman leaning over the rail and staring into the dark, and Dick Evans leaning over the rail and staring at the line as he paid it out.

It was slow waiting. The line went out pretty fast for five or six hundred yards maybe, then slowed up and practically stopped. Then after eight or ten years, it seemed, it started again, going steady but slower. Looked like he'd just stopped to catch his wind. It stopped again by and by but after another long while it carried on, and finally it went fifty or sixty yards with a rush and then we got the wigwag from the shore that the line was in.

So after another few years we got the breeches buoy rigged and started sending the passengers in. We were trying to get some word about Halligan from them on shore but it seemed like the man that was signalling from shore now wasn't up on the code. Anyway the messages were gummed up and all our signal man could make of them was "hit" and "head." So of course he told Mrs. Halligan he couldn't get anything.

She was the last to go ashore, except the crew, of course. She insisted on the men passengers going ahead of her. I guess she was just afraid to know for sure. Anyway when she got out of the breeches buoy she walked right up to the old coast guardsman that was running things and asked,

"Where is he?"

The old guy said, "Were you his wife?"

So then her knees folded up under her and she sat down on the sand and just says, "Well?"

By that time Dick Evans and I had come ashore, and up comes the coroner, a big, fat, important guy, and said,

"Are you Mrs. Halligan?"

Dick started for the coroner, probably because he figured he had to hit somebody right then, and the coast guard fellow said,

"Just a minute, doctor," but then a guy elbowed his way through the circle. All he had on was a pair of dirty overalls and a bandage round his head. That must have been where that "hit-head" came in, and that coroner probably was there just because he was one of those important guys. Anyway this egg was certainly nothing for a swell lady like that to be nuts about, but he said,

"Hello, Kid."

Mrs. Halligan caught her breath and I judged this was a private war and I hadn't paid for any ticket, so I turned around and looked out at the old *Scotsman*, or what was left of it, because it was getting light now. I found Dick Evans alongside of me looking the same way and he said,

"So you can't take it, huh?"

"No more can your old man, you bum," I said, and then we heard Mrs. Halligan behind us let out a long breath and say,

"Hello, Kid."

"All right, you louse," Dick growled at me. "Looks like the marines have got the situation in hand. Let's go try to find a drink." #

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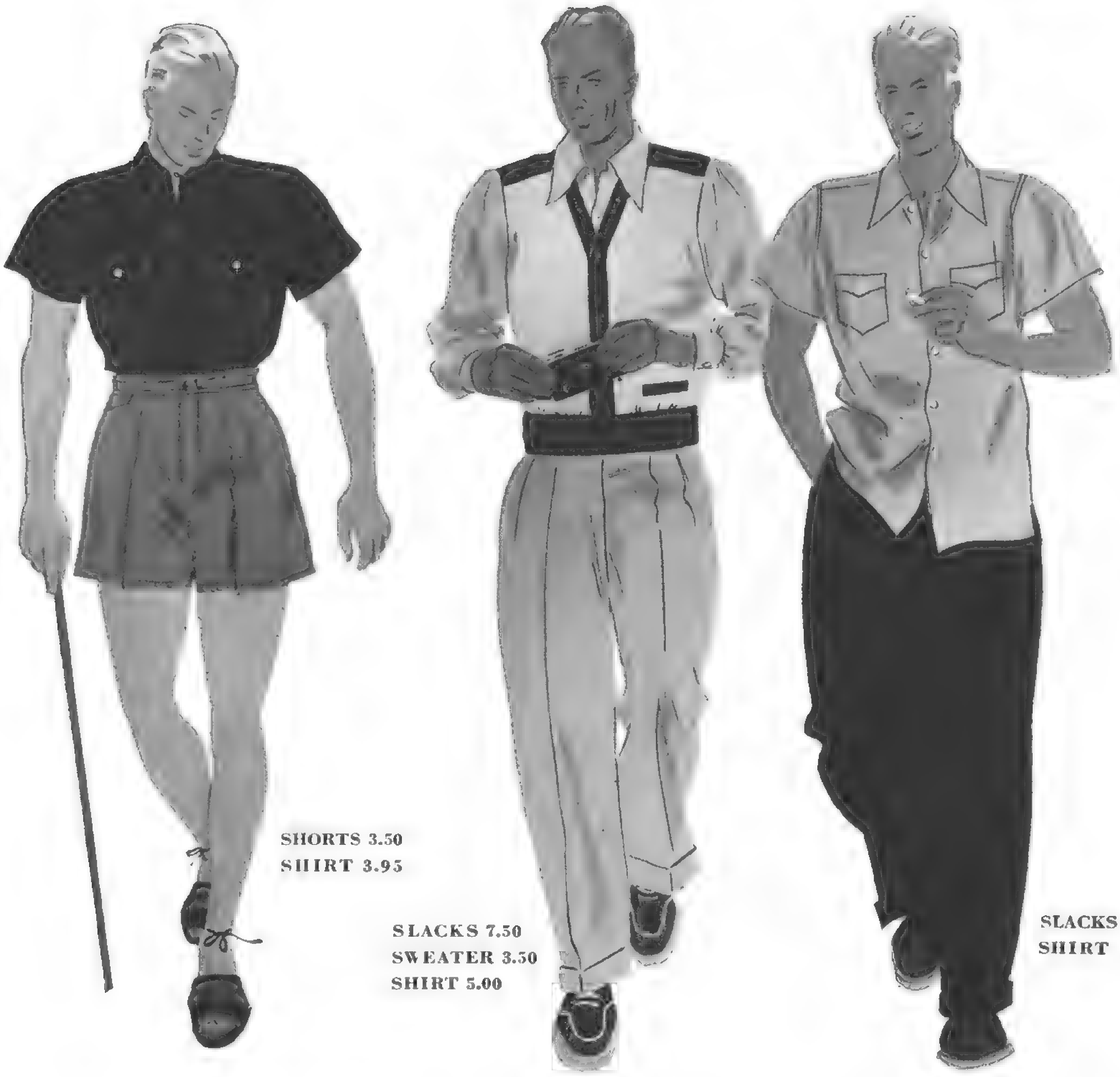

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 93

Circle and were presidents of it. Not that Nathan comes within a thousand miles of any one of them, mind you; it's just that statistics are statistics.

6. "One of my regrets," says Harris, "is that I did not appreciate Woollcott more when he was writing reviews." By another strange coincidence, Woollcott ballyhooed Harris' production of *A Doll's House* over the radio.

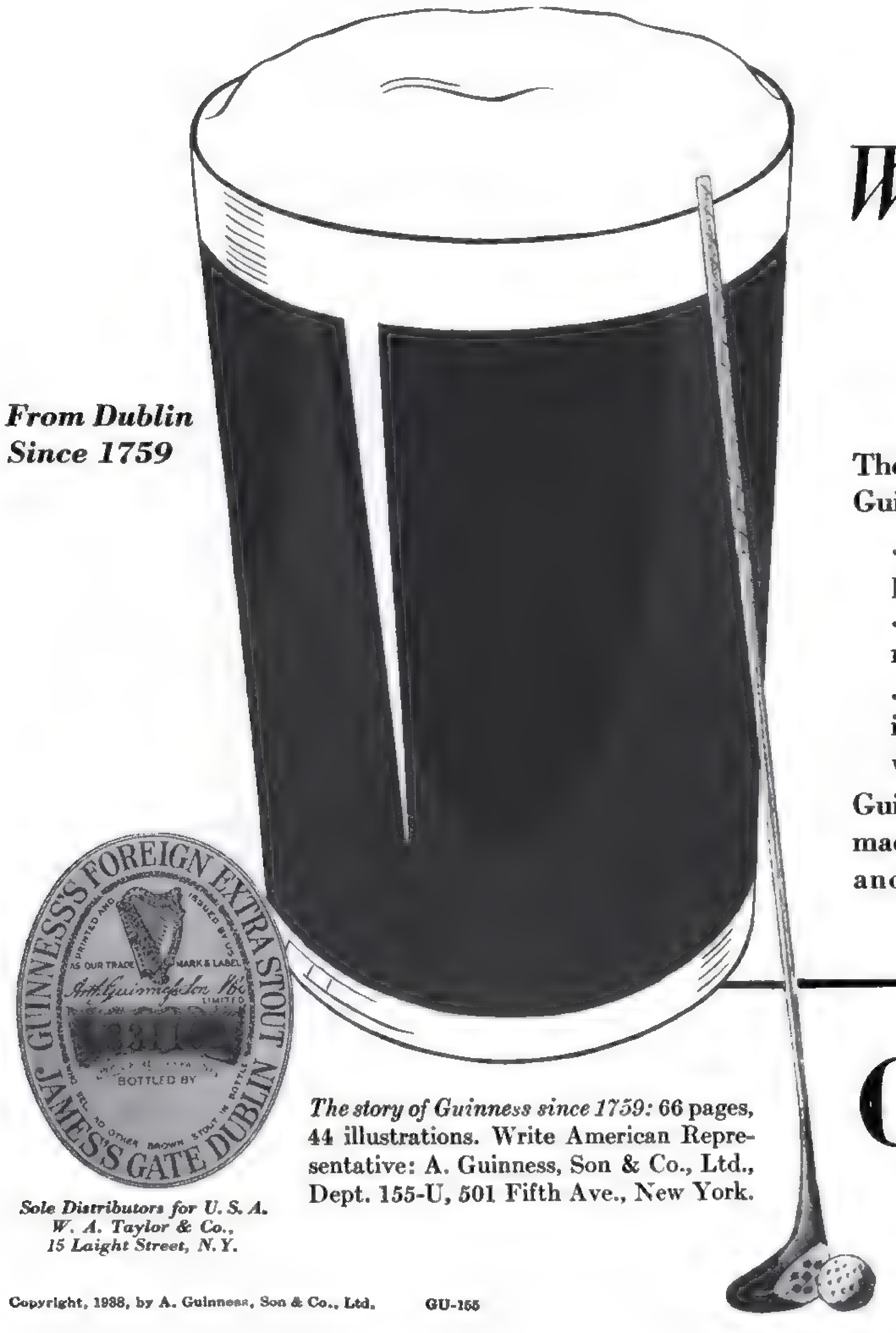
I can quite understand that such men as Kirkland and Harris get sore when criticism drives to the dump something upon which they have expended their time and best efforts and which, though it isn't worth the powder to blow it up, they nevertheless persuade themselves is pretty doggone fine. That is human nature, not only with the Kirklands and Harrises, but with the majority of men. But what I can't understand is why they don't slyly convert that soreness into a skillful and convincing, if completely incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial and bogus, proof that the critics, though obviously wholly right, are not only wrong in their specific cases but beautifully dumb in a lot of other more or less related directions. The trouble, of course, is that men like Kirkland and Harris have no talent for such intellectual pranks. But any man who has could have a heap of fun and could win not only a share of the public to his side but also those critics who admire a good show, even when it is at their own expense. I therefore suggest that the next time some playwright, producer or actor becomes indignant at something I have written of him, however much he may appreciate its fact and truth, he ask me to compose an attack upon myself for him to sign and give out under his own name. I have been of such magnanimous service to several disgruntled jackasses on at least four occasions in the past and never once have I failed to convince a great many other jackasses that I didn't, in my critical capacity, know what I was talking about and should promptly be committed to the dog house. The trick isn't at all difficult. But I shall not give it away here. I'd dislike so soon to lose the amusement of seeing the Kirklands being carted off in beer cases and the Harrises making themselves indistinguishable from the Morris Gests of twenty years ago.

But enough of this, and into the working saddle.

Some one recently remarked to me that the trouble with me was that I seemed to like only Irish plays. While that is hardly true, there is still enough in the charge to merit a bit of consideration. For here amid the flood of plays of other manufacture there comes once again an Irish play that gets my hearty endorsement. Some time ago, having read it in manuscript, I informed you of it and even then modestly ventured that upon its stage production it would turn out to be something that would bulk large in the season's critical records. It has. Its name, you may recall, is *Shadow and Substance;* its author, Paul Vincent Carroll.

Why do this and other such Celtic plays find in your departmental valet a friend? Being paid to answer questions rather than to ask them, I'll tell you. In the first place, one feels in and behind them a dramatic mind and heart infinitely superior to most of the minds and hearts that go into the creation of the plays we commonly get in the theatre. These other minds concern themselves chiefly with such exalted matters as who is intent upon sleeping with whom, who murdered the actor whose body has been discovered under the spittoon, and who will marry the young Park Avenue society girl whom no one in real life outside a Keeley Cure would marry on a bet. And these other hearts palpitate principally with such emotions as are induced by tea-table Communism, the acute unhappiness that is the corollary of the possession of money, the woe that comes to a child when its drunken father who never enters the house without falling on his ear and breaking a leg deserts its mother, and the impossibility of preserving the high ideals inculcated in one by Hollywood amid the fleshpots of New York and points South.

In the Irish drama in question the minds inquire into no such dowdy box-office goods but into the vague and puzzled inner spirits of men and women, and the hearts beat compassionately for the tortures and the little glories of mankind unending. Above its keyboard there sound the misty overtones of unarticulated melodies, and one takes with one out of the theatre not merely the play one has seen and listened to but the play that lies under and above and beyond it. With the average play that the theatre gives us, the only things one carries with one out of the theatre are the thoughts that $3.30 was a hell of a price to have been nicked for it, that for the $3.30 one could have got romantically, imaginatively and dramatically tight on six glasses of first-rate schnapps and could have had thirty cents left over for the waiter, who could therewith have reciprocally exalted himself with at



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least one drink over on Tenth Avenue, and that in all probability one is now going to get one's feet wet and contract a very bad cold, and maybe pneumonia.

Though Carroll's play—a symbolical study of conflicting and selfish faiths within the Irish Catholic Church (it might be any church) and the manner in which sheer purity of faith, however ignorant, hints at their regeneration—is this side of the top flight of the Celtic drama, it yet has in it many of the elements that lend support to my critic's opinion of my recorded prejudice. Its feeling is not, as we more often find, reserved solely for its actors, but trickles out into its audiences and sweeps them up into its own embrace. Its sentiment is not the mixture of marmalade and correspondence-school love letters of the usual play, but something that proceeds from intelligent emotions filtered through understandable minds. Its drama is not derived from the conventional dime dramaturgical acrobatics but from all the doubts that man is heir to, and the final impression it imparts is akin to having been honorably moved by good music, good literature, or good wine.

It has its defects, too. Here and there Carroll's approach is slightly muddled; here and there, as at the beginning of the third act, the play dawdles momentarily and sags; and now and again for an instant a small threat of the obvious intrudes itself. But on the whole it is far and away the finest play to have been imported into the American theatre this season, and a play that has the welcome sound of violins fighting proudly for their song amid the surrounding drama of saxophones, kettle drums, dishpans and cheap jazz.

Cedric Hardwicke, as the contumelious Canon subdued and humbled by the uninquiring faith of a visionary working-maid, brings to the role a performance shorn of his former acting tricks and one, as a consequence, that moves through the script with an eloquent simplicity and quiet power. Sara Allgood, that grand old girl of the older Abbey company, handles the comedy end with her customary proficiency. And Julie Haydon creates out of the role of the young wild, blind believer not what most younger actresses would in all likelihood have created, a cross between Little Eva and a Wampus Baby who had stolen a Gideon Bible, but a figure of genuine truth and loveliness.

We come to some sample plays not written by Irishmen.

All That Glitters, by John Baragwanath and Kenneth Simpson, was *Spring Cleaning* not by Frederick Lonsdale. That is, the familiar tale of the trollop introduced into high and theoretically respectable society and passed off as a lady. The present authors, save for a few amusing lines, did nothing to inspirit the old hokum. It was there in all its theatrical baldness, unadorned with Lonsdale's wit and writing grace. They might have given it at least a faint fillip of satirical novelty by having the trollop—in this instance palmed off as a Spanish countess—turn out in the end, after the society snoots had elaborately nosed her, really to be a Spanish countess. After all, there are a number of exiled Russian ladies of title and former high position in the sex dives of Shanghai, a number of impoverished Spanish dittoes in the pick-uperies of Paris, and quite a few assorted down-at-the-heel feminine nobilities, who are not averse to playing pinchy-winchy for a little loose change, even in New York.

In the third act of Matt and Sam Taylor's *Stop-Over*, one of those deserted house comedy-melodramas, the hero promulgated as a startlingly new and original bit of philosophy the idea that what we imagine to be real and true is perhaps the only real truth. On the way to the storehouse, the dray-driver could be heard shouting: "Pirandello, here we come!"

The Greatest Show on Earth, a turkey by Vincent Duffy and Irene Alexander, essayed to deal with animals in terms of human beings. Until I saw it, I never knew that animals comported themselves for the most part like characters in a Vicki Baum play. And I had always been fond of animals.

Bachelor Born, by Ian Hay, announced itself as a picture of life in an English boys' school and then showed us various cuties running around the school in pretty pajamas and giving gay cocktail parties in their bedrooms. I am thinking of matriculating at once.

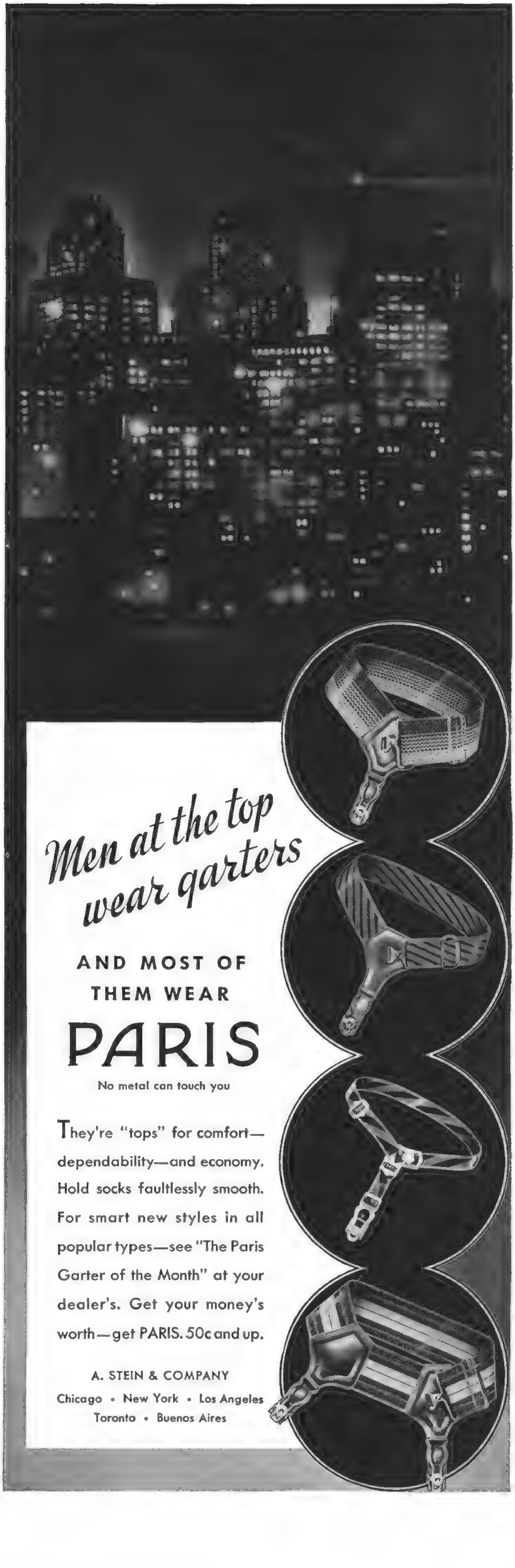
Journeyman, a dramatization of the Erskine Caldwell novel by MM. Hays and Alexander, resolved itself theatrically into a dose of smutty rubbish dealing with the sexual peccadillos of a lay preacher in the kirklands of Georgia.

If I Were You, a dramatization of a Thorne Smith novel by MM. Fox and Levy, was more storehouse fodder based on the old idea of exchanged bodies, in this instance the wife fantastically becomes the husband and vice versa. It was dull, dismal and dirty, and did much to damage the career of Constance Cummings, who made the mistake of lending her presence to it.

Time and the Conways was J. B. Priestley's effort to work J. W. Dunne's theory of serial time into the dramatic form. Some of it was superficially interesting but the play on the whole didn't get much farther with Dunne's theory of serial time than with Nathan's theory of drama criticism. Its best accomplishment was the reintroduction to American audiences of Jessica Tandy, one of the really talented younger actresses of the British stage and a player whom some of our own younger actresses might study with considerable profit.

Francis E. Faragoh's *Sunup to Sundown* started out to be a play dealing with the child labor prob-

Continued at top of page 138



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 93-137

lem and ended up being a play about a girl who was with child, who was abandoned by her boyfriend, and who took up the greater part of the evening lamenting, understandably enough, her lot. Whether Mr. Faragoh himself was responsible for this confusion of the problem of child labor with the problem of a young woman laboring with child, I do not know. It is possible that his producers did some fooling with his original script and spoiled it. But as the play stood, it got nowhere.

In conclusion, a sweeter note. To wit, the dramatization of Lawrence Watkin's novel, *On Borrowed Time*, by Paul Osborn. What you get here is a humorously affecting fantasy about an old man who, about to die, doesn't wish to leave his little grandson to the care of a bitter and avaricious female relative and who chases Death up a tree and holds him there until he can straighten matters out. Completely avoiding sentimentality while preserving a healthy sentiment, and emphasizing the humors implicit in the story, the authors have contrived an exhibit which, while somewhat overlong, is good theatrical fare. Dudley Digges, as the cursing, boozing, affectionate old codger, and a youngster named Peter Holden, to say nothing of Frank Conroy as Death in mufti, contribute much to the impression of the evening. ⧺

So They Got a Plot

Continued from page 78

that even the perfect fool, Ed Wynn, is appearing this year in *Hooray for What* which is to put it mildly anti-militaristic. When you have detached Ed Wynn from his devotion to a fluttering kind of lunacy, you have progressed pretty far along the road. For your last step you will note that the movie *Ali Baba Goes to Town*, starring Eddie Cantor, is a sort of political satire. The vehicles of Mr. Wynn and Mr. Cantor are the regular stock job musical in form; but that form has been impenetrable to ideas for generations; so definitely something has happened in the world.

Of course, by way of contrast, there is a musical show—*Three Waltzes*—now playing to considerable success which is based on the idea that about forty-five years ago a young nobleman in the Dual Monarchy fell in love with a singer and she gave him up rather than ruin his career in the Hussars.

So twenty years later their respective daughter and son fall in love with one another in Paris and again life came between them; so this year their respective grandchildren meet in a moving picture studio and (ah, sweet mystery of love) they are not called upon to make the supreme sacrifice. I should also note that it takes the music of the three greatest Strausses (two Johanns and one Oscar—but no Richard) and a stunning scenic production and an attractive cast to make this show agreeable. If the librettist had only thrown in the Revolution of 1848, the Dreyfus case and a general strike, it probably would have had a stupendous success.

I feel singularly detached about this new development in musical shows. Usually I have found that ideas in the legitimate theatre are pretty tedious fare. Either dramatists use dull ideas or manage to project them in a fairly dull way. The great thing about the old style musical was that it satisfied the native human desire to think about nothing at all. Or at least it came very close to this vacuum. If you ever really believed that the hero and heroine of an operetta were breaking their hearts the pleasure of the evening would be spoiled. The idea that either of them might be using their minds was simply inconceivable.

When I said that George Kaufman was the forerunner of the musical show with a strong social interest, I was, of course, speaking only of modern times. Far back in the Nineteenth Century Richard Wagner wrote a whole raft of musical shows based on the fairy tale of the Ring of the Nibelung. And according to Bernard Shaw the whole cycle is a political and social allegory with the usual villains and—if you read carefully—Bernard Shaw himself as the hero. If this is true, we have something pretty substantial to look forward to—I mean the great day when grand opera will also discover what the radical composers and librettists have found out—that if you want to hammer an idea, the best way to begin is to hammer it out on the piano. My impression for nearly twelve years has been that nothing is quite as dull as grand opera. It may have an ancient and faded charm, but there are too many tenors and sopranos involved for anyone to have much of a good time. A tragic grand opera is often interesting, but grand opera in its lighter moments is downright depressing. The ideas which have been available so far to the librettist have not been conspicuous for brightness; but now a new field is open. There is a dandy statistical report on the need for housing in America which might be handled in the style of Puccini; the sharecroppers could certainly appear in the place of the phoney peasantry which usually clutters up the middle of Act I; and with hardly perceptible changes you could make a good strike opera out of a new version of *Carmen.* I am still neutral on the subject, but I must say that the prospect of being interested in grand opera fills me with a strange mixture of hope and terror. ⧺

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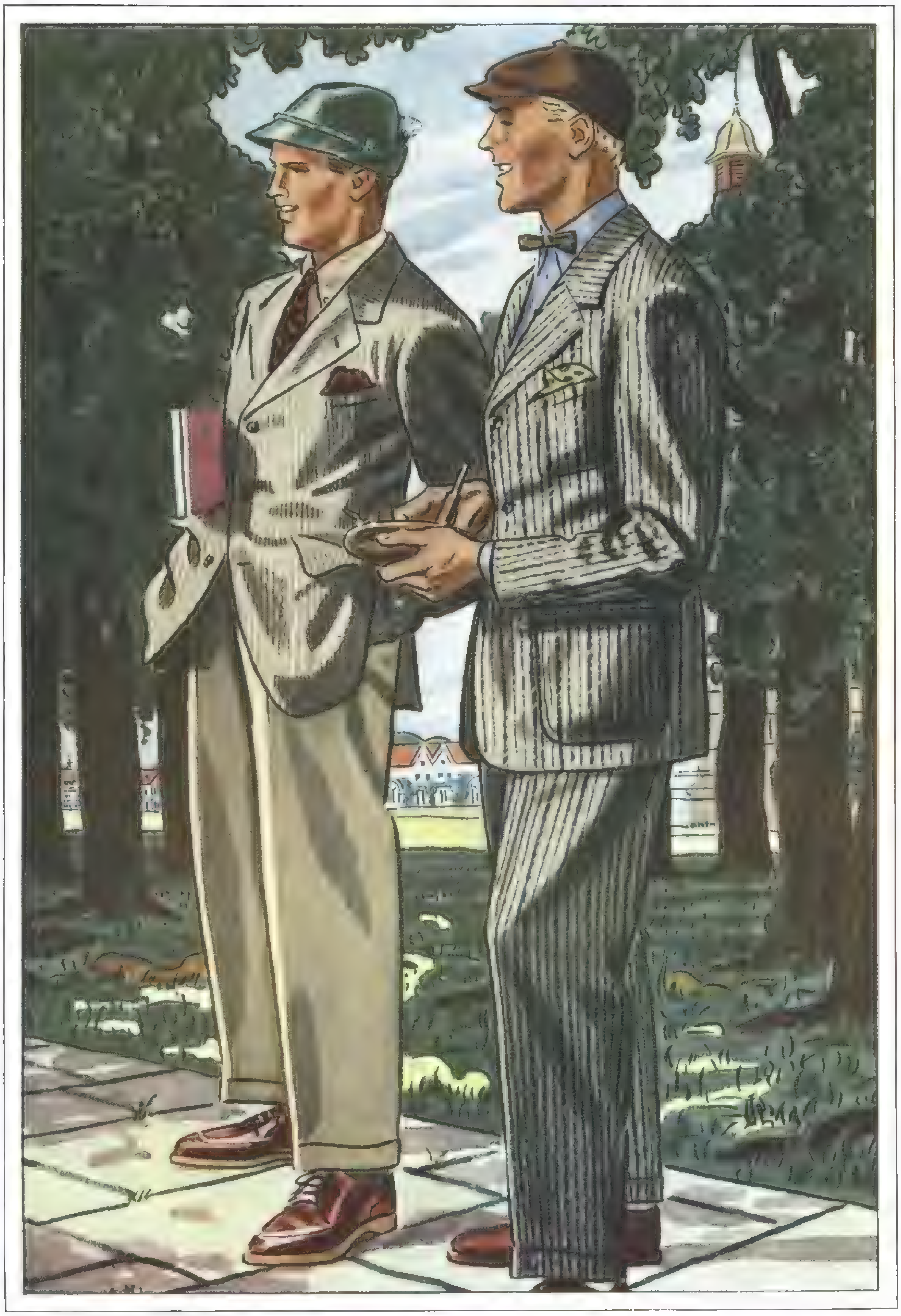

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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME—PERHAPS

You'd be surprised how much time a conscientious style scout devotes to snooping around the campuses of the leading Eastern universities. The young upstarts, many of them liberally endowed with time, money and inclination, keep bobbing up with new fashion ideas at regular intervals. Here's the latest haul, smart for campus wear but not guaranteed to percolate quite to Park Avenue. The student at the left wears a single breasted dune color corduroy jacket with side vents and slanting flap pockets, natural color covert cloth slacks of narrow cut, oxford button down collar shirt, madder foulard tie, Tyrolean hat and Norwegian model calf shoes. The other undergraduate wears a bold striped Shetland suit, in a three-button single breasted model with patch pockets and center vent, blue madras shirt, striped bow tie in the ribbon shape, the new varsity cap and blucher front shoes.

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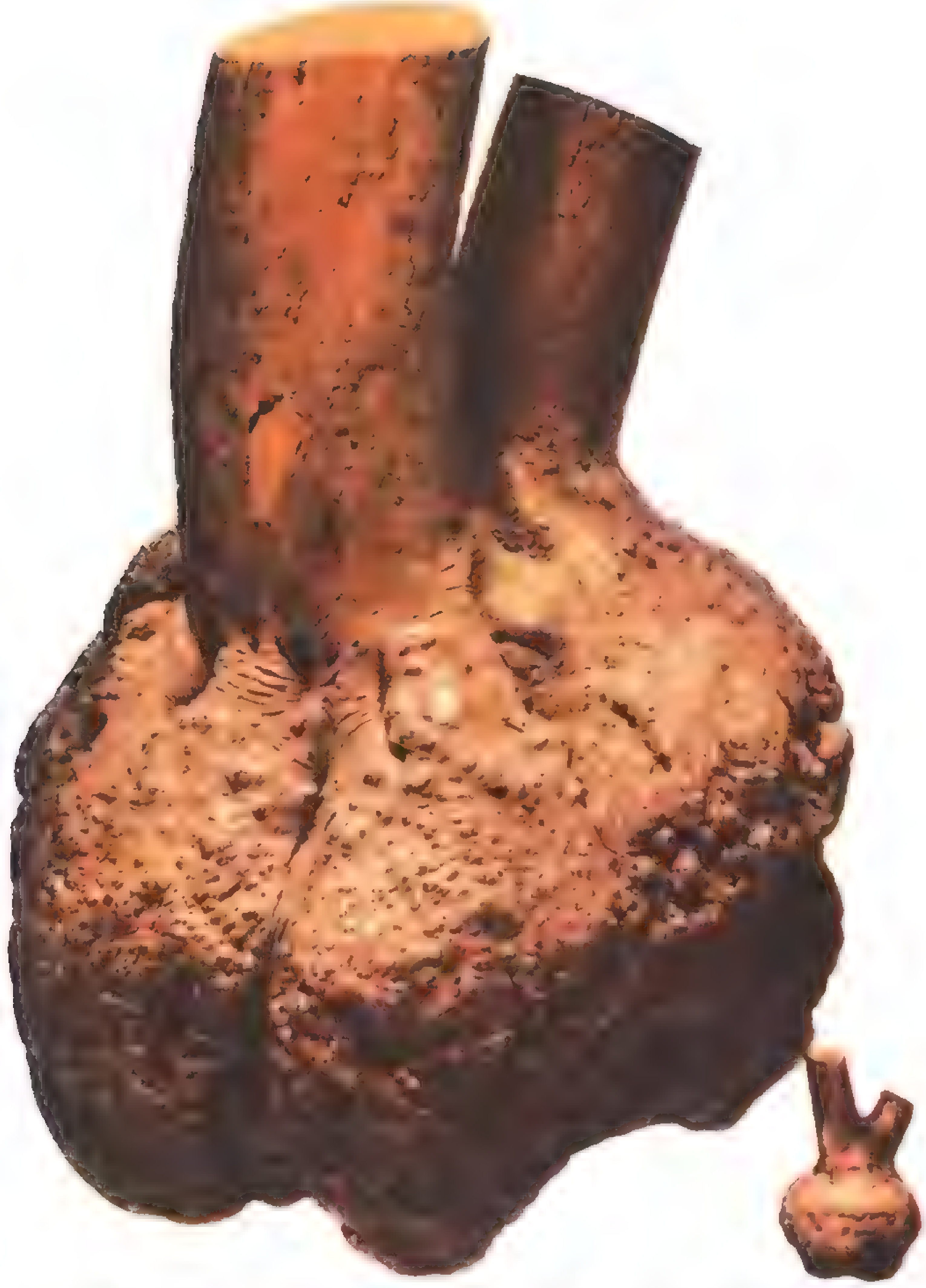

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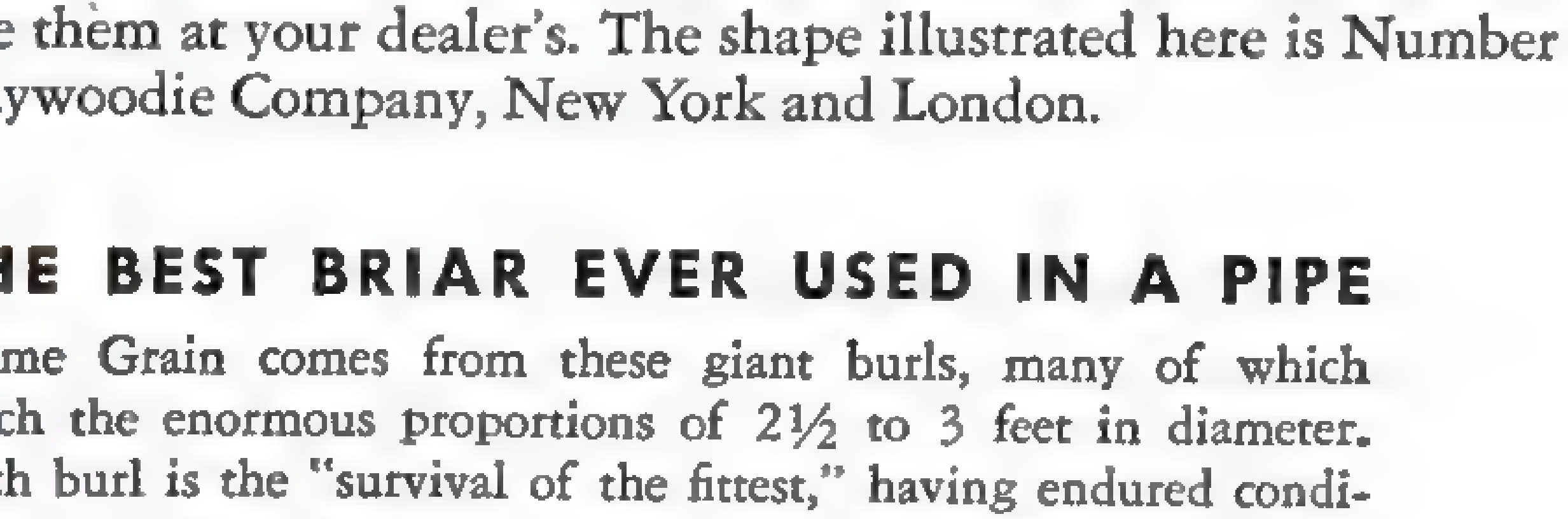

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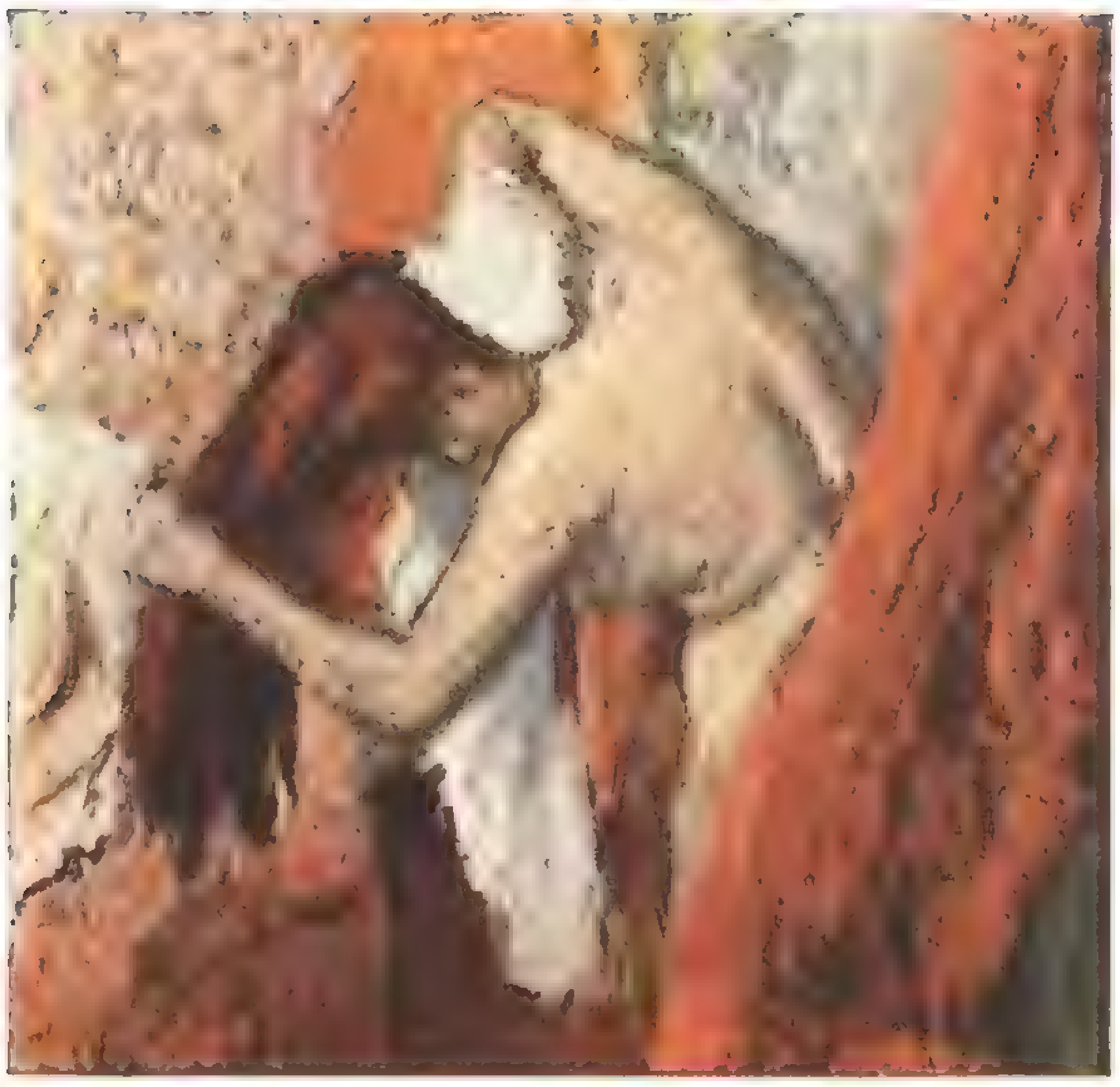


POPULAR ART IS FAMILIAR ART

When Theodore Thomas said "Popular music is familiar music," he said it for all the arts. The only agency through which most people can systematically familiarize themselves with the fine arts is the magazine —and Coronet is unique as the only general magazine that treats this subject consistently and comprehensively. It is a point that applies in equal degree to the art of photography and, in relative measure, to the arts of fiction and of the communication of ideas through essays and literary sketches.

REPRODUCED ABOVE: "LA TOILETTE" BY DEGAS; OWNED BY THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, MR. AND MRS. M. A. RYERSON COLLECTION

Big League Snapshots

Continued from page 54

cut and pattern of the clothes a Scot wears at night are different from the field or daytime costume of the same clan. The ultimate result of much mental travail on this point was the smart idea that the models could be selected from a local Scottish society whose members, it appears, have such costumes but will not rent or loan or sell them to anybody at any price. In other words, the men selected will wear the garments and pose but, for sentimental reasons, they will not let them out of their sight for a moment.

Why be so meticulous, you ask? Well, in the first place, the advertiser is buying a photograph in preference to a painting because of its realism, hence it must be realistic. Secondly, if you've ever had to sit down and answer a couple of hundred letters from critical readers who have noticed that the leaves on a prop tree are of a different species than the bark —that people in Alaska do not wear that type of parka—that the shadows in the foreground do not fall in the same direction as those in an artificial background—that no cook could take a roasting pan out of the oven barehanded—that the table is set for four places but there is only enough food for two portions—well, one dose of that makes you careful!

One of the most amusing incidents along this line happened when Ruzzie Green made a color shot of a girl painting the mast of a sailboat and was promptly deluged under a flood of mail pointing out that there was no paint on the brush and, secondly, the color of the mast was different from the color of the paint drippings on the side of the can. Green's perfect alibi was that she wasn't painting, she was *varnishing* and had merely put the varnish in an old paint can.

After the research comes the job of collecting the props for the set or background, and that's no child's play. For four successive orders one studio had to bring in a ship's anchor, a streamlined motor bus, a beehive full of bees, and a racing car which was then in Indianapolis. For another series of four pictures made in almost as many days, the illustrator had to accumulate the makings and atmosphere for a scene in a stable at a race track (including a Kentucky thoroughbred); a street scene in Madrid during an air raid; a shot in a hobo jungle; and a picture of a fisherman knee-deep in a trout stream—all to be done in the studio.

These places handle live alligators, camels, elephants, pythons and apes just as part of a day's work and, knowing the sources, it wouldn't be hard to round up a full menagerie on short notice. Even models of native types from distant lands have to be located, and it might surprise you to know that illustrators, with orders calling for such impossible characters as Alaskan Eskimos, Amazonian Indians or Philippine Igorots, have actually located such people within the confines of New York City!

In contrast, the most simple assignment sometimes turns out to be a heart-breaker. Anton Bruehl, who has seen enough oddities pass through his door to equip a museum, was floored for days in the frantic search for—guess what—a stuffed sparrow! Specimens of the world's rarest birds could be obtained for the labor of a phone call, but who ever bothered to stuff a sparrow?

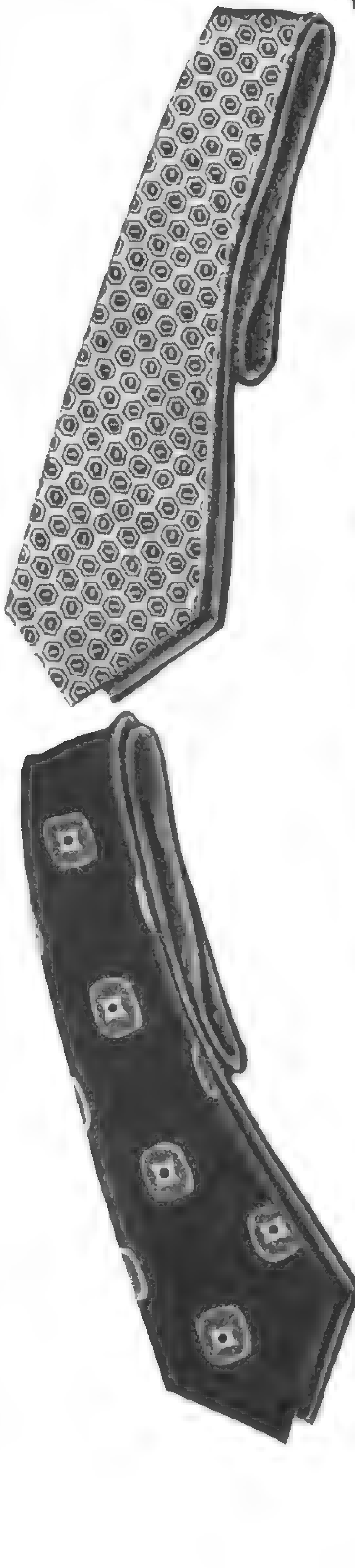
Nevertheless, they get what they want one way or another and then the next item is to build the set on location or in the studio as the case may be. This job is invariably complicated by the fact that publication schedules require the shooting of winter stuff in July and summer stuff in January. As a consequence the average photographer has to keep on hand a couple of tons of sea sand and artificial snow, leaving him only the problem of getting evergreens down from the north in the summer and tropical foliage up from Florida in the winter.

Because of this season reversal, therefore, you might have been surprised had you dropped into Hal Finley's studio last August with the street temperature over 100° and found him sweating mightily on the construction of a Lake Placid bob run. And the word "construction" is used advisedly when you realize that for that particular shot the framework had to be strong enough to support a 750-pound Olympic bobsled and four models weighing over 165 apiece.

Naturally, not all of the sets have to be as sturdy as that but they must be exact as to detail and thoroughly realistic. Whether they are reproducing the Pyramids on Long Island or the interior of a Japanese nobleman's home in a studio, the workmanship must appear perfect to the eye of the camera. And when you've gone from studio to studio and seen beautiful reproductions of a wine cellar in a French monastery; the interior of a Pullman car; a section of a luxury liner's dining saloon; an Adirondack log cabin; a pushcart street in the ghetto, you can't help marveling at the ingenuity and artistry employed.

A logical question, of course, is why not go out to these places and take the pictures in the genuine surroundings—but there are many answers such as difficulties of working space, lack of lighting facilities, etc. When you realize that the average illustrator's studio is specially wired to carry from six hundred to seven hundred amperes of current, you begin to see why they'd rather work in their own establishments whenever possible. One job, as a case in point, called for a color shot of a girl in a swimming pool with plenty of emphasis on the beautiful blue of the water. Only three blocks from the studio is the finest pool in the

Continued on page 144



BOTANY IN THE BAJA
(PRONOUNCED BAA-YAA)

An original group of colors and patterns in Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties, designed by Hugh Daniel, R. K. O. Stylist.

Inspired by the colors and the spirit of the sector of the Pacific Coast... from Hollywood to Ensenada...known as The Baja...these Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties provide unprecedented brilliance of hue and originality of pattern for men who are looking for smart and authentic fashion in their Spring and Summer neckwear. Your dealer has a complete assortment of Botany Baja Ties...each, like all Botany Ties, wrinkle-proof. $1 each.

If you can't locate a Botany dealer ...write us and we will direct you.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • PASSAIC, N. J.
THE BOTANY TIE...THE BOTANY ROBE...MEN'S AND WOMEN'S WEAR FABRICS... BOTANY TOP-DYED KNITTING YARNS

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TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Big League Snapshots

Continued from pages 54-143

city, yet when the photographer went up to inspect it, he found that there was no way of getting the lights to penetrate the water deeply enough to get the blue sufficiently strong.

As a consequence that shot was made in the studio in a "pool" made of canvas painted a brilliant blue and covered with water to a depth of about two feet—so shallow that the "swimming" model had to lie on a flat rock while she took an action pose.

To be sure, lots of shots are made on location, weather and climate permitting, but they have their headaches. One order called for a picture showing an old Model T towing a big truck in which was riding a live elephant. Such an assignment might stump the average amateur photographer, but to an illustrator it is no trick at all to rent an ancient car, a truck and an elephant and take them to some isolated spot reasonably near the animal's domicile.

The catch in this case, however, came when they all got out in the middle of Staten Island and discovered that they had provided no means of getting the elephant into the truck. He couldn't be lifted in; he couldn't be prodded into getting in; there was nothing in the neighborhood strong enough for him to step up on to shorten the climb. With the beast and its owner getting restless, things looked black until the ingenious photographer got a happy idea.

Speeding off to the nearest confectioner's, he bought a ten-cent bag of peanuts. A few were fed to the elephant; the rest tossed into the truck beyond his reach. And, with much grunting and protesting, the lumbering giant climbed in himself to finish the tidbits.

Considering everything, the illustrator would rather work indoors and, consequently, many ingenious things are done within four walls. In three successive studios I saw set-ups for three shots you'll never dream were made indoors. At Hal Finley's there was a scene showing a section of a university library with a couple of students at work and, through the open casement window behind them, a vista of the campus and its other buildings. At Paul Hesse's there was a quartette of models supping on a hotel veranda overlooking the Danube in the moonlight. At Lejaren Hiller's there was an utterly impossible set-up of Columbus' caravel with three airplanes flying above the ships!

In this last nothing was real in the accepted sense. The trio of vessels which bore the Columbus expedition were reproduced in miniature models, then placed on a table top in a rolling "sea" of brown paper coated with grease. On the linoleum-covered wall behind was painted in oils a gorgeous cloud effect with the three airplanes overhead, and the lights were then placed so deftly that their indirect illumination softened any tell-tale transition points.

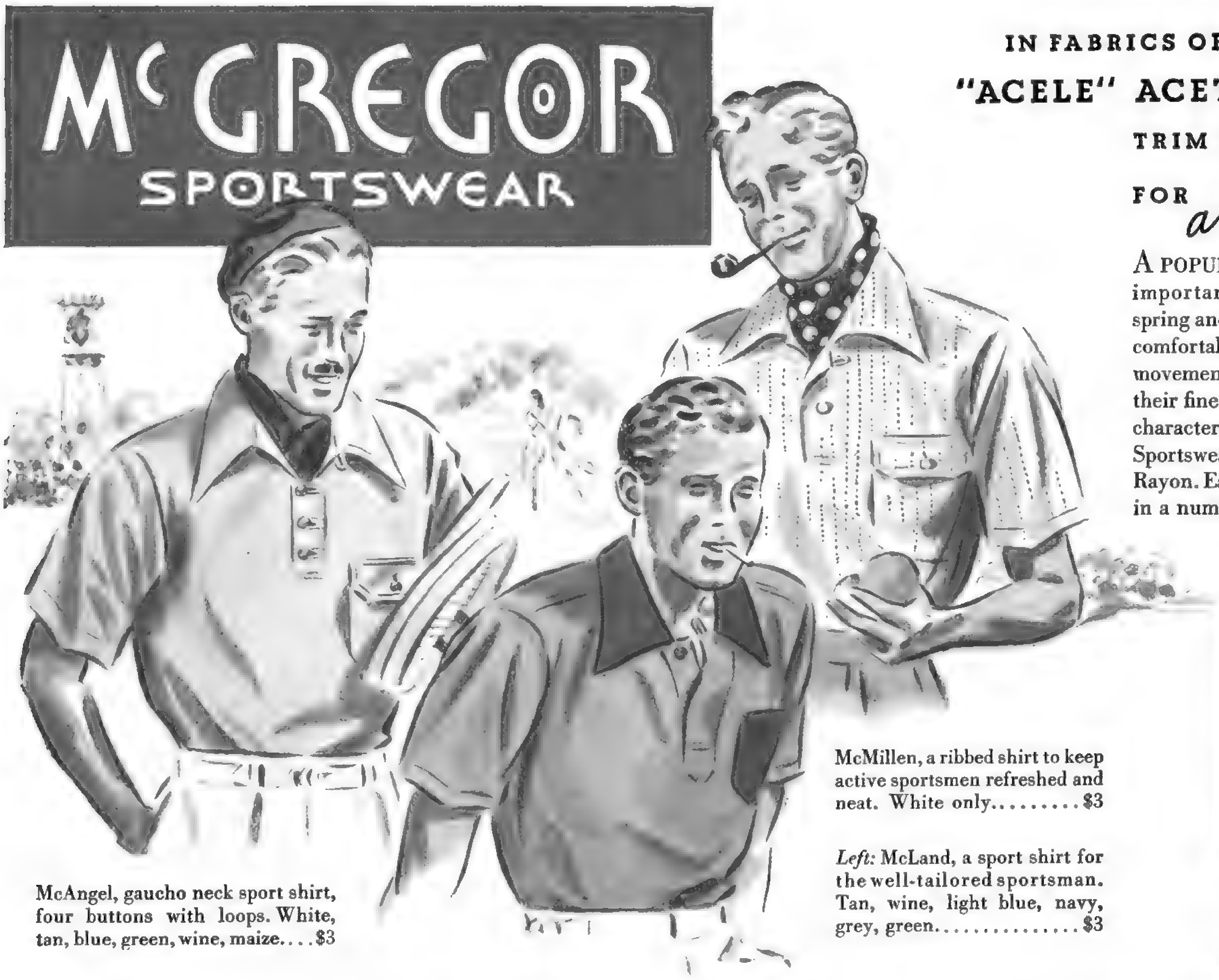
Miniature set-ups, built to scale, are often used by illustrators when the occasion warrants it. New England villages, the Austrian Alps, a Malayan settlement or whatnot will take form in an area of six by ten feet with amazing fidelity to detail, yet one of the most striking examples of this art I've ever seen was also one of the simplest—a rush job turned out in an hour by Jack Floherty some ten years ago.

The order called for a picture showing the body of a hanged man suspended from the scaffold in a prison yard—"and can you give us a print by 4:30?"

Illustrators go to great lengths to get a picture, but spontaneous hanging is still frowned upon by the better element. Despite that, Floherty made the shot by a very ingenious expedient. With two sticks, a bit of twine and a ball of modeling clay, he built a miniature scaffold and then modeled the figure of a man with his head slumped over on his chest. Suspending the figure by the twine, in which he tied a swell imitation of a hangman's knot behind the ear, he then drew a "brick wall" on a sheet of drawing board which was set up as a background. With a few match sticks he fashioned a barred cell window and, with all three elements in their proper relationship, he juggled a spotlight around until you saw through the bars (which framed the picture) the shadow of the hanged felon cast on the jail wall by the slanting rays of the sun. The finished print, enlarged to 11x14 from a 5x7 negative, was a hummer!

A whole article could be written on this fascinating phase of miniature set-ups, but space forbids. Suffice it to say that entirely apart from the commercial application, "table top photography" presents a wide field of diversion for the amateur who, for some strange reason, has never accorded it the attention its pleasures merit.

For the professional illustrator, however, it is just one means of licking some problems, few of which respond to the same treatment. And when they don't, some other solution must be found with the result that their bag of tricks is as bottomless as it is astonishing. For example, Hiller once got an order for a picture of a housewife falling out of a window, fol-



McMillen, a ribbed shirt to keep active sportsmen refreshed and neat. White only.........$3

Left: McLand, a sport shirt for the well-tailored sportsman. Tan, wine, light blue, navy, grey, green..............$3

McAngel, gaucho neck sport shirt, four buttons with loops. White, tan, blue, green, wine, maize....$3

IN FABRICS OF
"ACELE" ACETATE RAYON
TRIM AND TAILORED
FOR *active* MEN

A POPULAR Tricot construction... important for sport shirts this spring and summer. These cool and comfortable shirts give with every movement of the body...yet hold their fine tailoring. These are basic characteristics found in McGregor Sportswear knit of "Acele" Acetate Rayon. Each shirt illustrated comes in a number of colors.

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ACETATE
RAYON
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If not on sale in your city, send size and money order to David D. Doniger & Co., *303 Fifth Avenue, New York City*
ACETATE DIVISION, E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

lowed by a pail which she had been using in her window washing. That's a large order even for a "candid camera" fan, but it was made in the studio in one shot on an 8x10 plate without having the model drop an inch.

The first step was to build for the background a section of clapboard house siding with two windows in it, one above the other at the proper distance. The model was then suspended by her middle, face down, from a wire dropped from the ceiling, her hair and dress being allowed to hang freely. By the simple expedient of turning the house background upside down behind the suspended model, shooting the scene and then reversing the finished print, the effect was unmistakably that of the girl hurtling backwards toward the ground.

Another smart job was the making of a "worm's eye view" of a parachute jumper wafting down through the air. The first step was to engage a professional chuter with a regulation outfit; the second, to borrow from the factory a parachute harness without a chute. The third step was to paint on the ceiling an accurate reproduction of an open parachute in exact size and proper perspective. Then, hanging the jumper under the painting on a rope fastened to the ceiling, they made the picture from the floor and very carefully eliminated the rope in the retouching.

Even more ingenious was Hiller's famous shot of the girl dancing in a champagne glass set on a dining table surrounded by a half-dozen life-sized models: all made in a single exposure. The trick was to place the models around the table, peering into the wine glass. Behind the glass was set an unobtrusive mirror at the correct angle and then, by placing the dancer in just the right spot some twelve or fifteen feet behind the camera, the mirror was tilted until her reduced image appeared to be rising from the champagne.

Notwithstanding all this ingenious make-believe, there are times when the most inventive artifice collapses before reality—as when an automobile manufacturer ordered a photograph of one of his sedans frozen inside of a cake of ice. No gags were permissible so, even though it took two weeks for a large refrigeration plant to accomplish it, they froze the car in the ice and shot a picture which many readers probably thought was faked!

It all boils down to the apparent fact that photographic illustrators have swiped the motto of the Canadian Mounties. They get their pictures, no matter how impossible the assignment appears. And it's the things they have to do to get them that makes a snapshot worth $1500! ###

Old Man of the West

Continued from page 89

him into contact with unscrupulous schemers. One such crook pitted himself against B. F. and lost, and when the frontier laughed at him the loser swore the usual revenge.

The thing came to a head in a log-walled store which was also a post office and a lounging place. B. F. sat tilted back in a chair, whittling and talking. In came his enemy, gun in hand. The gun he poked in B. F.'s ribs.

"Now, you so and so," he said, "you're finished."

The bystanders were startled and alarmed, but B. F. showed no sign of fear. His face did not change. He stopped whittling, but only to concentrate his gaze upon his enemy. A moment of stark silence and B. F. opened his lips and began to talk. He ridiculed the man who was bent on killing him; he called him slow insulting names, one after another.

The alarm of the bystanders increased. The man with the gun was trembling with fury. At any instant the weapon might go off; and all the while B. F. continued his provoking talk, his summary of his enemy's defects, mistakes, and absurdities. His voice was like a caressing whip, wooing the ear and biting into the flesh.

"I'm going to kill you!" cried the man with the gun, and jabbed forward.

B. F. only redoubled his scathing indictment, his gray eyes boring into the man. It was touch and go, but the "killer" never fired. The mastering personality of B. F. was too much for him; it made him uneasy, it awed him. Awed the gunman and relieved the bystanders. A titter of nervous laughter ran round the store, a guffaw broke forth. Suddenly the man with the gun gave a yell and turned and dashed out of the place. In another moment he was on his horse and fleeing.

White men sometimes resisted the spells which B. F. wove about them, but Indians never did. They could not. Whatever Indians in other parts of the country were like, the tribes of northern Idaho were soft and ductile. B. F. lived among the Nez Percés, a branch of the widespread Shoshone-speaking family. The Nez Percés were admirable people: easy-going, rather intelligent, and, save for half-breeds, agreeable to deal with. Among such people B. F. resembled a stone in a sack of goose feathers. The Indians were his meat. With his gift for words he quickly learned their language, as years before he had learned the spoken and sign talk of the Sioux; and by means of their language and his own personality he generally got what he wanted from the Nez Percés. Most often he wanted horses of them. If the bucks refused to sell or trade B. F. would ride away, and when the bucks were gone from home he would return, smile devastatingly upon the squaws, make a ridiculously one-sided bargain, and drive the horses off. Sometimes the buck

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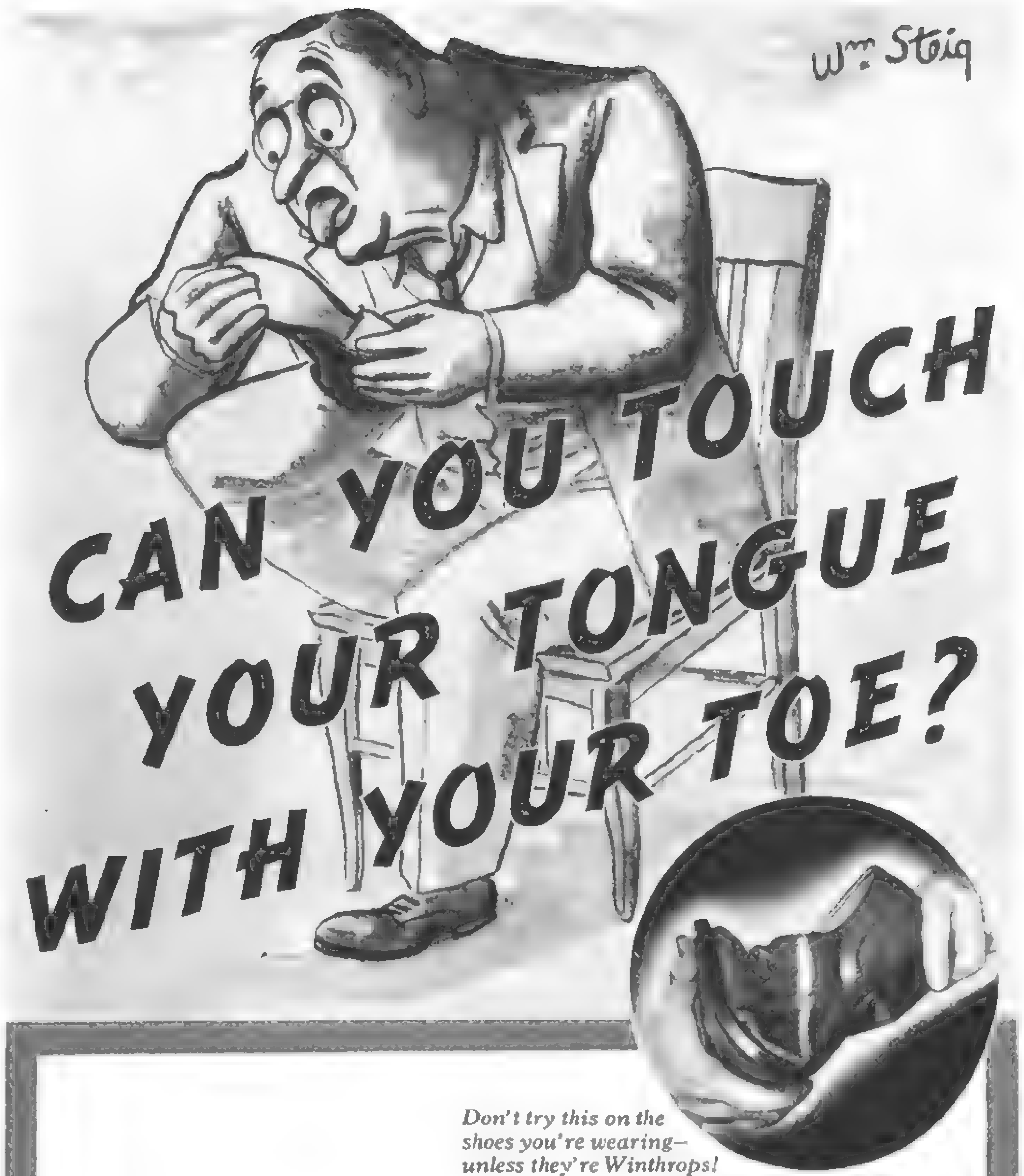

Don't try this on the shoes you're wearing—unless they're Winthrops!

Very few people can. For that matter, very few shoes can. But try it with a Winthrop. Bend the toe . . . way back. Watch it touch the tongue . . . easily, flexibly. • An exclusive construction called PERMAFLEX makes this possible. If the shoes you're wearing aren't flexible . . . mister, they aren't *completely* comfortable. Try a pair of Winthrops!

Winthrop's PERMAFLEX insole of specially treated leather is entirely unaffected by perspiration. It will never crack or curl.

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This wing-tipped, all-white genuine buck shoe is ready for Summer. Are You? Grant Last. Permaflex Construction.

The SLACK
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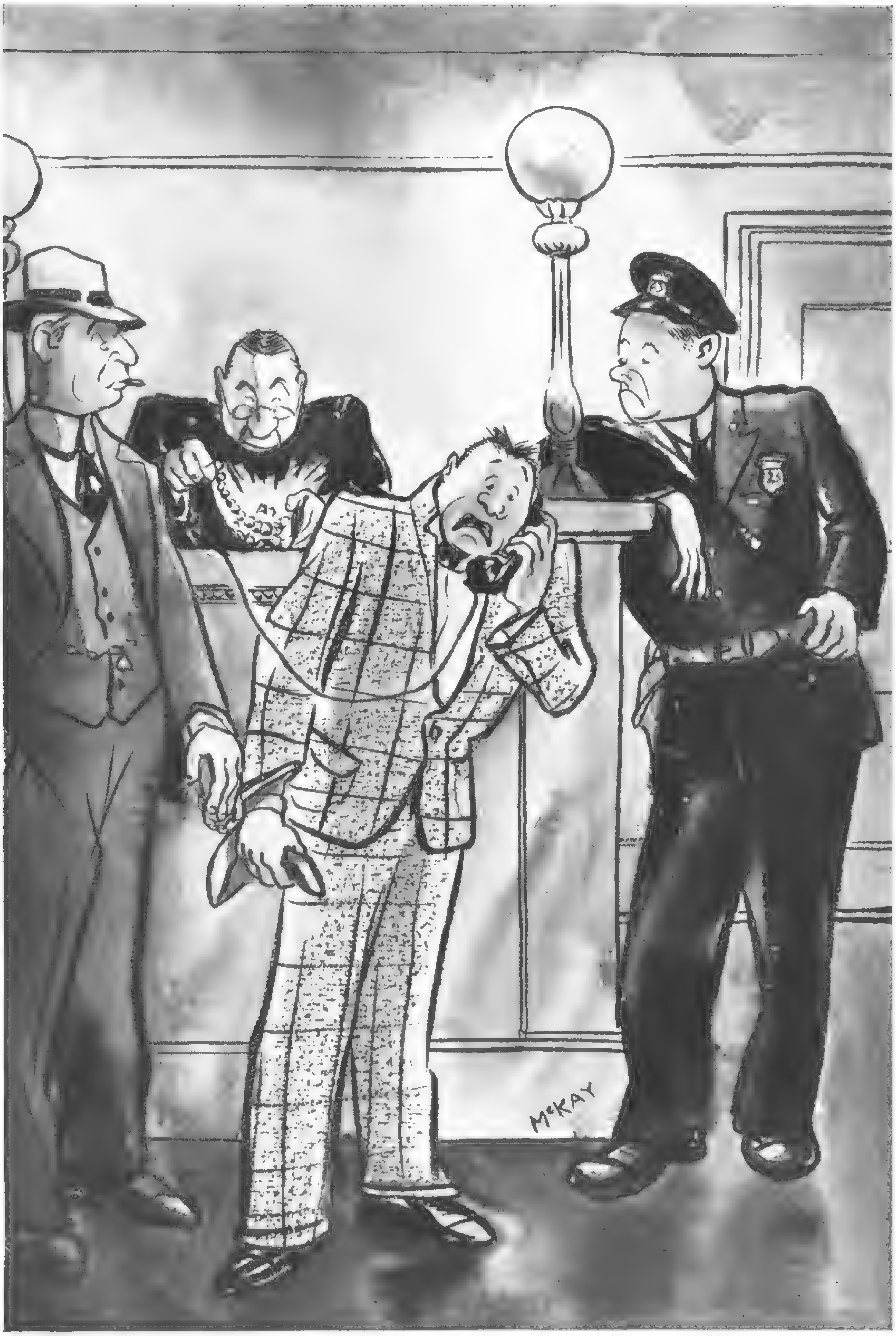
ALL WINTHROP SHOES PRICED $6.50 TO $8.50. WINTHROP COLONIALS LOWER

WINTHROP



"Yes, dear, I'll be brave"

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A Mixing Gin

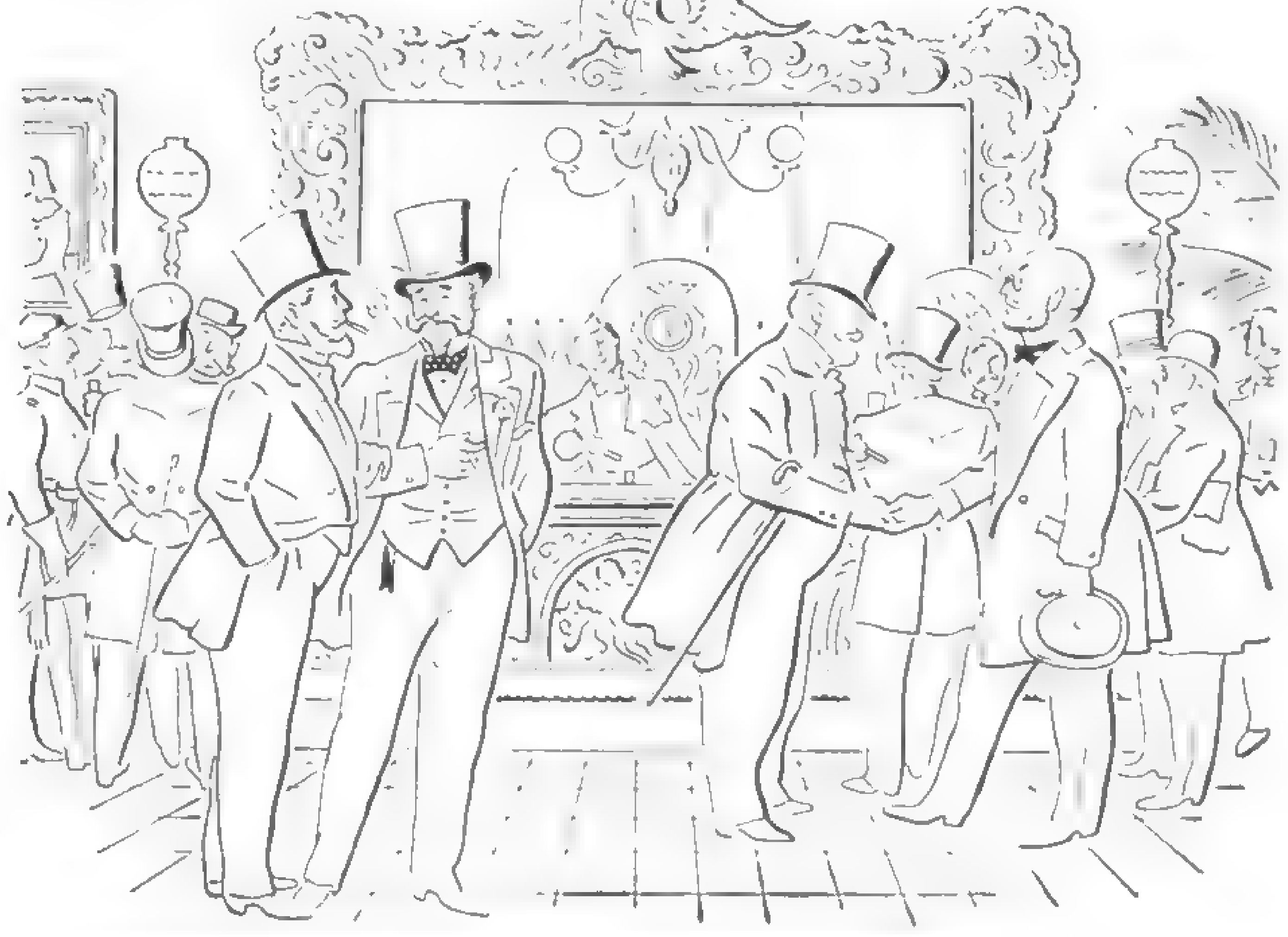
SINCE 1870

Blends smoothly with other flavors . . . never overpowers them

IN fine American homes since 1870, Fleischmann's has been a favorite for Martini Cocktails and for all gin drinks. Its delicacy of flavor assures you that this high-quality gin will blend smoothly with other flavors used in mixing the drink.

If you will make your next gin drink with Fleischmann's, we feel sure you will agree that it produces an unusually smooth and delicious drink. And the smoothness of this fine gin, so important for mixed drinks, is equally welcome when gin is enjoyed straight.

Fleischmann's, the original American gin, is distilled from American grain, 90 proof. Buy a bottle or case today. To order a smooth gin drink, say: "Please make it with Fleischmann's."



FLEISCHMANN'S
FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF

For delicious Sloe Gin drinks, buy FLEISCHMANN'S SLOE GIN—*65 proof*

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Old Man of the West

Continued from pages 89-145

stole them back, whereupon B. F. strapped on his gun and rode after them. Likely as not the Indian fled like a rabbit into the Clearwater district where Lewis and Clark had once passed, or into the tough Orofino country, or to the no-man's land around the Salmon River. No matter, B. F. kept after him, and in time he emerged with the stolen horses. What became of the Indian no one knew, and few asked. Like Mexicans in old Tombstone days, Indians had little effect upon the gentle practice of gun-notching.

I remember that once, as a boy, I saw B. F. "do his stuff" with Indians. It was in the town of Genessee, Idaho, near the edge of the Nez Percé Indian Reservation. A herd of range horses had been run into town, and all the youngsters in the place were trailing down to the corral to see them handled. I climbed up onto the high fence. There was a string of stock cars along one side of the corral; the horses were being sorted out for shipment east, and B. F. was in charge of the sorting. He stood in the center of a pen, wrinkled chaps on his legs, and a small stick in his hand. The stick was a kind of baton, to shunt horses here or there, through this or that gate.

Up to the corral rode an Indian we all knew, and disliked. He was a half-breed named George Viles. Viles peered through the fence and said:

"That white horse in there, he mine."

B. F. must have heard the remark, but he never let on. He was at this moment engaged in separating the white horse from a tangle of unwanted animals: the white horse was going east, to be sold in Illinois or Indiana, and draw a delivery cart for the rest of its life.

"White horse mine," said Viles again. "I take him."

I confess that I was frightened. Viles was a bad hombre, as I knew from personal experience and in spite of my extreme youth. Just now I was sitting almost directly over him heartily wishing myself elsewhere. He wouldn't hurt me today, but no matter. I had seen many fights on the frontier, and the spectacle of grown men bruising each other had always terrified me.

"I take my horse," said the half-breed, and dismounted.

And still B. F. gave no sign. I wanted to call a warning to him, but I did not dare. The white horse had been shunted into a loading pen, Viles was untying his lasso from his saddle. Once more he voiced his intention of taking the horse, for the failure of B. F. to answer had rather bothered him.

"I go in there and get that horse," the half-breed said, and then B. F. turned and answered, his voice calm and slow:

"You come through that gate and I'll kill you."

The Indian paused. He grumbled and made faces, he fumbled with his rope, but he did not go through the gate. Presently, when he had "saved face" by mumbling an assortment of threats he got on his horse and rode off. He never got the white horse. Was it his, or did it belong to B. F.? There is no telling. The Indian's concept of property was often different than ours; he confused ownership and usufruct, and the white man's inability or refusal to understand this has been the cause of much minor trouble and not a few Indian "wars." Perhaps the half-breed actually owned the horse, and B. F. had come into possession of it by means of long-headed artifice; the white men of that day were not always scrupulous in their dealings with the redskin. But at any rate the white horse traveled east and Viles did nothing about it.

B. F. had dominating ways, yet he was no brute, no villain out of a Zane Grey story. The fact is that he was gentle-mannered to an almost incredible degree. He had originated in a backwoods community, he had run away from home like a young animal, he had spent years of his life riding range, sleeping under a sweaty saddle blanket, eating jerked beef, and washing in a creek. Yet when I knew him he was a most fastidious person. He wore blue flannel shirts. and corduroy pants tucked into the tops of well-greased riding boots. Save for his long moustache he was smooth shaven. He was exceedingly neat and clean, and in a house he was so critical that only the most meticulous of housewives could bear his hard glance and caustic tongue. When he was in the saddle he ate pemmican or "jerkie," when he was at a table he demanded good cooking and was sarcastic when he did not get it. He rarely complimented his wife on her meals, though she was supposed by others to be a very fine cook. Untidy people he despised, untidy speech roused him to bitter irony. He was sensitive about himself, and took such pride in his appearance that he willingly crucified his feet by forcing them into too-small boots. Jokes about other people came readily to his lips, but a jest directed his way had to be very mild indeed, else he took offense. For years he made a practice of breaking his own broncos, but one spring day a fractious horse unseated him and B. F.

WHITE

THROWS THE SPOTLIGHT ABOVE YOUR VEST-LINE

And Essley White Shirts, for this reason, stress these three features:

- **Exclusive Precision-Fit:** prevents the shirt front from bulging.
- **Original Trubenized Collar,** which gives you starched-collar smoothness with soft-collar comfort. It cannot wilt!
- **The New Benifold,** that prevents the collar from fraying prematurely.

That's why Essley Whites, with their lustrous, fine-count fabrics, are becoming increasingly significant among well-groomed men everywhere. See them (and the new Essley distinctive fancies, of course) at department stores and better men's shops. $1.65 to $3.50. Essley Shirt Company, Empire State Building, New York.

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Essley SHIRTS WITH THE BENIFOLD ON THE ORIGINAL TRUBENIZED* COLLAR —AND PRECISION-FIT

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WON'T BULGE
Essley's exclusive Precision-Fit keeps your shirt smooth above your vest.

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Essley's original Trubenized Collar remains trim and fresh-laundered — without starch or stays.

WON'T FRAY
prematurely — because Essley's new patented Benifold eliminates inside "friction points" — stops wear where the wear starts.

- Look for ESSLEY SPORTSWEAR $1.65 to $3.50 at department stores and better men's shops.

pitched headlong into a mud puddle, and after that he hired someone to ride his wild horses first: he had scrambled out of that mud puddle to the tune of laughter from the onlookers, and he could not bear it.

His children scarcely knew what to make of him. He was fond of them, and his ways were affectionate, yet he was too formidable not to render them uneasy. They were raised strictly, with no allowances for the usual juvenile lapses. If they dared to speak disrespectfully of any older person in his presence they were sharply reproved. When they addressed their father they said "sir," though where, in his rude bare life, he had picked up this nicety of social intercourse, no one could have said. If his children did what they should B. F. quietly praised them, or even gave them a nickel for peppermint candy; if they transgressed he punished them as inevitably as the sun rose, never making exceptions, never "letting it go this time." His whippings terrified them, not so much because of the pain, but because of the perfectly-controlled temper with which he administered the lashes; he was a volcano, but the fire never burst forth; it only gleamed in his depths, as a hint of the destroying fury within.

The same mysterious control which B. F. exercised over people was likewise apparent in his handling of animals. Dogs came to him and served him without protest, wild horses found themselves submitting to him. A bronco might kick people in general, but it was never known to kick B. F. The man repeatedly went into a narrow stall with a horse reputed to be a "killer," and came out as whole as he went in. He was eminently successful as a horse tamer and trainer, and it was his love of horseflesh which kept him poor. Other men of his time went into the cattle business and became wealthy, B. F. despised cattle as unfit for human society. He liked horses for their speed and strength, their free fighting spirit, and like a Cossack he devoted his chief attention to horses. He never got much in the way of money; he supported his family, and little more.

And then came one of those slow insidious cataclysms which the textbooks refer to as "social change." The horses began to diminish, fences began to increase, northern Idaho began to shift from pastoral to farming life. B. F. was careless about it, then in time he was resentful, and finally he was flabbergasted. His world was trying to run out on him. Finally it did just that: he was all dressed up, in chaps and flannel shirt and spurs and .44, and there was no place for him to go. He got off his horse, destined to stay off it for the balance of his life. The saddle that Sitting Bull had given him he gave to square a hay-and-grain bill, his chaps he hung up in the stable, the legs creased to the form of his legs from long years of riding a great many horses.

He was an active man, and since the range had vanished he must find some other field of activity. He tried timber cruising, and did not like it. Then he drifted to Spokane and became a dabbler in real estate. B. F. did not mind Spokane so much; true, it was more-or-less a city, with dead pavement under foot and buildings shutting off the horizon, but then it was at least reminiscent of the freer earlier world. It was still half frontier town when B. F. settled there, and in the burros, the mining men, the general rudeness of the place he managed to take a measure of satisfaction. He bought white shirts and queer low stiff collars, he exchanged riding boots for shoes, he even affected a necktie. Then he opened an office to make believe that he was busy and content.

In Spokane his shrewd mind and long-headed planning brought him prosperity. He amassed property, talked politics, learned to smoke cigars and obey traffic lights.

All too late. Spokane itself was changing, the burros vanishing, the old-timers dying off, new and duller types of people inheriting the earth. Corporation finance was supplanting such individual promoters as B. F. The man grew quickly older: the tan of a lifetime faded out of his face, leaving it an unnatural hue. His hair turned gray, his eyes no longer pierced what he looked at. Traffic and buildings rose up around him like a trap. He was more and more restless; he longed for a means of escape, if only for a time. In desperation he bought an automobile, but he never really learned to drive it; in his eyes it was only an unnatural and irritatingly stubborn bronc that somehow he could never quite whack into shape. He smashed-up in it more and more often, and all the while he sensed the approach of a beast infinitely more fractious than his automobile. This was the depression, and when it came it brought along with it everything that B. F. had believed in. His properties declined in value, he caught a glimpse of poverty ahead, he read in the papers of political innovations which shocked and depressed him. The world was tipping up in his face, and he was too old to do more than cling to it, like a cat to a floating log.

Such had been his life, and now as I crossed the hotel lobby to speak to him I wondered what he thought of his present existence. I could not find out. We talked, but he had always been secretive and now he kept his personal reactions to himself. The man was apparently lost—hopelessly baffled and sad—but the offer of sympathy had always riled him, and pity was something which he had never allowed himself or others.

I talked to him and left him, and as I sat at my desk in New York a year or two later I opened a letter and read that he had died. With dignity, and with a slight

Continued at top of page 150

Beautiful, Youthful Contour-Control
Luralace
LASTEX FOUNDATIONS
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HERE'S LOOKING AT *Youth !*

Look as young . . . and gay . . . as you are. Let this luxurious floral lace-lastex mold and sculp your figure . . . most comfortably and persuasively. You'll marvel at its surprisingly firm control, ingeniously designed to discipline diaphragm, hips, and waist . . . and to achieve that utterly smart "Artful uplift." • • Perfection in details brings you InvizaGrip garters, and a formal low-cut "streamline" back in the all-in-one "with that artful uplift" bra. *All lace model,* $7.50; *With satin lastex panel,* $12.50 • • Tailored girdle for about-town wear. Front and back center satin lastex panels. Talon closing. InvizaGrip supporters, $7.50 • • YOU'LL WANT BOTH—*they're so pretty . . . and practical.* • • (If your favorite corsetiere cannot supply you, please write Miss Ruth Stone, 1145 West Congress Street, Chicago) • • A. STEIN & COMPANY • New York • Chicago • Toronto • Buenos Aires

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Courtesy Agfa Film
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Overlooking Central Park
TOWER SUITE WITH FOUR EXPOSURES
B SUITE FACING SOUTH AND WEST

The Tower Suites of The Sherry-Netherland... comprised of large living room, dining room, serving pantry, 3 Master bedrooms and baths—maid's room and bath—set the standard in luxurious living. Occupying an *entire floor*, they are available on both transient and permanent basis.

Equally attractive are the "B" apartments facing the Park—comprised of living room, 2 bedrooms, dining room, serving pantry and 2 baths.

NETHERLAND RESTAURANT and BAR air-cooled... for luncheon, cocktails, dinner, and after-theatre supper.

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EUGENE VOIT, *Manager*

Old Man of the West

Continued from pages 89-145-149

contempt for the soft luxury-seeking generation which was to bury him. He had been a man of great personal pride, and fortunately he had escaped from life without humiliation. No lingering illness, no actual want, no dragging on with the aid of opiates and operations. During his last years he had lived in a big house with his aging wife, but every morning it was his habit to get into the car and drive down town, perhaps with the hope that the mad world would straighten out into a shape that he could recognize and take comfort in. This morning he got into the car as usual, stepped on the starter, and fell back dead. B. F. had died as a wild animal might, alone and self-possessed. He had been a pioneer and a fighter, a dominant force on a lusty and dangerous frontier, and though he could not grapple with the new world which had come upon him so bewilderingly he knew how to leave it without whining or begging.

Perhaps you think I am romancing in all this. It's possible; but, then, I knew him very well. You see, B. F. was my father. ⧺

Irish Wit and Wakes

Continued from page 71

close to the coffin. Hence, the caller, following his prayers, arises and pays his respects to them. After these duties have been dispensed with, the caller adjourns to a back room where he will settle himself comfortably for a night of genuine sociability. The women folks gather in one room and talk in their fashion while the men have their own compartment.

In Ireland, the mister is still the privileged person. Therefore, in the rooms reserved for the men, there will be food, whisky and stout aplenty. Besides, there will be batches of new clay pipes and lots and lots of tobacco. After a few kind words about the life of the late lamented host of the house, the lads fill up their pipes and go to work on the food, the spirits, and the stout. Tongues unloosen. And the wake is on! Every conceivable topic known to mankind is discussed pro and con. Every personage in Irish public and private life, with the present company excepted, is verbally trotted forth and his reputation literally torn to shreds. Of course, in a very polite, yet completely devastating Celtic manner. The only Irishman's record, besides that of the corpse's, against which a derogatory remark is never made at a wake in any one of the twenty-six counties of the Free State, is that of Charles Stewart Parnell. Be there a man present who would dare utter so much as a single word against the Great Parnell, who, mind ye now, was not even a Catholic, would be signing his own death warrant.

Not until the sun comes up in the morning does it occur to anyone to stop yarning and go home. Even then, they go reluctantly.

Though most everyone who ever knew the deceased will participate in his wake, it does not necessarily follow that they will contribute to the "offerings" at his funeral. These offerings consist of individual small cash donations made by relatives, neighbors and friends towards defraying the costs of the religious ceremonies for the dead man's soul. The size of these offerings are an excellent barometer of what any Irish community really thinks of the deceased's record in life. Strangely, a man's station in this world does not necessarily determine the amount that will be received at his requiem mass. Oft a poor lad's offerings will top those of a rich man. For instance, in a small Donegal village last summer, I noted that the offerings at a postman's funeral were some three hundred pounds while those for a prominent man of property were not even twenty-five pounds.

Three hundred pounds in rural Ireland is a lot of money—especially when you consider that it is composed entirely of individual contributions of pennies, shillings, half crowns—nothing higher. It takes many such coins to reach three hundred pounds.

In this particular instance, the offerings for the postman or "The Post" as he is called in Ireland, were large because he had been a splendid, kindly citizen—a good neighbor and a good influence in the community. On the other hand, the prominent man of property was a penurious person, interested only in himself. Therefore, his own community expressed its supreme contempt for him by refusing to contribute to his offerings.

"Aye," confided one of the townfolks to me, "I have a sneaky feeling that our good pastor, Father Hennessy, just announced those twenty-five pound offerings to spare the rascal's family from further humiliation and insult. I don't know one person for miles around that would give the likes of him a half-penny, even in death."

Though the Donegal villagers did not participate in the man of property's offerings, they did, as they always do at every funeral regardless, accompany the body to the cemetery. On this particular occasion, there was one potulent villager who had not quite recovered from the wake of the night before. Weeping copiously, he elbowed his way into the front ranks of the mourners about the grave. After the body had been lowered into the tomb, the good Father Hennessy gave a brief sermon on death and concluded with "God giveth and God taketh away."

Father Hennessy had barely finished when the fuddled and weeping villager turned to the crowd, and, with arms outstretched wailed maudlinly, "Now what the hell could be fairer than that?" ⧺

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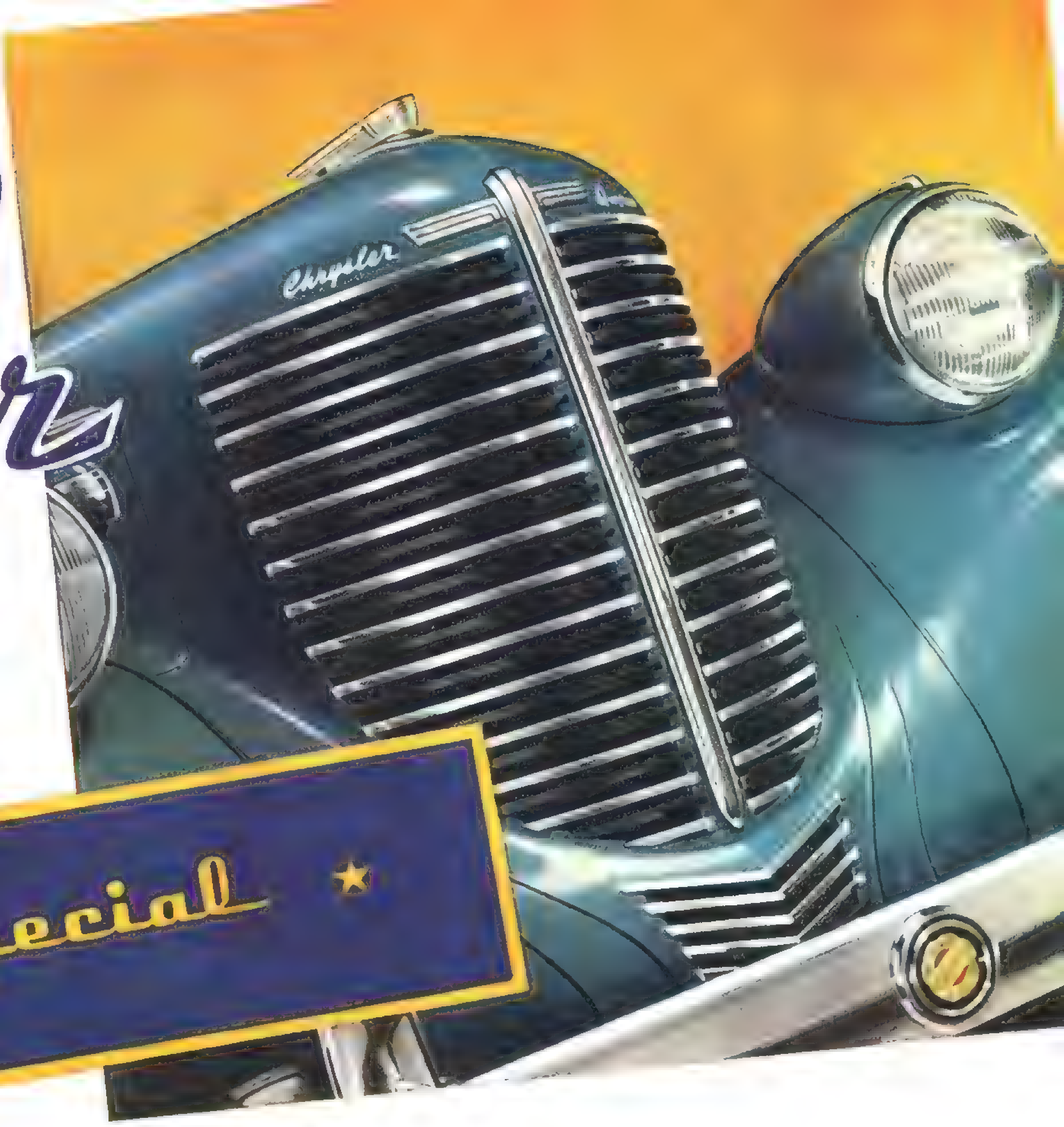

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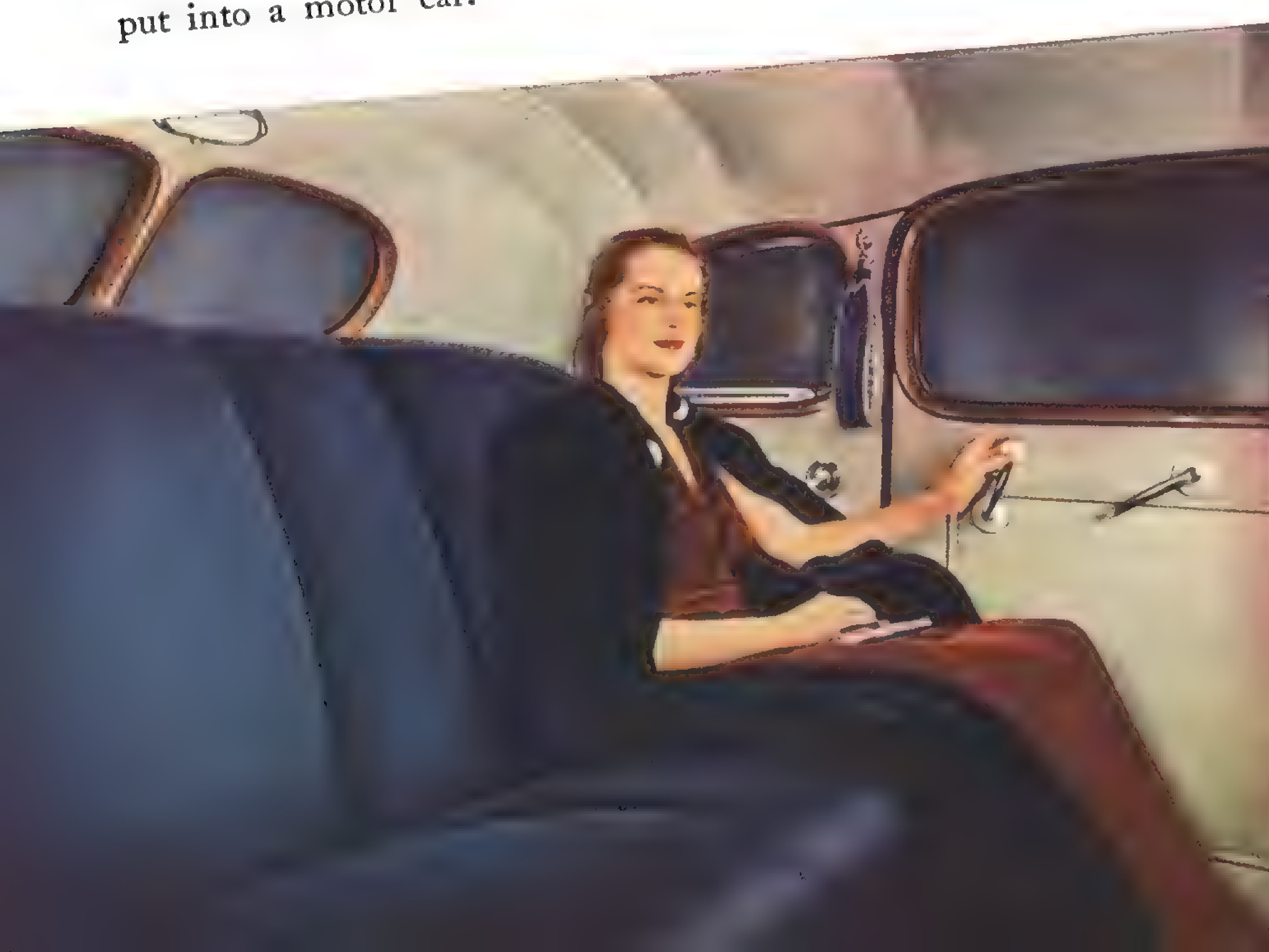

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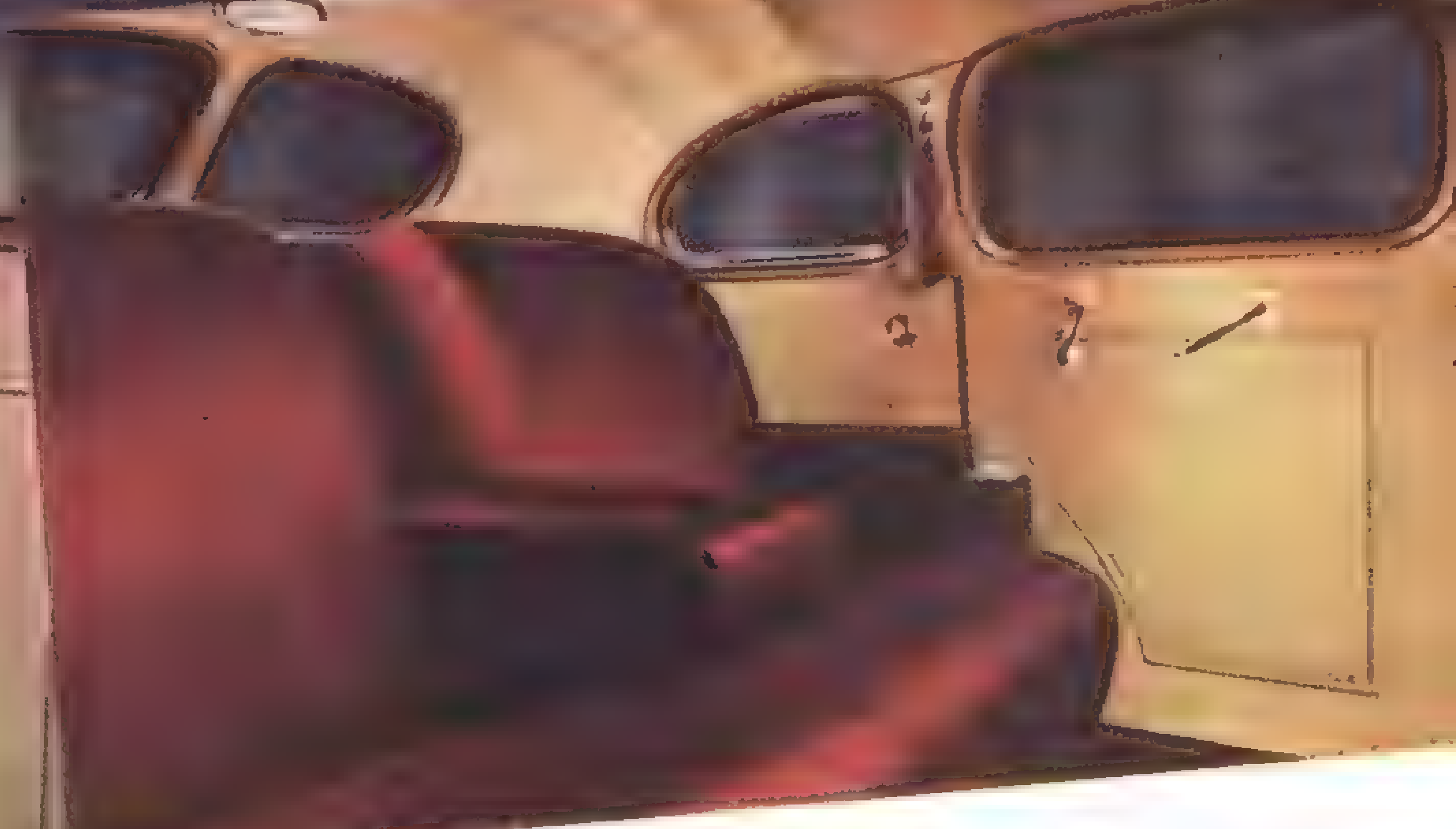
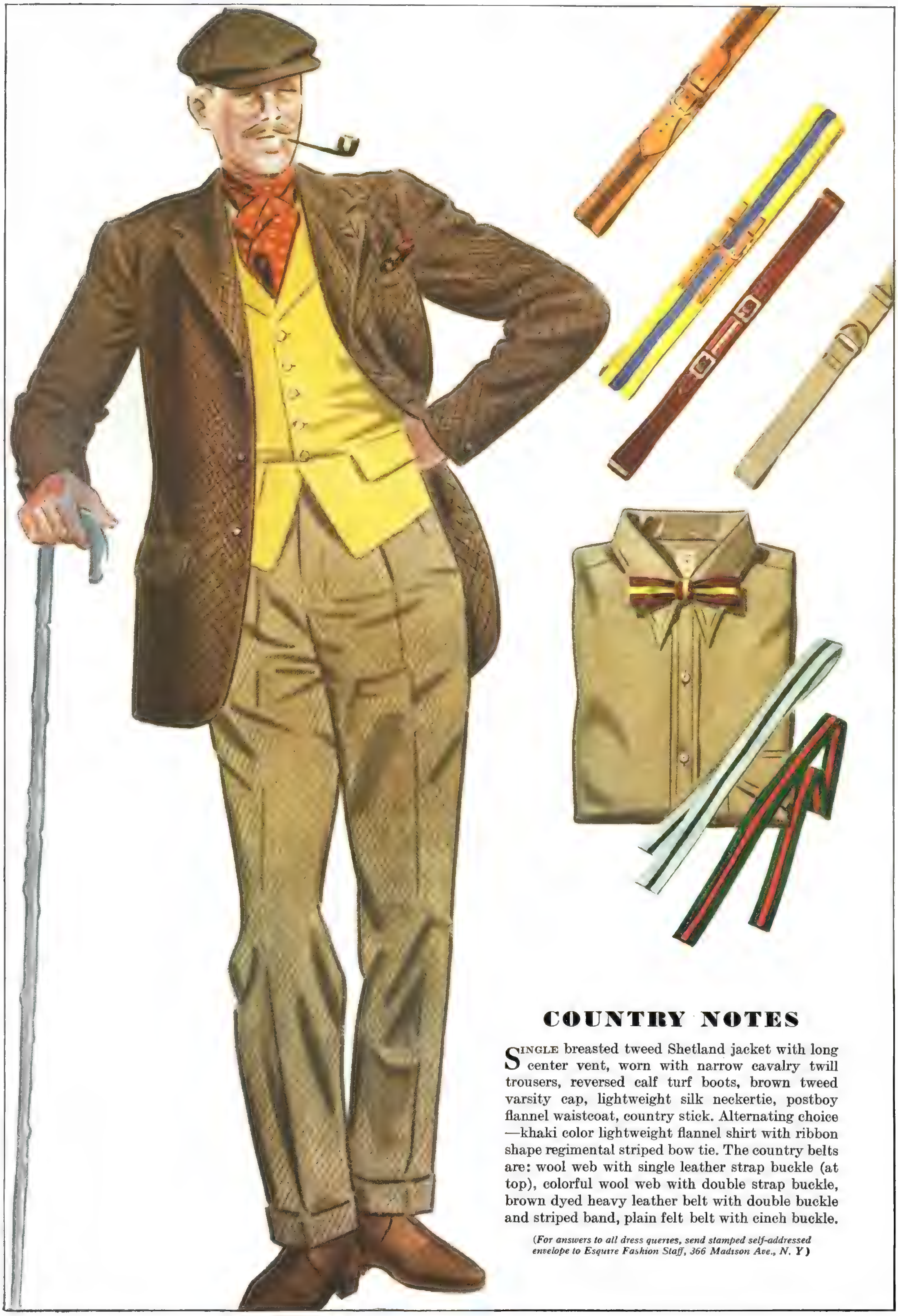


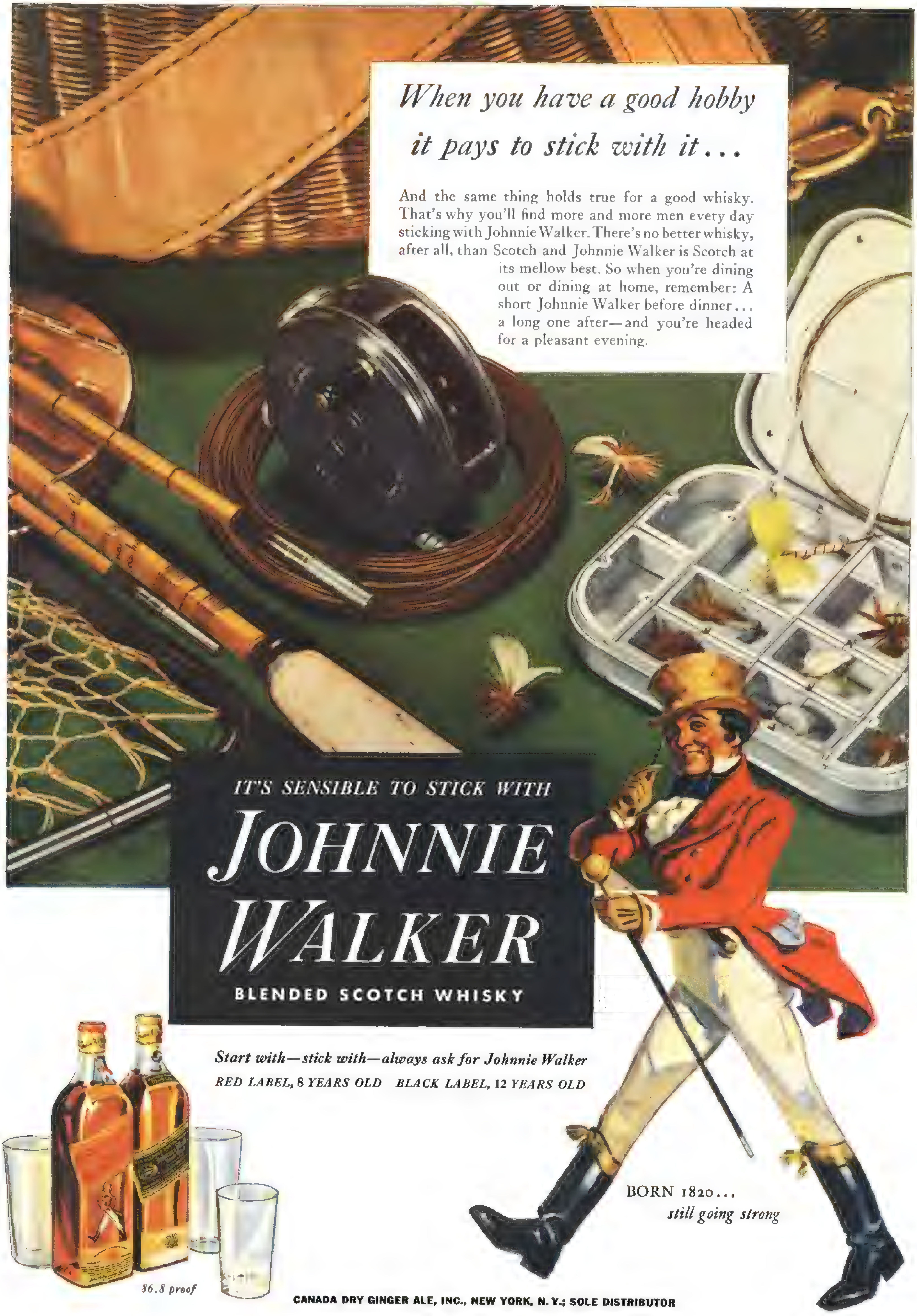
● *The folding arm rest* is deeply cushioned, as well as swanky . . . typical of the luxury in every detail.



COUNTRY NOTES

Single breasted tweed Shetland jacket with long center vent, worn with narrow cavalry twill trousers, reversed calf turf boots, brown tweed varsity cap, lightweight silk neckertie, postboy flannel waistcoat, country stick. Alternating choice—khaki color lightweight flannel shirt with ribbon shape regimental striped bow tie. The country belts are: wool web with single leather strap buckle (at top), colorful wool web with double strap buckle, brown dyed heavy leather belt with double buckle and striped band, plain felt belt with cinch buckle.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



When you have a good hobby it pays to stick with it . . .

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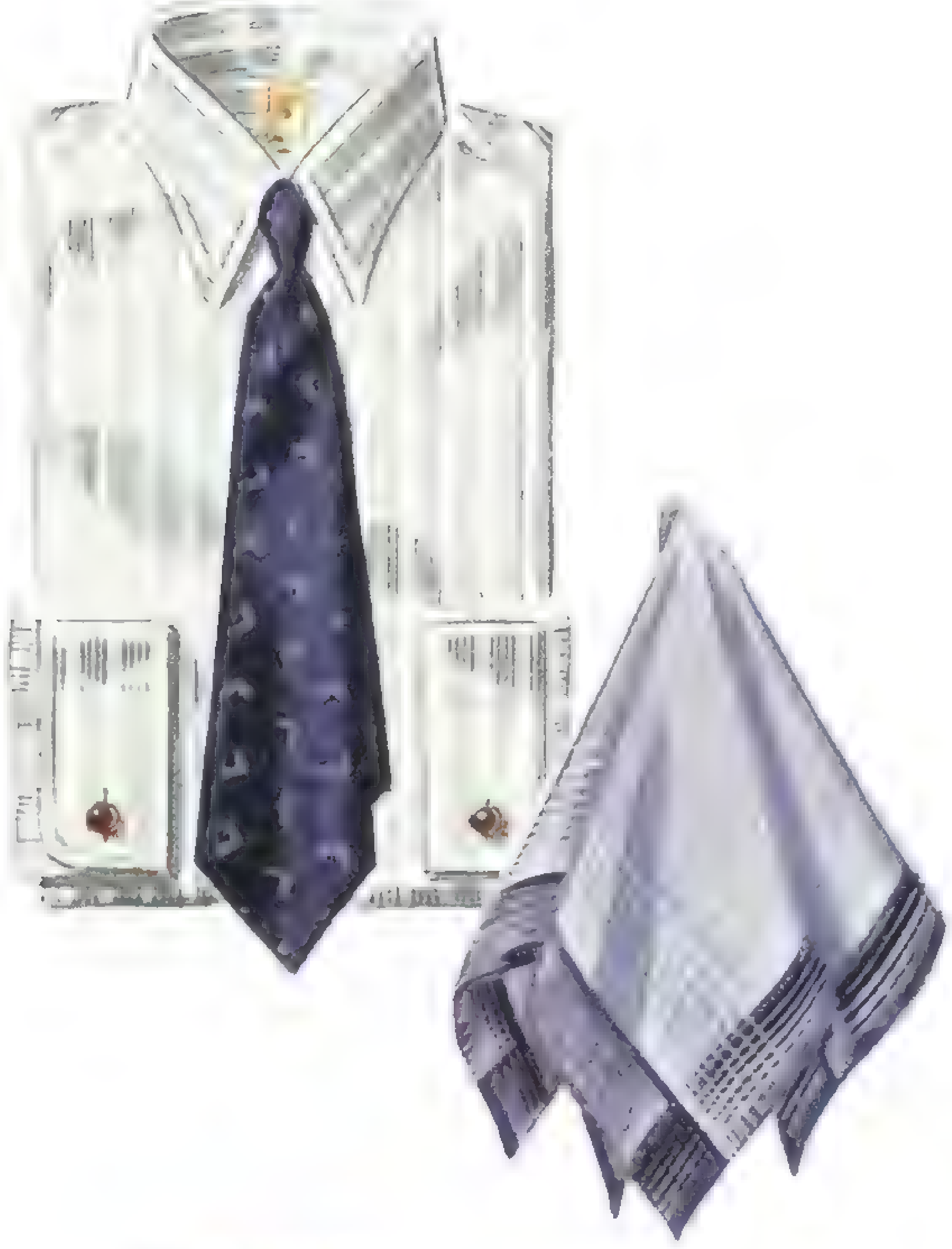

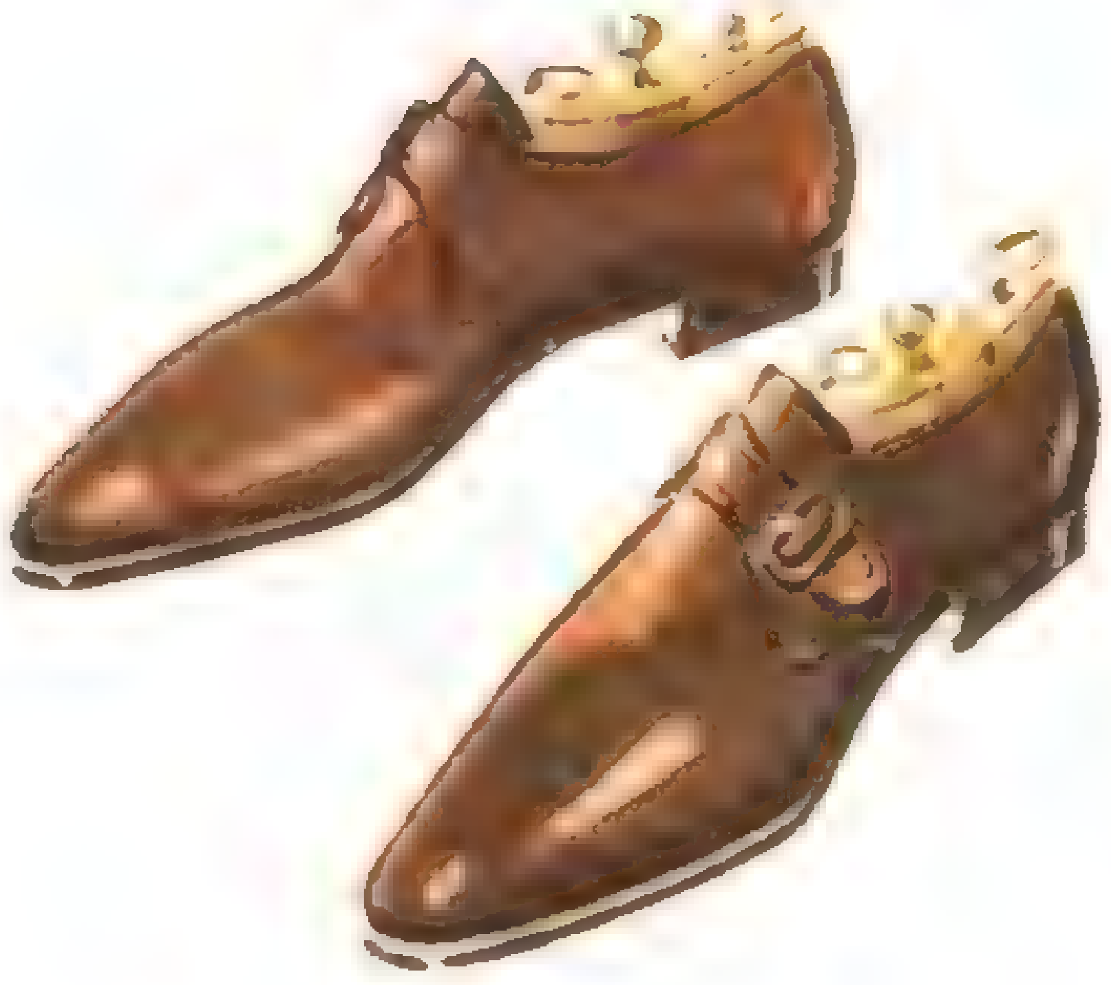

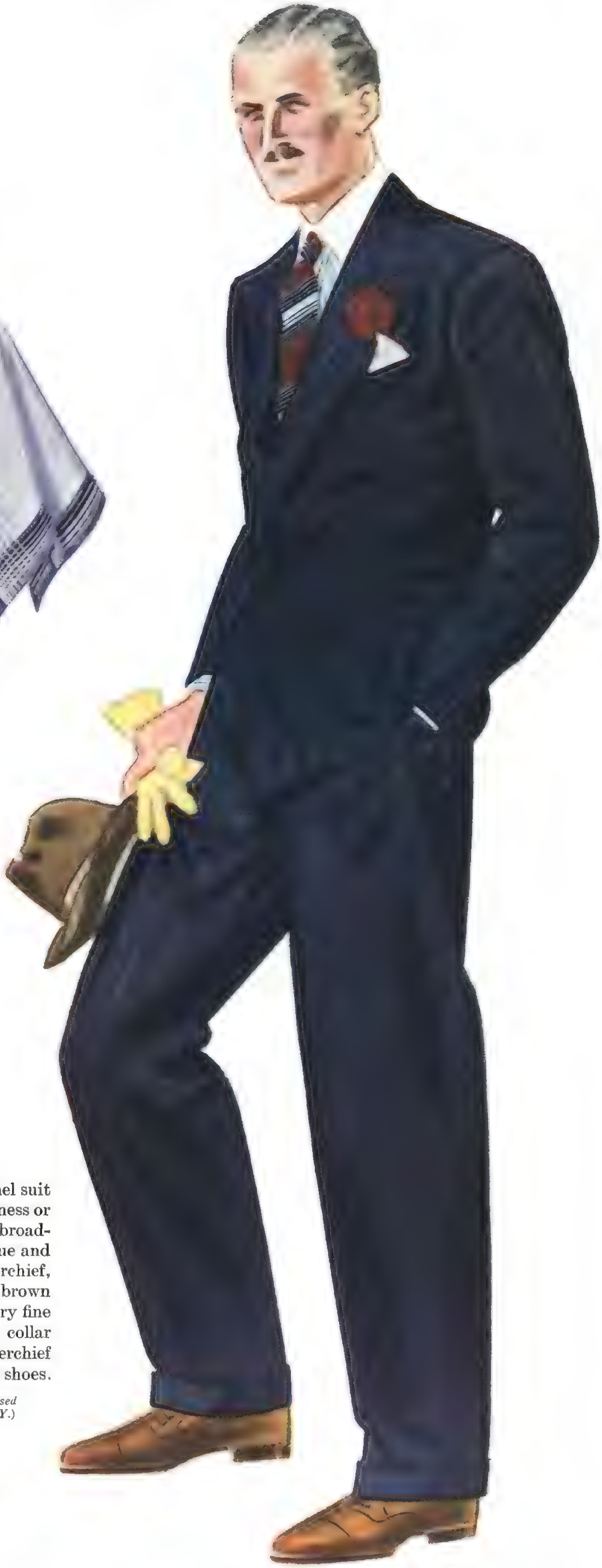

TOWN NOTES

Double breasted marine blue striped flannel suit with four-button front, suitable for business or week-end wear, worn with fine blue stripe broadcloth shirt, white starched collar, maroon blue and white cluster stripe tie, white pocket handkerchief, reversed calf town shoes, chamois gloves, brown Cavalier hat. Alternative accessories are a very fine lightweight cotton stripe shirt with lounge collar attached, lightweight foulard tie, silk handkerchief and lightweight unlined monk front calf shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Education of Rev. Farice

Continued from page 69

interest load." There was a high murmur of satisfaction.

"I suggest that the golden rabbits come every year to St. James church," Mr. Constable said.

That was the spark which fired Rev. Mr. Farice.

He coughed and plunged ahead, the words tumbling out like blasphemy:

"I had rather hoped, at the turn of the year, that the board would see fit to add $600 to my salary. That would be $50 a month. Now that the rabbits—"

The look of shocked piety on the trustees' faces stopped him.

But Mr. Rask rose quickly, surveyed the board belligerently, and said:

"It's only fair that we cut Mr. Farice in on the swag to the amount of $600. I so move."

Mr. Constable looked helplessly around, heard a mumbled second, and then chanted, from force of habit, "Moved, seconded, those in favor aye, those opposed no, carried."

The trustees, as a unit, looked at the young pastor with surprise and new admiration. ⧻

Raphael Soyer: East Side Degas

Continued from page 59

pictures the admonition common to their walls, "How Long Since You Wrote to Mother?" which is also the title. His models bring him placards and posters that appertain to the place he is painting and even suggest touches that will help evoke the sense of place. Soyer's earliest pictures were of street scenes, in the Bronx and on the lower East Side. Since then he has shown an inclination to draw in upon himself, to do park and street scenes indoors, within the walls of his studio, putting the burden of place atmosphere upon his sitters. (Even in the country, in summer, he prefers to work within the shelter of walls.) His studio has also had to serve as café, cafeteria, dance rehearsal hall, union hall, transients' station, mission hall and doctor's office. In this way, of course, he is less likely to be distracted by the non-essentials of a place; moreover, the less furniture, the more challenge to his sympathy and imagination. Years hence when, we hope, the modern connotations of the word depression will have died out, his pictures will stand as an imaginative statement of the mood of the depression among the unrebellious. His pictures are important not for what they report but for the climate of sympathy in which they are drenched.

Raphael Soyer was born a little more than thirty-eight years ago in the town and province of Tambov. His father, Abraham Schoar, was a lover of learning who made his living teaching Hebrew and writing in Hebrew and Russian for newspapers in Odessa and elsewhere. Russian was Raphael's mother tongue and he can still read, write and converse in it. It was not until the family migrated to America that Raphael, for one, had to learn Yiddish, for not otherwise could he communicate with the relatives on his mother's side with whom the Schoars had taken refuge. The elder Schoar encouraged his sons to make sketches and he himself was constantly drawing to illustrate points in Scripture for the children he taught. He seems to have been a mild sort of pedagogue. Many years before he had visited St. Petersburg and looked upon several Rembrandts and his recollection of these paintings made the master of Leyden a household word. Pater Schoar seems to have had romantic notions—unlike most fathers—about the fun and glory of being an artist and although there were no art prints in the house, the children's interest in art was not permitted to flag. The old man has had his reward, for of his four sons, three—Raphael, Moses and Isaac—are artists and the fourth, Israel, hopes to become a writer. Most secular ambitions for such Biblically-named progeny!

Life in Tambov does not seem to have been particularly exciting. When Raphael was five or six years old, there seems to have been a pogrom close by. He recalls rather the agitated talk about it than any violence. Four or five years later a mad cat bit not only Raphael but also brother Isaac and sister Rebecca. Father took them to Moscow for anti-rabies injections and between injections shepherded them on tours of every art museum and historical monument in town. They saw only Russian pictures, which didn't count, and the zoo, which did. In 1911 Raphael entered the local gymnasium and distinguished himself in drawing and in the writing of Russian compositions. About this time local authorities began pointing the finger of suspicion at the elder Schoar as a subversive influence. Raphael does not deny the soft impeachment. In any event, the following year the governor of the province of Tambov refused to renew the Schoars' residence permit, which action was equivalent to booting the whole family out of the country. The Imperial Russian government was doing the Schoar boys and girls a vast favor, but neither the Little Father nor the boys and girls could know it at the time.

Father, mother, four sons and two daughters arrived August, 1912, in Philadelphia to take up temporary residence with maternal relatives. As soon as Father obtained a job teaching in a Hebrew school in New York, the family followed and set up a menage in the Bronx. The twins, Raphael in particular, were perfectly miserable

Continued on page 156

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Raphael Soyer: East Side Degas

Continued from pages 59-155

in and out of school, ill at ease at best, maladjusted at worst. They must have struck their teachers as dull and unresponsive brats, but their trouble was they had nothing to which to respond. In 1915 the twins entered Morris High School, where English literature and poetry struck a few vagrant sparks out of Raphael, at least. After a year, financial difficulties yanked them out, possibly to their great relief. Father was writing for the Hebrew and Yiddish press, at its very, very best a dubious source of revenue for a family of eight. The four dollars a week which Raphael first earned as errand boy was more than welcome. A clothing factory then found him useful as general utility boy and gave him seven dollars a week. He was always stealing off by himself and making sketches and he was casting about for a way in which he could take up the study of art systematically.

About this time he discovered the free evening classes at Cooper Union. The opportunity to draw from life and antique casts was free but he had to earn his way into these classes by tending a newspaper stand from five in the morning until two or three in the afternoon. It was about this time that he came down with a bang during the influenza epidemic. When he recovered he entered the National Academy of Design. In order to be able to attend day classes, he had to find work in the evening. From seven in the evening until midnight, therefore, he served sodas in an ice cream parlor sufficiently close to the Academy for walking. Another little matter had also to be arranged.

When Raphael entered the Academy his brother Moses had already preceded him to that school. The twin brothers might resemble each other in feature and physique but they were not going to allow their art to resemble each other more than could be helped. They made a wise decision. They agreed that it would be better for them to study in different schools and when Raphael entered the Academy, Moses moved out and went to the art class of the Educational Alliance. Since then they have not studied in the same school or worked in the same studio. There has not been any looking over each other's shoulder, contrary to the family effect their work may have made and may continue to make upon the critics.

Sometimes, it seemed, they were making painful efforts to avoid influencing each other, or submitting to the same influence, but the more that they fought their twinship, as artists, the more has resemblance asserted itself. Critics have found it hard to disentangle even Isaac from the twins. That young man's latest exhibited canvases have been admired but have not been found distinguishable from the work of his elder brothers. By avoiding each other in the superficial aspects the brothers merely have proved that similarities in the creation of art arise from causes more deep-rooted than such as sharing a studio or attending the same school. While Raphael and Moses, at least, have strained to achieve individualities in art, their effect has been mocked not only by their resemblance to each other but by the resemblance to their work of that of about half a dozen non-brothers, such as Cikovsky and Berman, not to mention the inevitable and necessary students. It is only fair to add that the drift toward individual ways of self-expression is definitely under way.

Raphael Soyer studied off and on for three years at the Academy under the late George Maynard, Charles C. Curran and Ivan Olinsky. Whistler and Sargent were then the gods of the Academy and they were the gods he wished to emulate; he knew of no others. Not counting the Moscow museums, the first time Soyer saw pictures was at the age of 16, when a cousin took him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art (little did he then dream that one of his own things would one day grace a wall there) and led him out several hours later, dazed. He learned to make his way alone there, saving carfares by walking down from the Bronx and back. The Old Masters were the only ones he looked at, but he wasn't sure then what elements in art he wished to accept and incorporate and what to reject.

When he entered the Academy he was not aware of any contemporary American painting. Then he heard of Sargent and Whistler and they were the closest to the contemporary he had ever heard of, a little less remote and somewhat more approachable than Rembrandt anyway. There were even those who had seen Whistler and Sargent paint. The wealthy and fashionable portrait painting Academician, Emil Fuchs, was one of these mediators between two worlds. To a group of Academy students, of whom Soyer was one, Fuchs gave the run of his studio and to Soyer he gave a beautiful palette, canvas, brushes and paints and perhaps a little too much advice as to how Sargent did it. Despite his humble appearance, there is somewhere in Soyer a core of stubborn strength; at least he is strong enough to reject as well as to accept. In any event, this Sargent chi-chi bore down heavily upon him and he decided that he had had enough of the Academy about the time, strangely enough, when he became aware of the work and influence of Sloan, Bellows and Luks. The man who was to influence Raphael Soyer most profoundly and most pervasively had died only a few years ago, but he was not to learn about him—not yet.

He had left the Academy and was floundering about. He had yet to decide to try his fortune at the Art Students' League. Brother Moses had moved on to Paris, a goal far beyond Raphael's immediate expectations. Then one day Raphael received a book Moses had sent him. It was in French, a tongue he could not read, but the text didn't matter. It was a book about that French indoor Impressionist who derided the outdoor Impressionists, Degas. The text didn't matter because the book was crammed with reproductions, but not one in color. Raphael's eyes opened wide and remained wide open. He spent fascinated hours looking at those reproductions. He had found his master although years were to pass before he was to integrate the master's style into his own. The Degas-Soyer relationship is an example of how valid art creates valid art, how affinities declare themselves, cutting across nation, race, creed.

Ever since, says Raphael, he has admired, studied and followed Degas. Soyer admits indebtedness also to Breughel, Rembrandt, Goya and Daumier—the incontestable saints of the proletarian artists—and to Eakins and Homer among the Americans, but there is no doubt that his spiritual father is none other than that very Degas who detested the Chosen People and who was one of the most vindictive anti-Dreyfusards during those hectic years when the French seethed with anti-Semitism. Without Degas there would have been another kind of Soyer. Between the two there is nothing short of affinity.

It is from Degas that Soyer obtained that fuzzy edge which is characteristic of his work and from him also the emphasis on dancers and dancing as subject matter for art and probably also the almost exclusive concern with indoor themes. It is from the crusty Frenchman that Soyer obtained several cues as to the feminine angle of the proletarian theme. Degas' laundresses are as honorably proletarian as Daumier's. The influence of Degas was not immediate but cumulative. There is irony not without pathos in the effort of the brothers to avoid suspicion of borrowing from each other and then finding their common source of inspiration in the work of one man, for Degas has not left Moses Soyer untouched.

About 1924 Raphael enrolled in the Art Students' League, studying under Guy Pène du Bois, to whose criticisms he listened respectfully. Soyer found him an admirable teacher. But most of his time was spent working for a living or looking for work for a living. He was still under his parents' roof. He was rarely more than a few dollars ahead. He was undernourished. Paris was a distant mirage. He was working at all sorts of part-time jobs for merest subsistence. For several seasons he found work in bonnaz embroidery shops. There was a time when he was tutoring youngsters in Hebrew, of which he knew just enough for the purpose. In 1925, or the following year, he sent a picture to an exhibition, the no-jury show of the Salons of America. It was a Bronx street scene. It was one of those things that looks unstudied and *so quaint* and artless enough to fool you into believing it has no art; you imagine that your little niece in 3A could do better, but you're all wet. Alexander Brook, who was himself coming up about that time but who had a little enthusiasm to spare for struggling colleagues, saw the picture, liked it and said so. Soyer heard about it and looked him up. Looking up Brook was one of the most important things Soyer ever did, for out of the web of this meeting were spun many interesting consequences.

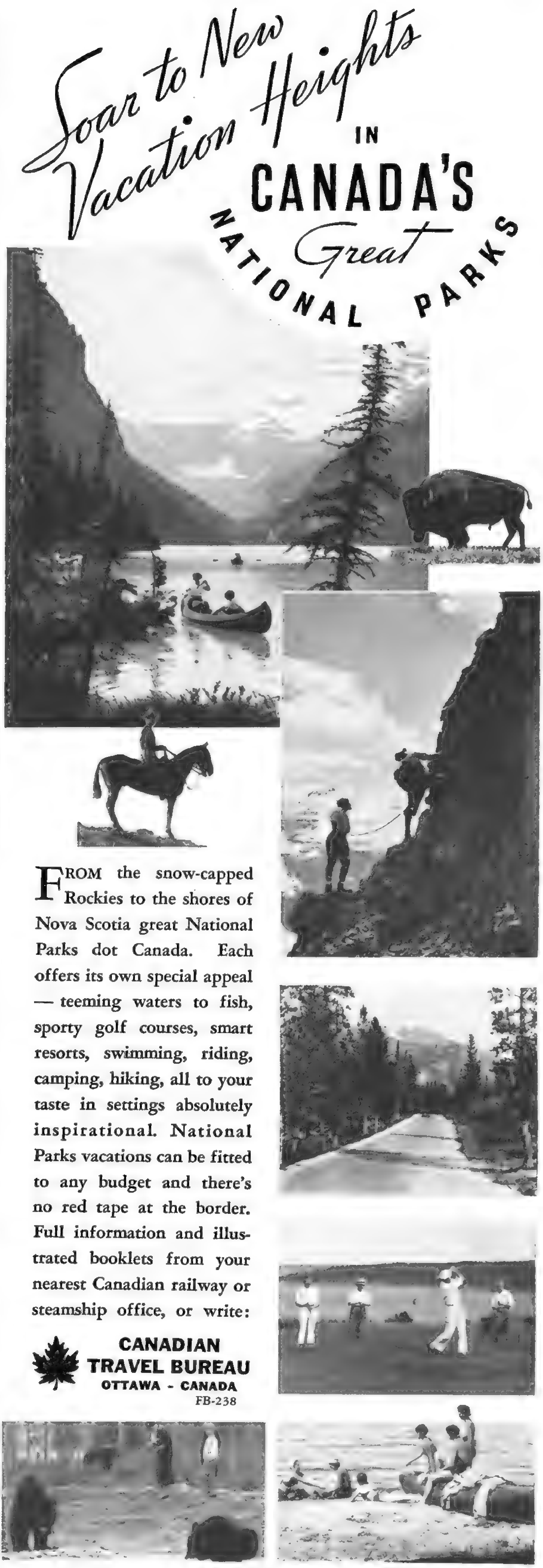
Brook sold the Bronx street scene for Soyer and helped him to sell other little pieces. Brook introduced him to the Whitney Studio Club, the Bohemian germ of the Whitney Museum. The Club ran a sketch class in which Soyer for the first time met such living, breathing contemporaries as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Reginald Marsh, Peggy Bacon, Adolf Dehn, Katherine Schmidt. He was a little less alone now, a little more encouraged. The Club exhibited, bought and helped to sell Soyers, mainly water colors. Furthermore, Brook introduced him to his dealer, then the Daniel Galleries, and now Soyer, too, had a dealer, just like a regular artist.

In 1928 he rented a studio. True, it wasn't much more than a hole in the wall in some East Side tenement near the river, but it must have looked very much like Heaven. From that time on, Raphael Soyer has been an artist, pure and simple. No more factory, no more loft, no more soda fountain. He may not have stopped going hungry, but he was producing art for some kind of an audience. There was a little world for whom he and his work had significance and promise. There was more to come.

In 1929 he had his first one-man show at the Daniel Galleries. He exhibited chiefly East Side street scenes, a portrait of a Bowery type, *Suzy*, which the Whitney bought, and *The Dancing Lesson*, a homey, almost primitive, picture showing Sister Rebecca teaching Brother Moses his first dance steps, with Father, in shirt sleeves, and Mother seated on the sofa, watching. It has sympathy touched with humor. He sold to others besides the Whitney, was favorably reviewed and deeply encouraged. The well-known crash of 1929 closed the galleries, but without any great inconvenience to Soyer, for other dealers wanted him. He became connected with the Valentine Galleries, which has continued to exhibit and represent him. Mr. Dudensing, director, sealed the bond with Soyer, so to speak, by buying outright four paintings for himself, a purchase of wisdom which Soyer chooses to interpret as an act of loyalty.

He was painting with increased enthusiasm. He was also moving indoors, putting more figure things and fewer street scenes on canvas. About this time he did the *Girl in White Blouse*, which hangs in the

Continued on page 158



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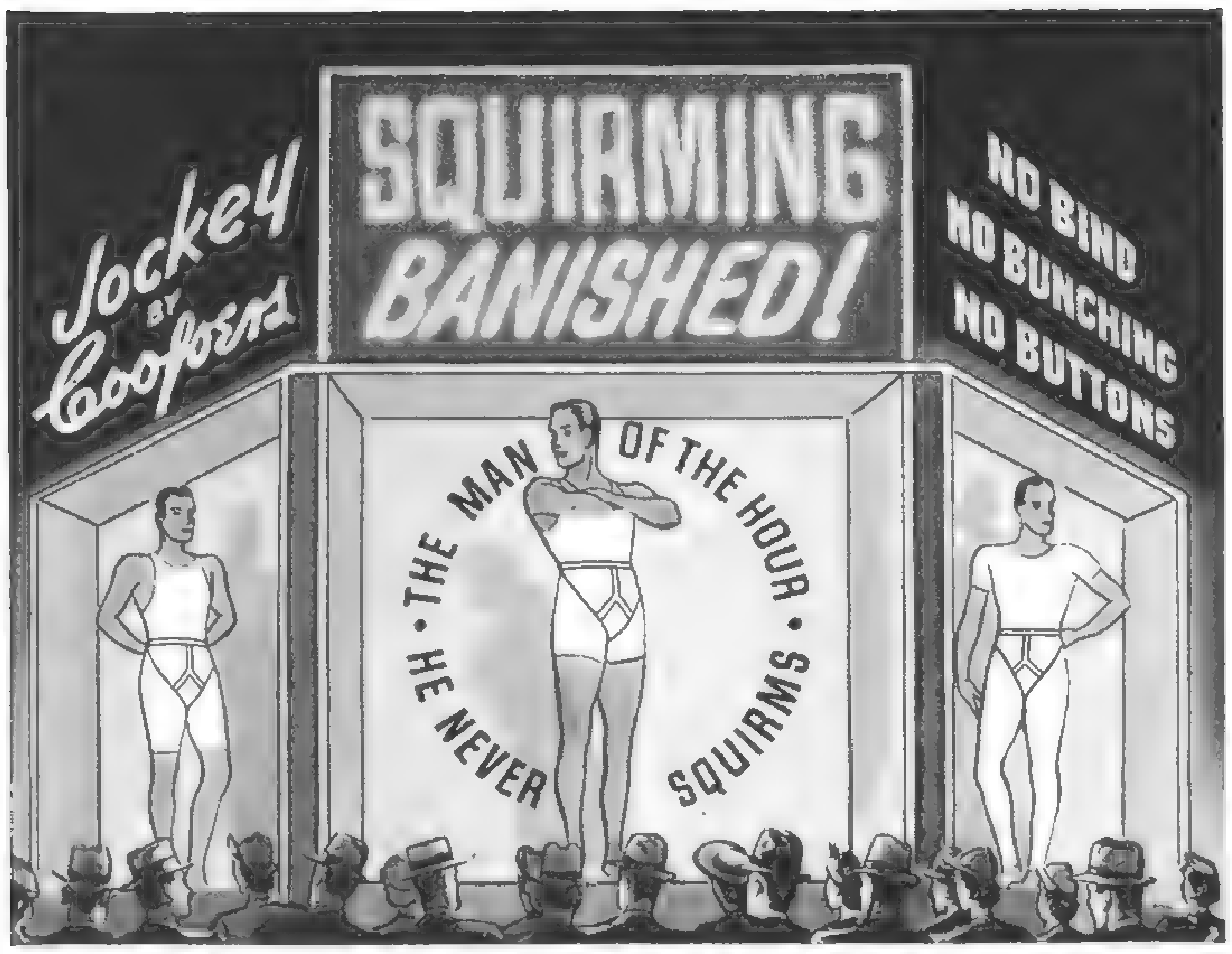

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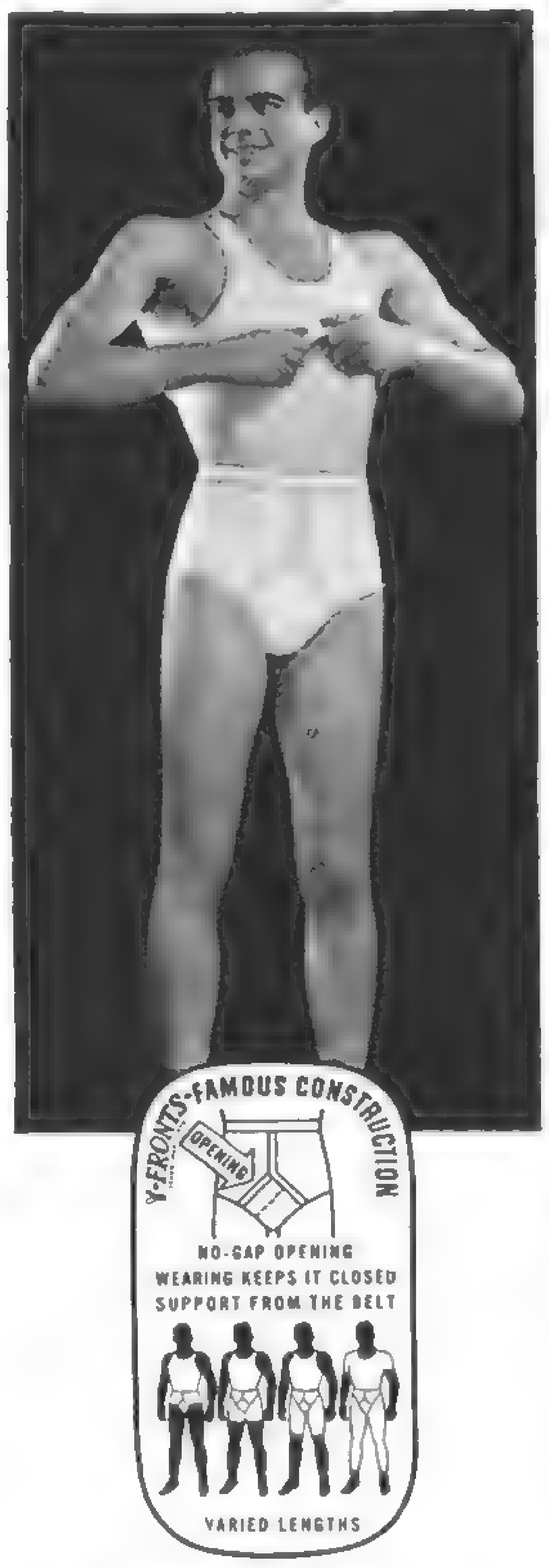

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Raphael Soyer: East Side Degas

Continued from pages 59-155-157

Metropolitan, and the portrait of his father and mother, a picture warm with understanding and sympathy, but objective enough not to be sentimental, and with the power of suggesting the nature of an unseen Bronx flat in the sideboard with its old framed photograph seen behind the sitters.

By the early part of the 1930's the depression was being inconsiderate to people. The homeless ones would come knocking at the door of Soyer's studio for a night's lodging. Soyer began painting them.

They were not pretty and they may not have been clean but he found them most satisfying as models. He could not have painted them so well perhaps had he not sympathized so deeply with their plight. He did not see them as moochers. One of these nonprofessional models was Gitel, a Greenwich Village character who wrote poetry and sang. She is the *Girl in White Blouse.* Before the Metropolitan bought this, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts had given him a gold medal for it.

Soyer was realizing the art potentialities of nondescript boys and girls in whom the average person would observe merely shabbiness, uncleanliness and failure. For him, there was gold in them hills. The stones that the builders rejected have become the cornerstones of some of Soyer's finest pictorial edifices.

A casual visitor would be seen as just the person for a cafeteria table composition, a newcomer fresh from a Bowery flop-house would do exactly for a street scene grouping, while the news vendor who brought Soyer his left wing magazines did beautifully in the Mission picture and the home relief investigator served as the shirt-sleeved violinist in the dance rehearsal scene. Only the other day a raw-boned woman from the East Side sat for hours on a borrowed bench with a borrowed youngster to enable Soyer to do *Waiting,* a doctor's office theme suggested not only in the "mother's" anxious bearing but in the print of Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson* sketched in on the wall behind.

His pictures of dancers, singly and in groups, in action and in repose, in rehearsal and in full dress, in painting and in lithography, form an integral and a considerable part of the body of Soyer's work. The impulse derives originally from Degas but Soyer's dancers are not the type that Degas would acknowledge. There are no ballet dancers in Soyer's ranks.

His dancers belong to the left wing and find inspiration for their groupings, movements and general choreography in the harsher rhythms of a mechanical age; they are the dancers who use what art they have to promulgate the propaganda of protest and rebellion. Soyer has drawn his most notable dance groups from the studios of Jane Dudley and Fé Alf, whose names even are unknown to the general public. Yet, although Soyer has worked for years on dance canvases, and created gems in that genre, there is one aspect of the dance that seems to have escaped him: the public performance, the sense of theatre. Perhaps he does only what he can, perhaps the dancers to whom he is most loyal are still in the barnstorming stage, but this writer, for one, cannot help feeling that Soyer's dancers should stop rehearsing and answer a curtain call once in a while.

It was a fortunate day when Raphael Soyer decided to do a lithograph, for there is at least one critic, more or less notable, who prefers his lithographs to his paintings, and people who ought to know agree that he is one of best lithographers in America. The annual, *Best Prints of the Year,* has thrice reproduced his graphic work.

The first lithograph he did directly on the stone was a self-portrait and since then he has improved in depth of treatment and scope of subject matter. The most popular of his prints include his Bowery nocturnes and feminine portraits. It is a lithograph by which he is known in the only European museum—at Oslo—in which he is represented. In America his work may be seen in public museums in New York, Columbus, Ohio, Newark, New Jersey, Andover, Massachusetts, and Washington, D. C. Beside the Beck gold medal for portraiture he has been awarded also the $300 Kohnstamm prize at the Chicago Art Institute.

He has traveled a long distance since he discovered art as a way of life. After his fourth one-man show, at Valentine's, in 1935, at which he sold more pictures at better prices, he indulged himself in the luxury of a European jaunt. He went to Paris, visited Spain, Belgium, Holland, England. In Russia he verified his best hopes. He visited museums and exhibitions of current art and realized that he was on the right track, namely, that a certain kind of realism was the most durable thing in art. He returned, invigorated and refreshed, and faced the canvas on his easel with added zest. Since 1932 he has been teaching at the Art Students' League, where the youngsters are very fond of him. He feels that his interest in social movements helps his painting and that every great artist is automatically interested in social movements. Even Degas, who was on the conservative side. There is no doubt that Soyer is rounding out and becoming a more proficient artist as he is becoming a more nearly completed person, a little more at ease in a world which once he had reason to believe was hostile to him. ⧺

Bookkeeper Wanted

Continued from page 51

wasn't any man needing a job. In that case the Koontz Manufacturing Company wouldn't have expanded at all. You would still be running a two-by-four tin shop and doing all the work yourself."

"I suppose so," Koontz concedes, "but why bring all that up? The facts are this—there were the men looking for work and I could use them so I don't see why I should be criticized for giving somebody a job."

"Criticized? No—" says George, "but just to keep the record straight, isn't it a fact that the people who worked for you are the ones who really built the Koontz Manufacturing Company up to its present size?"

"Suppose they did," Koontz snaps, "I paid them for their work and if they didn't like it, they could quit."

"According to what you've just said, they paid themselves for their work and paid you a rake-off for the privilege of working for you. They had to spend their share to live on but you've got the Koontz Manufacturing Company. The rake-off just about adds up to what you're worth today, wouldn't you say?"

Koontz looks at George kind of blank like but can't think up a good answer.

"And isn't it also true," George goes on, "when things got tough during the depression, you kicked out about half of those same people because they were getting old and couldn't hit the ball as well as the younger, and—ah—more reasonable ones?"

Koontz figures this is hardly worth answering anyway.

"I hope that takes care of the duty angle," George says, "and now we'll go into some of your other qualifications. Do you have any references?"

"You mean about financial responsibility?"

"Certainly not. I'm talking about references from some of your employees."

"No, I don't have anything like that but I suppose I can get some if it's necessary."

"All right, I'll waive the references for the moment. How long has this job been open?"

"Three weeks."

"Why did the bookkeeper you had leave you?"

"Well—we had a little misunderstanding about the salary."

"What priced misunderstanding was this?"

"I was paying him seventy-five a week and he wanted a hundred."

"So you let him quit."

"Yes—somebody else offered him a hundred."

"And you find out after three weeks you can't get one even at a hundred."

Koontz sadly admits this is the case.

"You ain't heard nothing yet," says George. "If you want to talk business with me, it's going to cost you a hundred and a quarter."

"It seems like a terrible price to pay for a bookkeeper," Koontz says, "but I have to have somebody right away so there's nothing I can do but pay it."

"What about office hours?" George asks next.

"Our regular schedule calls for four hours a day, five days a week."

"How about overtime?"

"Our force is required to put in a little overtime now and then."

"You pay extra for it, of course."

"It seems to me, Mr. Smith, drawing the kind of a salary you're talking about, you would be willing to put in some overtime occasionally without pay, just to show your loyalty to the Company."

"It's an idea, at that," says George. "How are you on this loyalty business?"

"How am I on loyalty? What do you mean by that?"

"Suppose I need an extra twenty-five or fifty bucks now and then, would you hand it over if I brought up the subject?"

"Why—why—" Koontz splutters, "who ever heard of such a thing—paying extra salary just because you ask for it, I—"

"You've got more dough than I have," George comes back, "and you expect me to donate my time just because you ask for it. What's the difference between your money and my time when it comes to giving out?"

"I know, but—"

"It'll be time and a half for overtime or no overtime," George butts in, "that's my rate, take it or leave it."

Koontz must be in a bad way for a bookkeeper because he gives in and says all right.

"While we're on the subject of loyalty," George adds, "there's an item or two I'd like to mention in a general way. For one thing, I like a nice comfortable place to work, plenty of light and air conditioning. And then this matter of being for the employee right or wrong. You'll recognize that as a leaf out of one of your old copybooks. In my case I expect to hear nothing about it in case I make a mistake or two that costs the Company a little do-re-mi. Remember I'd do the same for you if I were in your place."

"All right, Mr. Smith, all right," Koontz says, sarcastic like, "and now that you have practically employed me to put you on my payroll, when can you come to work?"

"Who said anything about coming to work?" George asks, "I'm only taking your application. I have quite a few others to consider. However, I'll place your application on file and if I decide in your favor I'll be glad to get in touch with you."

"But the work—it's getting way behind. I have to have somebody right away."

"I know, I know," George sympathizes, "I got behind with the rent the same way when I was out of a job in 1932."

Continued at top of page 160

WHY KEEP A HUSBAND OUT OF SIGHT ?

NO HUSBAND *needs to be hidden in the kitchen all evening mixing cocktails. With Heublein's ready-mixed* CLUB COCKTAILS *handy, all any one needs to do to have perfect cocktails in a jiffy is merely to ice and pour.*

Take home a bottle or two of CLUB COCKTAILS and try their smooth, mellow goodness right away. . . . Compare these ready-mixed cocktails in quality and flavor with the finest you've ever tasted anywhere.

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And think of the convenience! No kitchen-muss. No mixing-bother. You can serve seven delightful varieties as quickly as you can ice and pour. Think, too, of the economy. No over-stocking of pantry shelves. Nothing left over to throw away. What isn't used from an opened bottle of CLUB COCKTAILS keeps indefinitely.

SELECT FROM THESE 7 VARIETIES

DRY MARTINI (71 proof). Milshire Dry Gin with two types imported Vermouth.

MARTINI (*Medium Sweet*) (60 proof). Milshire Dry Gin and imported sweet-type Vermouth.

MANHATTAN (65 proof). Rich, specially blended whiskey and Italian Vermouth.

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SIDE CAR (60 proof). Made with choice, imported cognac brandy and other flavoring ingredients, expertly blended.

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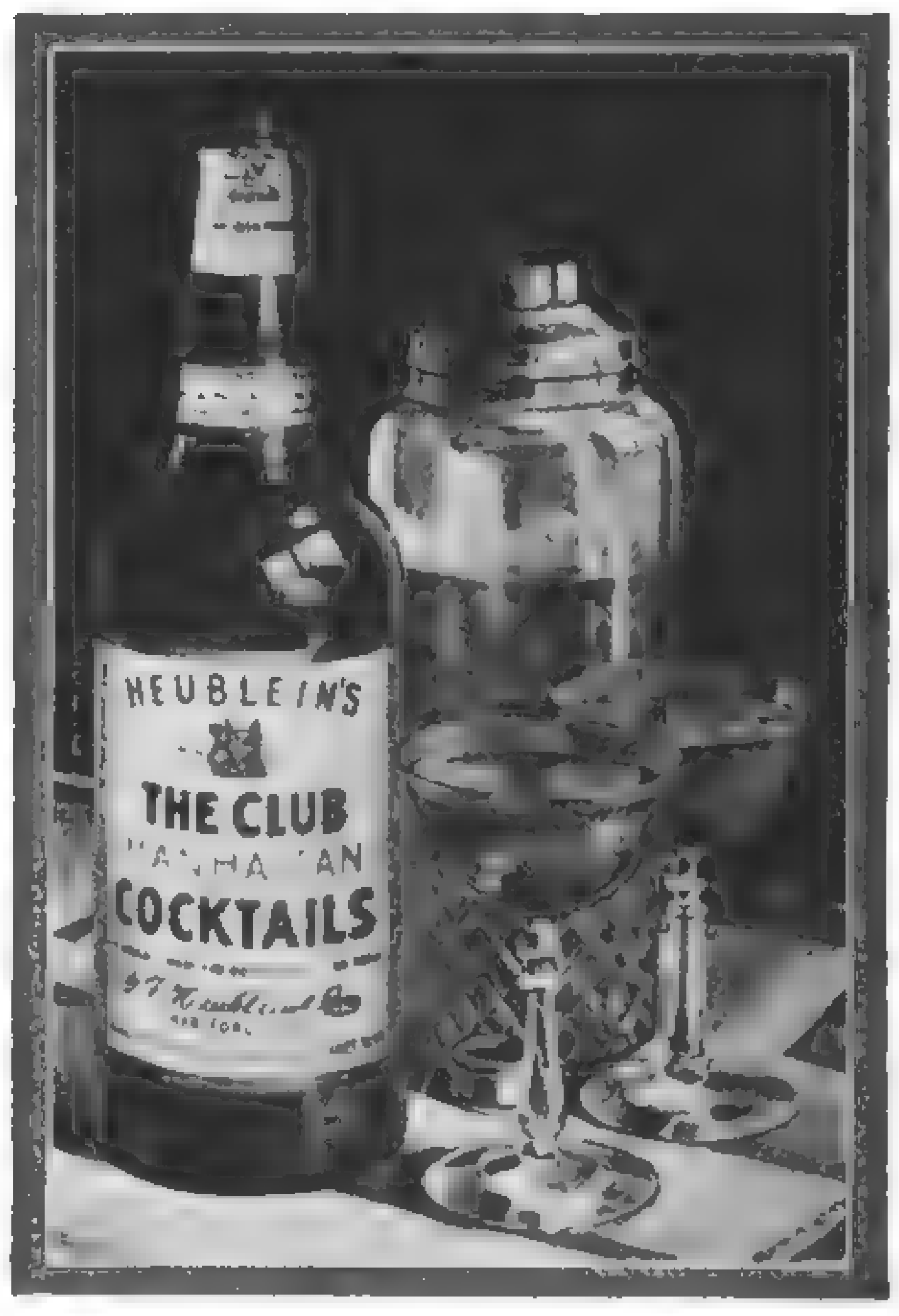
BRONX (60 proof). Fine fruity-tasting cocktail with Milshire Dry Gin and imported Vermouth.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.



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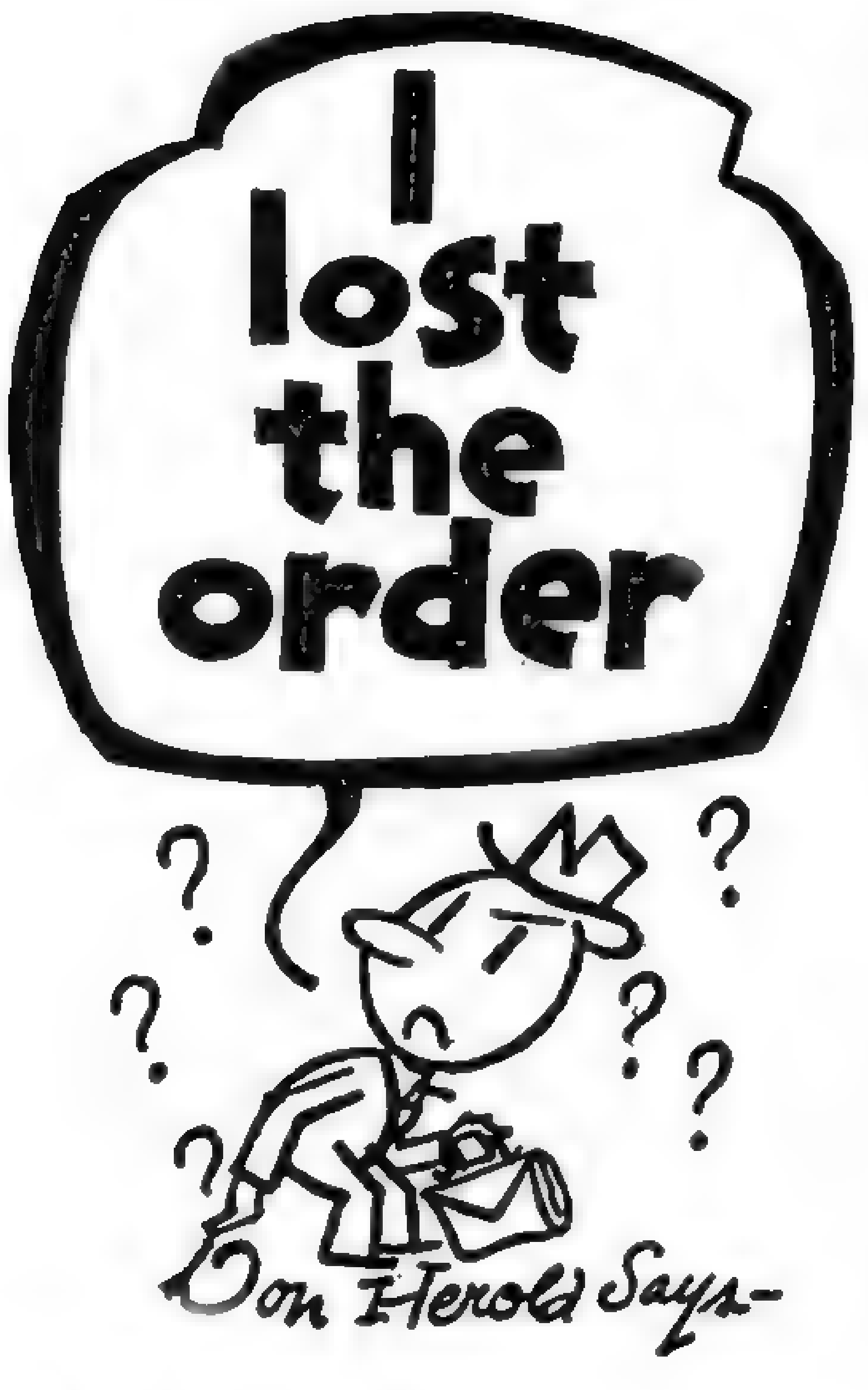
TRY MILSHIRE DISTILLED DRY GIN!

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is, we believe, as dry as a fine gin can be made. MILSHIRE, distilled by the old English "pot-still" formula, is preferred everywhere for its finer aroma and flavor. (90 proof—distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits).

HEUBLEIN'S
MILSHIRE
DISTILLED
DRY GIN

HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD



Maybe because he needed - - -

I say *maybe*. There are lots of ways to lose orders and friends and customers and sweethearts and jobs.

I wouldn't say that failure in love and business is ever due entirely to such things as perspiration aura.

But you can't tell. Maybe the man in the above picture had a prospect who was on the fence. Our hero leaned over close to show a picture in his catalog. The prospect noticed something wrong about the salesman. It knocked him off the fence . . . the wrong way.

Mum might not have made this sale, but I do know that the four biggest male users of Mum are *salesmen, doctors, dentists* and *executives*—men who regard MUM as a business and professional adjunct.

Evidently, these intelligent people don't want to take a chance.

Thousands of men who would have once considered it a bit sissy, now regard Mum use as a manly, gentlemanly habit, and they make a practice of it every day after every bath (to cinch the cleansing effect of the bath), and they frequently use Mum again before evenings out. Many also apply touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

I consider using MUM as good business

Mum is a pleasant, inviting cream which definitely kills perspiration odor without interfering with perspiration itself.

Start its use in a small way. Feel the thing out. Try it with doubt in your mind. Begin with a free sample, which you can get by sending your name and address penciled on the edge of this page to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. P-58, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Bookkeeper Wanted

Continued from pages 51-159

"When do you think you can let me know?"

"I can't tell you right now. Say—why don't you do the bookkeeping yourself until you get somebody?"

"Who, me? Why—I own the Company. I can't be doing work like that. And on top of that—" Koontz has him here, "—I don't know how."

"I see," says George.

Koontz figures the interview is over so he gets on his feet and heads for the door.

"By the way," George calls to him, "how old are you?"

"I'm fifty-two," says Koontz. "what's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing much," says George, "only we workers have to keep the future in mind. After a man reaches thirty-five you know—"

"Good God!" says Koontz.

The door slams.

"Bring in the next one, Marge," says George. #

When the Foxes Flirt

Continued from page 53

He says: "Your Pa at home?"

I says: "Nope, he's just gone to town, you've missed 'im a couple o' hours."

"Good thing," he says, "here's his hat. Give it to 'im when he comes home and tell 'im to stay away from my home. Th' God-damn flirtin' fox. Ain't that your Pa's hat?"

I says: "W'y yes, it's Pa's hat. I can tell by th' color and th' band."

"And it's marked by a bullet hole," says Shell, "you can tell it easier from now on."

"You shot at Pa," I says, "and what's he done?"

"W'y me off in th' coal mines in Harlan County and your Pa comin' up and sleepin' with my wife Carrie. I come in at th' wrong time last night. Carrie had a lot o' trouble unlockin' th' door. I thought somethin' and pulled my gun. I saw a man runnin'. I shot at th' son-of-a-bitch's head to kill 'im. I knocked th' hat off. My wife confessed everything or I'd a-killed her on th' spot. If your Pa had been here I aim to give him a chance like you scare up a rabbit and give it a chance to run for its life instead of killin' it a-settin'. Th' God-damn fox. Catch a fellar gone to work in th' mines for his seven little children then destroy his home. You know how women get when their men have to stay away from four months to a year at a time."

Shell Pennix give me Pa's hat and walked away—twirlin' his big shining .44 with his index fingers through the trigger guard. Great big man like Pa. It would be awful to see such men fight with their fists.

One wouldn't quit till he'd killed th' other. One would haf to kill. They wouldn't stop until one was dead. It would be better they shot it out instead o' cuttin' or maulin' one another to death.

When Pa come home I give 'im his hat. I says: "Here's your hat Pa. Shell Pennix brought it over. Said he marked it with a bullet hole so you'd know it th' next time. Had a gun with 'im this mornin', said he'd give you th' chance to run like he would a rabbit."

Pa turned all kinds of colors. He says: "Don't tell th' children about it."

I says: "You just missed gettin' killed or killin' Shell by two hours."

Weeds took our terbacker. Sprouts took our corn. Wild grapevines took our fencerows. Sprouts and briar thickets covered our pasture. The farm went to seed like a strawhat in th' rain.

Pa was cuttin' th' oats on th' mowin' machine. He fell off th' seat and started prayin'. I went down where Pa was. He says: "Son I got to preach the Word. I saw the letters in th' sky plain as my hand. I saw. G. P. in big white clouds on the July sky-blue sky. That meant Go Preach."

I says: "Pa, that means 'Go Plow' too."

Pa'd got so he took all th' easy jobs and put the hard work on us. Pa couldn't preach for he could just make out a few of his A.B. abs.

He'd haf to have th' Bible read to 'im. But Pa started preachin'. Maybe it was Shell that made Pa start thinkin' about th' other world. Shell was back in th' Harlan County coalfields now for another six months. He pined for a farm too.

Pa would go over th' county and hold meetin's in barns and under groves when he couldn't get a house to preach in. Some wouldn't go to hear Pa—said if he was a child of God he'd drop th' law-suit agin old Beardy Burt. But Pa wouldn't do it. Pa preached just th' same. No church would have Pa. He started 'im a church of his own.

Pa winned th' suit. Just as Lawyer Boone calculated. He got half. Old Beardy Burt didn't have but nine hundred dollars. Beardy Burt's Ma put in sixteen hundred dollars.

She was a widder woman left with money—said it was the seventh time she'd had to pay her son Beardy Burt out'n wimmen scrapes. Said he had a wife but didn't live with 'er. Lived with his Ma. Twenty-five hundred dollars and Lawyer Boone got a thousand. Pa got fifteen hundred dollars.

He paid all th' money he owed on th' place, bought another span o'mules and put two-hundred dollars in the bank.

Ma wanted to come home. Pa says: "Write 'er a letter and tell

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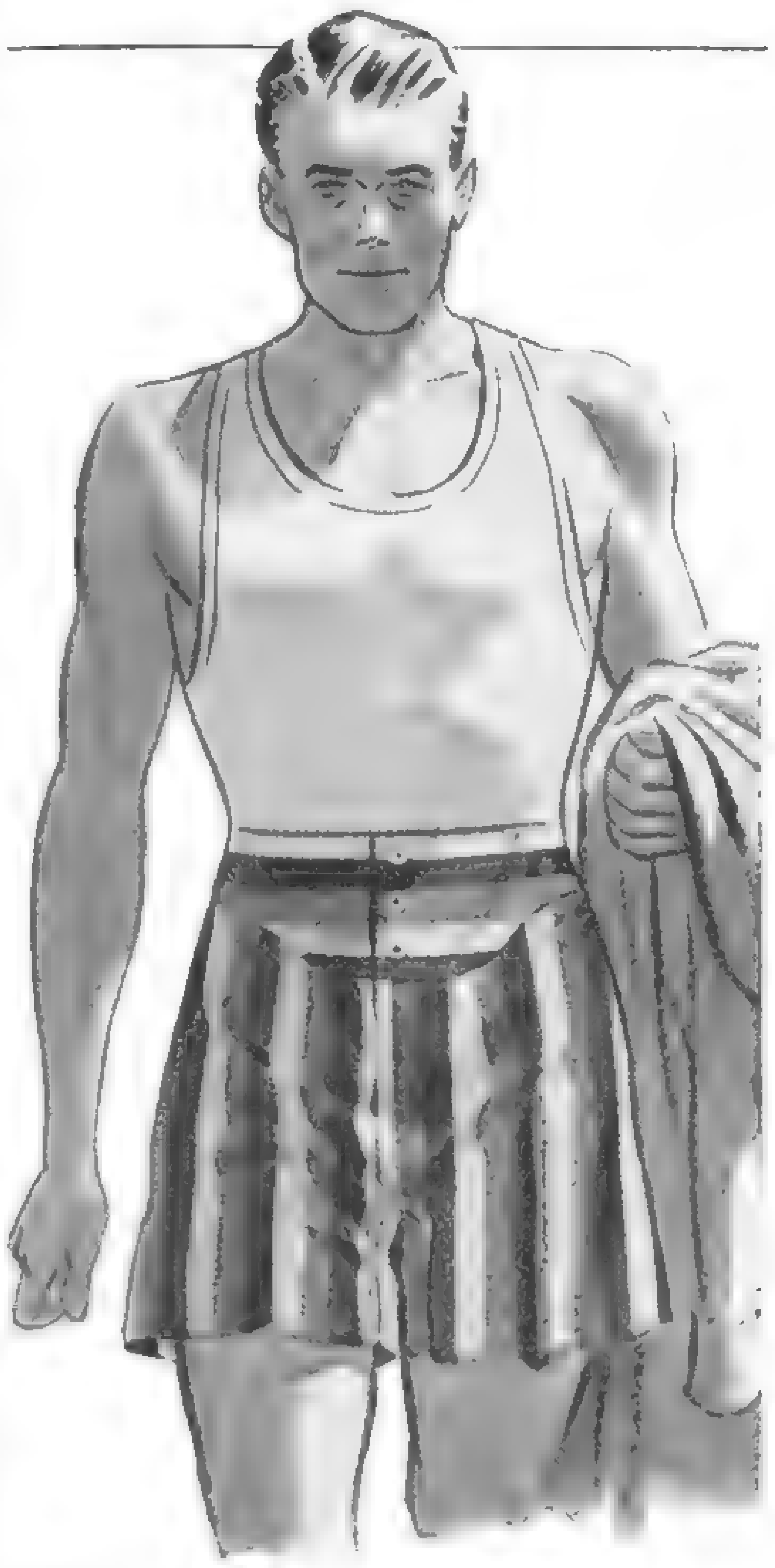

WHO wants dull, dark colors in April? These shorts in new Varsity Stripes are patterned in the mood of Spring. They fit snugly, without chafing or bagginess, because of their patented Super seat. No waist-pressure or strings to tie because they have a stretchable insert in the back. 65c. The Swiss ribbed athletic shirt of combed yarn is 50c.

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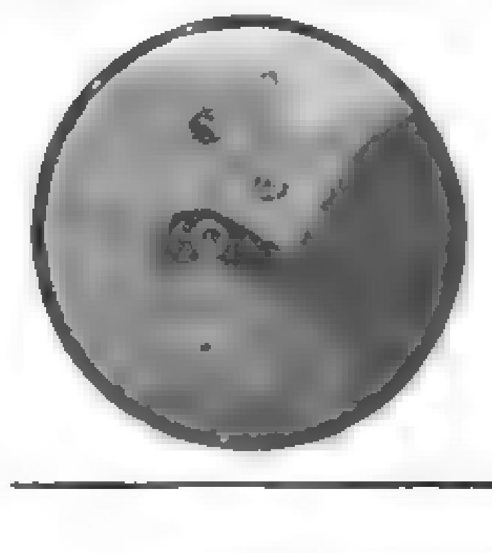

Quicker, more convenient, laundry-proof—Grippers on your shorts instead of buttons!

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'er to stay with old Beardy Burt or 'er Pap. If she comes here I'll blow 'er brains out soon as she steps in this place." Pa couldn't write. I writ Ma a letter and told 'er.

Pa may have religion. If he has it's a funny kind. He come in and says:

"Son, you'll haf to clear out'n here, all of you. I don't want none o' your Ma's blood in my house. You all got to go. I'm goin' to wipe th' slate clean and start life over."

Pa run all his children off. Grandpa Wainburton, Ma's Pap took Mattie, Pattie and Cattie. Ma and Beardy Burt took Silas, Apricot and Tanner. I married Gracie Newsome and Ager lives with us. Minnie married Jack Newsome and Prudie lives with 'er.

We had a big double-weddin' and a square dance. Diddie didn't have no place to go so he jined Uncle Sam. He's in a better place than any o' us. He gets his grub, clothes and his dollar a-day. Got a picture o' 'im in his uniform and he looks so good. Says he's goin' to school now and can write letters.

Pa moved old Alick Didway in th' house at home. Told 'im he could stay on th' place th' rest o' his life if he'd let him have Effie. Effie's just sixteen. Pa give 'er th' two-hundred dollars in th' Bank to buy 'er weddin' clothes.

Ma got 'er divorce and married Beardy Burt. Pa got his farm paid for and's married to Effie now. Hear Effie's goin' to have a baby. Pa's still preachin'. None o' us allowed back. I live just over th' hill on Gracie's Pap's place in a little one-room log-house under a grove of tough-butted whiteoaks. I hunt some times on th' old place—slip through th' timber when Pa's out preachin' and get a few o' his squirrels.

It's a sight th' way Pa's let th' old place run down. Sprouts have took th' cornfields. They kept closin' in a little every year and Pa would give back to the sprouts and briars around th' edges of th' fields. Now there's not room to turn a span o' mules in th' middle of th' fields. Posts have rotted out'n th' fences. No new posts put in. Blackberry briars have come down th' hills and lap their heads together across the road that leads into th' house. The mules can't get away from Pa's door without gettin' scratched all to pieces and have their ears bleedin'.

Just the old ridges now where we used to farm under th' briars and sprouts and a lot o' crows and buzzards a-sailin' around in th' air above and dogs runnin' under th' brush and barkin' atter th' varmints and snakes. Th' Didways ain't no 'count to work and Pa's quit.

He's still runnin' around preachin'. I hate to even see th' old place where we all growed up. Even th' moss is bloomin' on th' clapboard roof. Foxes come in broad daylight and flirt with th' hens. They get 'em too. #

The Vox Popper

Continued from page 77

The important phase for us serious diagnosers is the sentence which begins his next paragraph: "This got me to thinking." What conclusion resulted in Mr. Thielman's mind is secondary, but not to keep anyone in suspense it is this: all the sunbathing and shorts-wearing will end in our getting hairy like Neanderthal man and growing tails to swish the flies away. (That last has appeal.)

The important point is—that something gets the rank and file citizen to thinking. John Doe becomes philosopher; a thought boosts him above his petty routine, and he breaks out in a rash of prose as in the following example from Paul Pilch, of Aurora:

> Government of the people, by the people, for the people, seems to have been changed to "Government by a few people, to do the people, and force the people."

Far-fetched maybe, but it has its moments. One of the best of the epigram variety is the recent communication in the press by Ben Kallis:

> Once they thought Roosevelt was a demigod. Today they know he is a demagogue.

How came it that Mr. Kallis was moved to throw this off? Maybe he was having a drink at the water cooler when the assistant bookkeeper strolled over, a man with an uncertain Adam's apple and a hopeless passion for the New Deal. In the ensuing argument and after the third drink, Mr. Kallis squelched the double-entry man with "He may be a demigod to you but he's only a demagogue to me." The terseness of it knocked the bookkeeper back to his desk, and even surprised its author.

So, late that afternoon, after he had punched out, Mr. Kallis tried it out on Nick in the No. 3 chair in the barber shop. Again it clicked.

He used it that evening at his brother-in-law's; tried it out Sunday at the beach; and on Monday, back at the office, wowed the second vice-president's blonde secretary and was encouraged: "That's real clever, Ben. My, you should send it to the *Bugle*."

It was and he did, and that's how many of these things get born. I know, because that's the way they happen to an article writer—who is, after all, only a glorified Vox Popper.

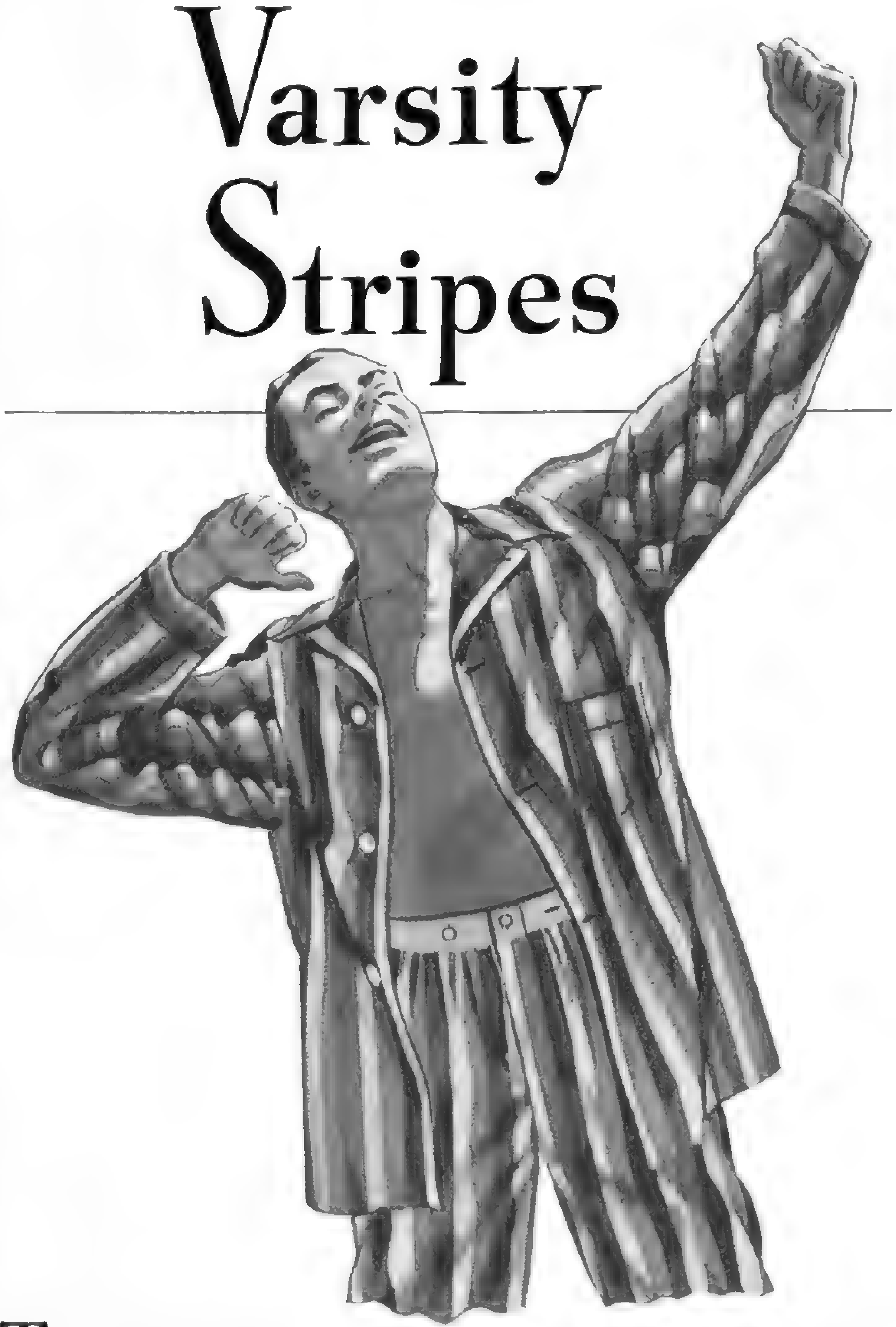
Let us write finish to this subject by quoting a special-extra specimen of an English "To the Editor—Sir:" It is plucked from the London *Daily Express* and shows how truly serious the subject is:

> The use of Esq. in addressing is just one of those little formalities that help to keep the Communist from the door. By all means let us continue to have them. #

FAULTLESS Nobelt Pajamas

are tailored in this new version of the blazer pattern

Varsity Stripes



TRADITIONAL Blazer Stripes have now been given new character. Their bold brilliance has been subdued with fine horizontal stripes in darker tones—and the result is one of the high-fashion finds of the season. Your favorite Wilson Brothers' store has just received a shipment of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas in these new Varsity Stripes. Thanks to the famous stre-t-c-h-able Faultless waistband* they'll let you sleep in luxurious comfort. Tailored in soft, lustrous percale, with English notch lapel, $2.50.

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*It sounds like a little thing—but the wide stre-t-c-h-able Faultless Nobelt waistband can make a big difference in your rest. It holds pajamas up gently—*without pressure.* Men agree it helps them get a better night's sleep. (The waistband is guaranteed to give faithful service for the long life of the pajamas.)

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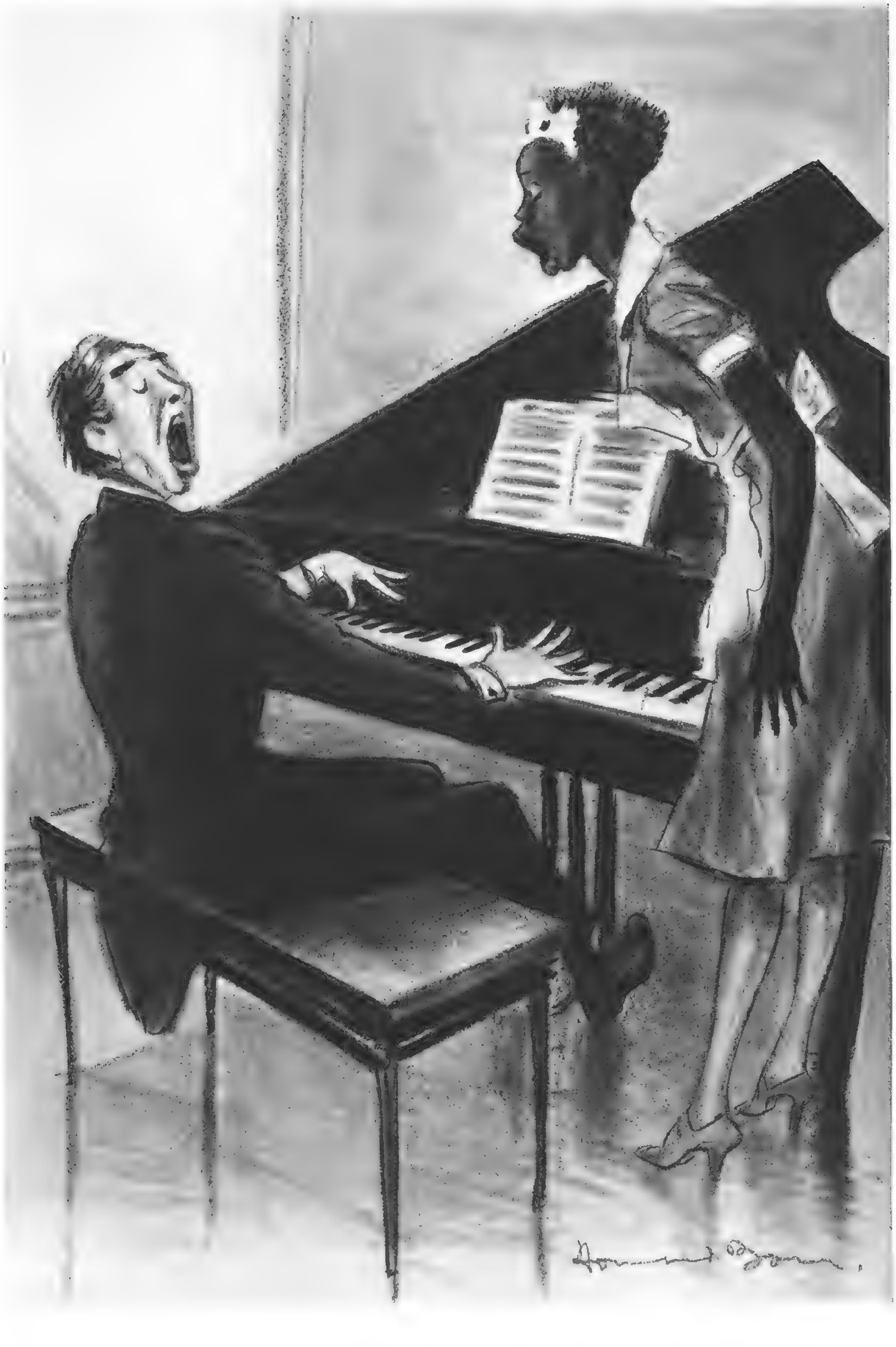
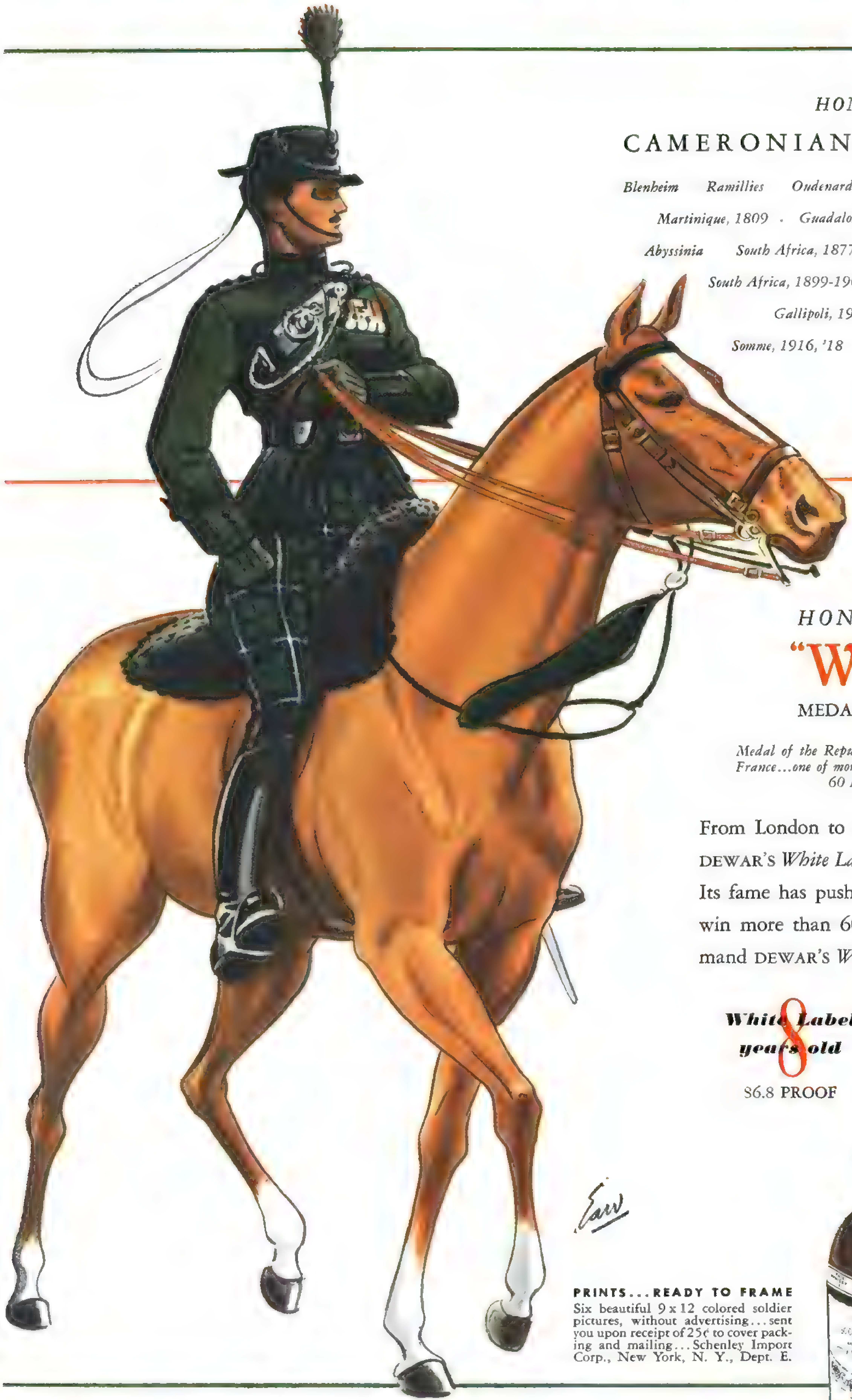


"The neighbors say they don't mind the piano, sir, but they can't stand those four guys who think they can sing"

For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF THE

CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES)

Blenheim Ramillies Oudenarde Malplaquet Mandora Corunna Lucknow
Martinique, 1809 · Guadaloupe, 1810 South Africa, 1846-7 Sevastopol
Abyssinia South Africa, 1877-8-9 Relief of Ladysmith Marne, 1914, '18
South Africa, 1899-1902 Mons Neuve Chapelle Loos
Gallipoli, 1915-16 Macedonia, 1915-18
Somme, 1916, '18 Ypres, 1917, '18 Hindenburg Line
Palestine, 1917-18

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From London to Capetown and from Perth to Singapore, DEWAR'S *White Label* is honoured as a seasoned campaigner. Its fame has pushed beyond the borders of the Empire to win more than 60 medals for distinguished service. Command DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda . . . and be "At Ease"!

White Label
8
years old
86.8 PROOF

AWARDED 60 MEDALS
PERTH
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
EIGHT YEARS OLD
BLENDED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
86.8° PROOF
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Ne Plus Ultra
12
years old
86.8 PROOF
Blended Scotch
Whisky

12 YEARS OLD
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"White Label"

The Medal **SCOTCH** of the World

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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if you
could only
cook

Esquire's
CULINARY COUNSEL FOR MEN

Don't ask us how many lessons it will take, but you can curl up with ESQUIRE'S 56 page, plastic bound, stiff cover book and learn not only about crepes suzettes, but about scrambled eggs and drip coffee and even hamburgers—among many other pastimes. Then there's a section devoted to carving, all complete with the sort of graphic illustrations that will make you skillful as a Johns Hopkins' surgeon in and about the second joint. This is the book you've known all along that you've been waiting for. From now on, it's up to you.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 96

themselves, and six curtains by themselves, and shalt double the sixth curtain in the forefront of the tabernacle."

That is what acoustical engineers have been doing ever since. They know, whether we are conscious of it or not, that the energy from certain instruments is three and four times as great in one spot in a hall as in another. They know that in one seat you may hear the high-pitched tones better than the low ones.

They know that what strikes one's left ear is not the same as what strikes his right and that there is no such thing as the perfect reproduction of the sound in a hall. A faithful reproduction of the sounds reaching the aisle seat in Row K may not be a faithful reproduction of the sounds reaching the aisle seat in Row M.

Engineers naturally choose the best location for the microphone and in studios they construct there is undoubtedly a lower noise-level and less distortion from reverberations than exists in Carnegie Hall, for example. Despite this, many music-lovers (including Yours Truly) have a yen for these distortions. To us, they are a part of the music and we kick like hell when they are absent. In other words, we don't want perfect sound reproduction.

Now, in case you are still with me, what is received in the home via radio is usually quite different from what is picked up in the studio.

That is conditioned by the quality of the transmission and of the receiving-set. Few loud-speakers are adequate: most of them do not respond to vibrations more rapid than 4,000 per second, while the average human ear can hear up to 15,000. Moreover, the range of dynamics is insufficient: the cheaper loud-speakers blast and make Toscanini's conducting of the choral movement of Beethoven's *Ninth* sound as if some one was beating a dishpan.

Hundreds of thousands of music-lovers are growing up all around the country, hearing only a tubby, boomy distorted tone, which they accept as normal. Incomplete and unlike the original as it is, it is the only tone they know. Many of them, when they hear a symphony orchestra in a hall for the first time, will not like it any more than I liked Mr. Toscanini's concert over NBC's extra-fancy loud-speaker. It will be strange to them.

Fortunately, the reducing by the "control-man" of the loud passages and the increasing of the soft passages is no longer as necessary as it once was. And the lines used for transmitting the music from the studio of its origin to various network outlets are gradually being improved, though lines in some areas still carry only 5,000 vibrations. That part of the music which should be conveyed by sounds having 5,000 to 15,000 vibrations is lost.

But should you get a fair reproduction in the home, the engineers promptly demonstrate that no two ears—not even music critics'—hear exactly alike. Not only that, but the same ears have different responses from one day to the next. Colds, the general physical condition, stimuli coming simultaneously from other senses, all affect them.

For example, when the camera spots out the violins during the playing of a symphony, in the movie, many people seem to hear the violins playing louder. A fiddler may stop playing, but if he continues to draw his bow across the air above the strings, listeners will think they hear him. Opera-goers know well the tenor who keeps his mouth open though no sounds come out during a full orchestral *tutti*.

The eye influences what we hear as well as the ear. Hence the lorgnette and the opera glass!

But neither the ear nor the eye is reliable. If six deaf people report on Salome's Dance, there will be six differing descriptions of it. If six blind people hear Toscanini's interpretation of Beethoven's *Ninth*, there will be six differing impressions. Not only does there exist a difference of opinion about the interpretation, but each of the six actually hears different physical sounds. Each ear has its own individual degree of sensitivity to various pitches. One cannot hear certain overtones, another hears some tones in a melody more forcefully than others, a third hears only his own belly rumble, and so on.

Ears become less sensitive with age. Average hearing at 21 encompasses 15,000 vibrations per second; at 60, only 8,000: this is one reason why critics mellow as they grow older. But if you think any scientific data, proving we do not hear what we think we do will modify my judgment, or yours, you are crazy. We will all go right ahead, fully armed with our prejudices and convictions, as certain as any vocal teacher that our ears are right. (I'm having mine insured.)

No matter that some prison wardens now substitute current radio programs as punishment instead of solitary confinement . . . no matter that too many Americans leave their sets on hour after hour until their ears exclude the noise in self-defense . . . we are going to twist the knobs on our speaker until we get precisely the loudness and the tone-color and the distortion we want . . . and then we shall continue passing judgment with the same finality and complacency as the young donkey who pulled Rhadames onto the provincial Derby stage and calmly and unconcernedly voided. Whereupon Sir Thomas Beecham in the orchestra pit stopped the rehearsal and remarked, "My Gawd! Ladies and Gentlemen! *What* a critic!" ⧺

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STAINLESS STEEL
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Great Heads and Hands Alone

DO NOT MAKE GREAT GOLF

The amazing victory record of Hol-Hi K-28 proved that its Coordinated Roto ACTION—makes it a more accurate longer ball.

Now Wilson has developed Kleersite Coordinated Balance to make a more controllable iron. The swing weight principle in this great iron is obtained by the natural consequence of perfectly harmonized design. There is no plugging or forced weighting. Kleersite design makes it easier to groove and time the swing, makes accurate sighting and more effective follow through.

The recent great golf played by Sarazen, Guldahl, Shute, McSpaden, Snead, Revolta, Hines and others is the result of great heads and great hands—plus great equipment—Kleersite Coordinated Balance and Hol-Hi K-28 Coordinated Roto ACTION. To improve your game, use these two new factors of control.

HANDS—
(a) McSpaden
(b) Hines
(c) Snead

HEADS—
Shute, Revolta, Guldahl, Diegel, Sarazen

"It pays to play"

Wilson

GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO.
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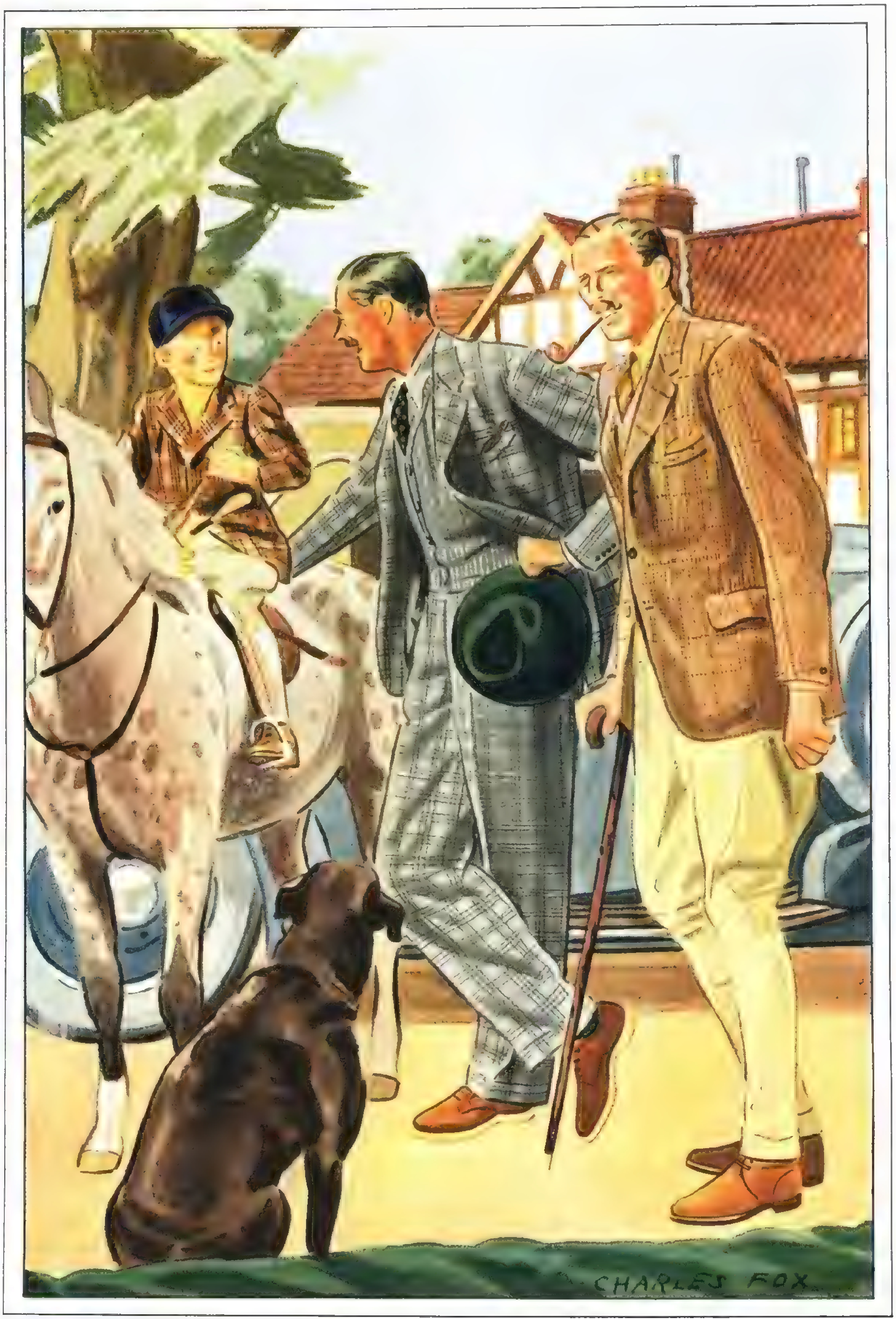
Players mentioned are retained on Wilson's advisory staff



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE BY CHARLES FOX

THIS TRAVEL KIT WEIGHS IN ON THE HOOF

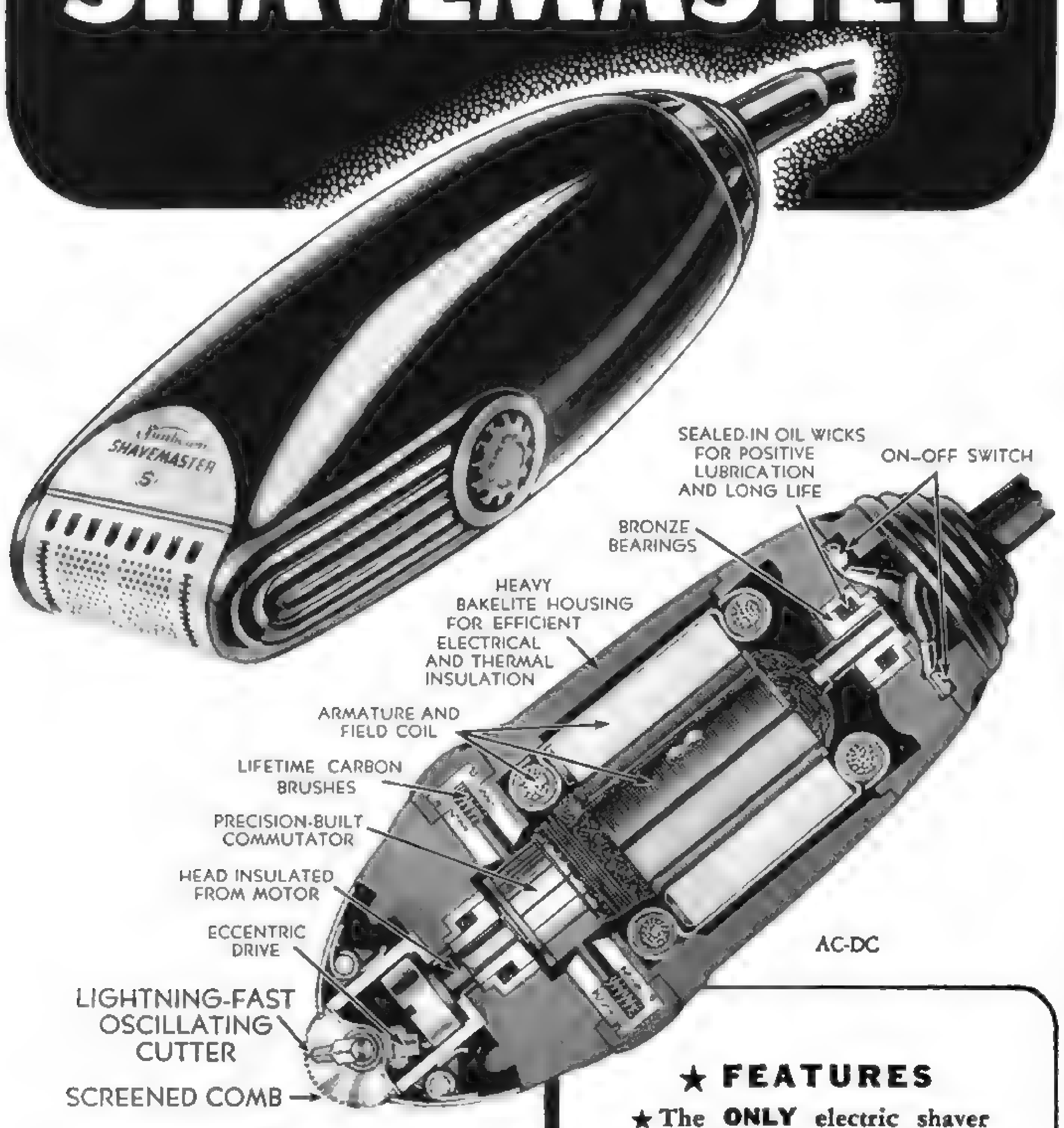
When the man in the center (who as far as you're concerned is an overnight guest at the other man's country home) picks up his toothbrush, he's all packed. It's the labor-saving outfit that does it—a combination of Saxony Glen Urquhart suit, stubby sleeveless mohair cardigan, striped madras shirt, foulard tie, semi-Tyrolean hat and reversed calf shoes. Dress like this and, with the addition of an extra pair of flannel slacks, you're prepared for any rational country activity your host may spring on you. What's more, you can wear this outfit in town and leave direct from the office without raising anybody's eyebrows in the process. The host wears a tweed sport jacket, lightweight pullover, soft flannel lounge collar shirt, striped tie, cavalry twill jodhpurs and reversed calf turf boots. The jodhpurs constitute the horsy equivalent of slacks. The boy's outfit is a replica of a smart adult riding kit.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

"SAY! IF WE COULD ONLY MAKE BUBBLES LIKE THAT!"
White Rock
White Rock
WATER
WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRINGS CO.
WAUKESHA WIS. U.S.A.

There's a long, active life in store for highballs mixed with White Rock. Prove it yourself. Pour out a glass of straight White Rock. Even after thirty minutes, if you listen carefully, you can still hear its bubbling activity. It's a *mineral* water, too. ON THE ALKALINE SIDE... BETTER FOR YOU

THE "INSIDE STORY" OF Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER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AC-DC
LIGHTNING-FAST OSCILLATING CUTTER
SCREENED COMB

★ **FEATURES**

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a lightning-fast, single cutter that oscillates in an arc inside a comfortable, smooth shaving head.

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a shaving head of finest Swedish steel, screened to pick up the beard the way it grows.

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a powerful, brush-type, self-starting Universal motor.

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver by a manufacturer qualified and fitted by nearly 50 years of experience and success in BOTH the hair clipping and electric appliance industries.

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To know *why* Shavemaster is so completely outstanding in the electric shaver field—*consider its engineering!*

From the patented shaving head of finest Swedish steel, screened to pick up the beard the way it grows, to the convenient On-and-off switch for the powerful, brush-type motor, Shavemaster is recognized everywhere as an outstanding engineering achievement. It is a result of many years of development work and tests in the laboratories of a manufacturer qualified and fitted by nearly half a century of experience and success making hair clipping devices.

Shavemaster has new patented principles that are all its own—exclusive features different from all other electric shavers. It has greater, steady power that doesn't swoon when a *man-size* beard comes along. It gives the kind of quick, close, comfort-shaves men have been looking for in an electric shaver—and does it RIGHT NOW—not next week or the week after. No skill required. It's *right.*

So if you want the electric shaver that gets down to business and does a job—the one that has an "inside story" that any man can *fully* appreciate—Sunbeam Shavemaster is made for you. $15. See your dealer today. You have a treat in store.

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THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

48 Years Making Quality Products

Famous for THE MIXMASTER, IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, SILENT AUTOMATIC TOASTER, CLIPMASTER, ETC.

Coal-Nourished Colossus

Continued from page 42

of reform, he *demanded* them. He bellowed and he ranted and he ran the gamut of deep to shrill organ tones in that flexible larynx of his, until Illinois solons literally trembled in their shoes. He dared the law makers to refuse the protection for abused labor which he commanded them to give! They did not take his dare. They enacted submissively all the legislation he threw at their heads and gave him an extra bill for good measure. This was his first political fight, his first one hundred per cent victory. He got what he desired by the old mining method—knock 'em down with whatever weapon is handy and take what you want before they can get up again. This type of battle—Heaven knows how many of them Lewis has fought and won—is described by the victor himself as a "persuasive job." I thank whatever gods there be that I have never had to play the role of a persuaded person in John L. Lewis' career.

Were I to detail ten per cent of the fights which Mr. Lewis fought with results varying from conquest and spoils to knockout and heavy losses you would say I was a pulp writer doing an Irish fantasy. Suffice it to relate that John L., like his pugilistic prototype whose last name was Sullivan, never missed an opportunity to meet a fistic or an economic challenge. By this method he won the unmitigated hatred of his foes and the unstinted admiration of his rank and file of pick and shovel followers.

In 1913 he took a fearful licking when he tried futilely to organize the steel industry on the verge of a depression. But undaunted—nay, even unimpressed by a walloping which would have driven a less desireful individual to suicide—John Lewis rushed into the United Mine Workers national convention and pre-empted the rostrum as chairman pro-tem. He told them! He damned the enemies of labor to a crispness that brought thunderous cheers from the assembled malcontents. They made him, eventually, their representative at a conference in Washington, called by the National Defense Council at the beginning of war times, with the Coal Commission, coal operators and Mr. Lewis all present and shouting.

Lewis fought the Government then, just for a change of opponent. Or, stating it more accurately, perhaps, he protested energetically against the proposed interference of the Government in the constant dog-fight between coal employers and employees over wages and working conditions. This made quite an impression on the country at large. Here was a man who craved the privilege of fighting at one and the same time, the President of the United States, the Coal Commission, the coal mine owners and his fellow unionists.

John Lewis hurried back to his gas-breathing pals of the underground world and showed them that he had won for them during the last ten years increases of 30 to 104 per cent in wages. They elected him Vice-President of the United Mine Workers. And better yet, they gave him a president who was constitutionally incapacitated by alcohol or illness from any unwanted interference with John L. Lewis' pugnacious projects for securing more of what it takes to fill a miner's stomach or a labor organizer's ambitious soul.

So then—more fights, for greater rewards. There were those who alleged during John L.'s preparation periods, that Mr. Lewis kept his union president intoxicated for the purpose of freeing his own fists for unrestrained attacks on those who had what Mr. Lewis was determined to get. But I don't believe that. I think that nature took its course with John L.'s nominal superior as it did with John L. himself. Liquor is an escape from battle; some men prefer that, but Lewis preferred what the results of battle yielded. Unlike Mr. Woodrow Wilson, our miner's hero was never too proud to fight. But unlike, on the other hand, Mr. John L. Sullivan, Lewis never fought for the sheer fun of fighting. It was the spoils he wanted, success, money, power, fame; and he fought instead of intriguing for these things because fighting was the method he had learned in his youth.

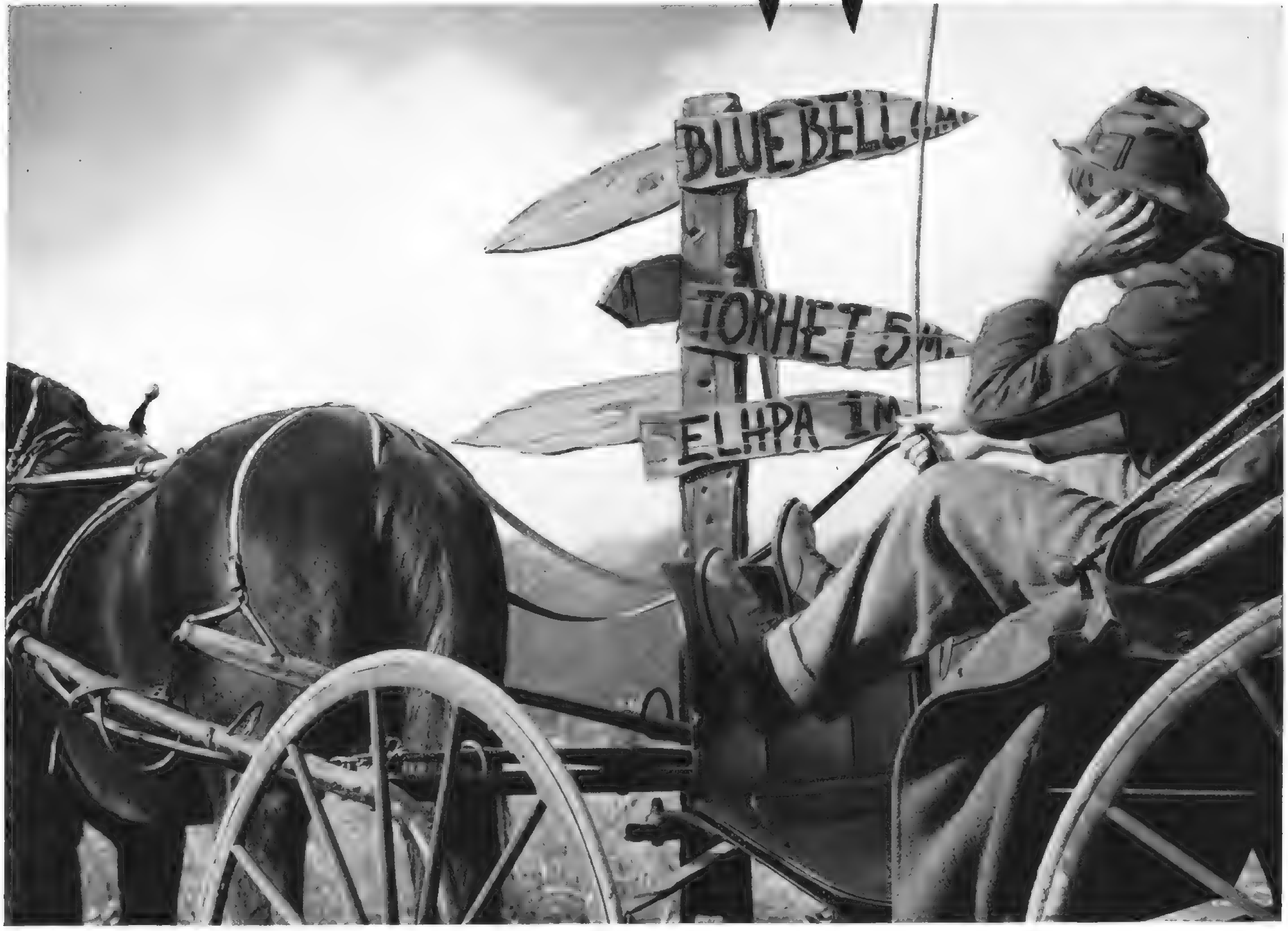
Lewis plugged along through the War grabbing what he could here and there for the workers he represented, and when the World War was over he promptly staged his own private conflict. He demanded an immediate readjustment of miners' wages and hours and when he was informed that these changes could not be granted legally under existing Lever Act control of the coal industry, he scrapped the law and proceeded as nations do when they want something illegal. Lewis presided, as acting president, at a meeting of 2000 miners' delegates in Cleveland, Ohio, and put through an unqualified demand for 60 per cent increase in wages, a six-hour day and a five-day week. Failing immediate donation of these quite unheard-of gifts by the United States Government and the coal operators, he called out 400,000 mine workers on the most magnificently awful strike ever staged in this so-called land of liberty.

World coal was at a low ebb. The strike was trategically timed; one of John L Lewis' outstanding abilities, timing. France's mines had been put out of commission by the war. British miners were striking. Spanish coal production was far behind as the result of a strike. Belgians, Bavarians were on strike. Austria needed coal desperately. Hotels in Paris had no heat. Railroads tried vainly to turn their coal-consuming locomotives to oil burners. American

Continued on page 171

Find the right road...or the right Whiskey...and it's

Good-bye Worries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TORHET 5M.
ELHPA 1M.

WHEN the question is whether to go "straight"—or blended, whether to make a "rye" turn—or a bourbon, there's one general direction in which you can't G*o* W*rong*. Head for G & W! It's good to begin with because it begins with good ingredients. It's good all the way through because it's *controlled* at every step. G*et* W*ise*...get G & W...and you'll never have to detour from good taste!

PARTY GAME FREE!

Pick one of the five "G & W" expressions below and tell in 25 words or less why you think it best applies to G & W whiskies or gins. For the best entries, Gooderham & Worts Ltd. will award, FREE, a party card game called G*ang* W*ay**. With it you can play 17 different games! You'll find it fascinating! Send your entry to G & W, P. O. Box 887, Detroit, Mich., before April 30, 1938.

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Good Whiskey
Genuine Worth
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G&W
Bonded Stock
7 YEARS OLD
Straight Bourbon Whiskey Distilled in Canada
Gooderham & Worts Limited
G&W
FIVE STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
Gooderham & Worts Limited
G&W
2 YEARS OLD
Mill Farm
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Gooderham & Worts Limited

Get Wise...get G&W *..it's Good Whiskey*

G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT BOURBON OR RYE WHISKEY—This whiskey is 7 years old. Bottled in Bond in Canada. 100 proof. G & W 5-STAR BLENDED WHISKEY—The straight whiskey in this product is 4 years old; 23% straight whiskey, 77% grain neutral spirits. 90 proof. G & W MILL FARM STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—This whiskey is 2 years old. 90 proof.

*This offer good for adults other than Liquor Industry Employees, in states where such offers are permitted.

HERE'S WHAT MAKES THE *U.S. Royal Blue* GREATEST DISTANCE BALL OF ALL TIME!

Spun-Latex Thread Exclusive in The U. S. Royal!...Finest Thread Ever Used!...Tightest Power Winding!...Cumulative Strength of Winding 73% Greater Than Any Other!... Highest Standard of Uniformity in "Distance Zone"!

FROM one end of the country to the other . . . from Coronado to Eastward Ho . . . men and women who love golf are enthusiastically acclaiming the U. S. Royal Blue, with its exclusive Spun-Latex Power Winding, as the greatest distance ball they have ever played—and the most accurate! . . . And no wonder! . . . Never before was so much power packed into the "Distance Zone" of any golf ball! . . . Never before was a thread of such tensile strength wound into a ball so tightly and so uniformly!

Spun by an exclusive and revolutionary process from pure liquid latex, the famous U. S. Spun-Latex Thread used in the U. S. Royal Blue . . . finer and thinner than any other kind of thread used in a golf ball . . . will support 41% more poundage, and its breaking strength is 73% greater!

Rubber Dynamite!

This super-tight, compact Spun-Latex Power Winding gives you greater *uniformity* throughout every fraction of an inch of the "Distance Zone" from core to cover! No "deadening"! . . . Just a precision-made mass of live "rubber dynamite," resilient power and lasting vitality! Geer Patent Cover, applied by a different and superior process, assures long playing life . . . new, improved waterproof paint—brilliantly white—washes well and stays on for the life of the ball!

Remember, too, that every U. S. Royal Blue must pass the famous U. S. Dual-Compression test—not just *one* but *two* compression tests—to make doubly sure that every U. S. Royal Blue will play up to the high standard of every other U. S. Royal Blue—that you invariably will get *uniformity* of fine performance—of accuracy—and "distance insurance"!

Do This...
And Improve Your Game!

Start right! . . . Tee off with "rubber dynamite"! . . Experience the thrill and satisfaction of longer drives, truer putts! . . . Play a championship ball! . . . Play a U. S. Royal Blue—*and watch your game improve!*

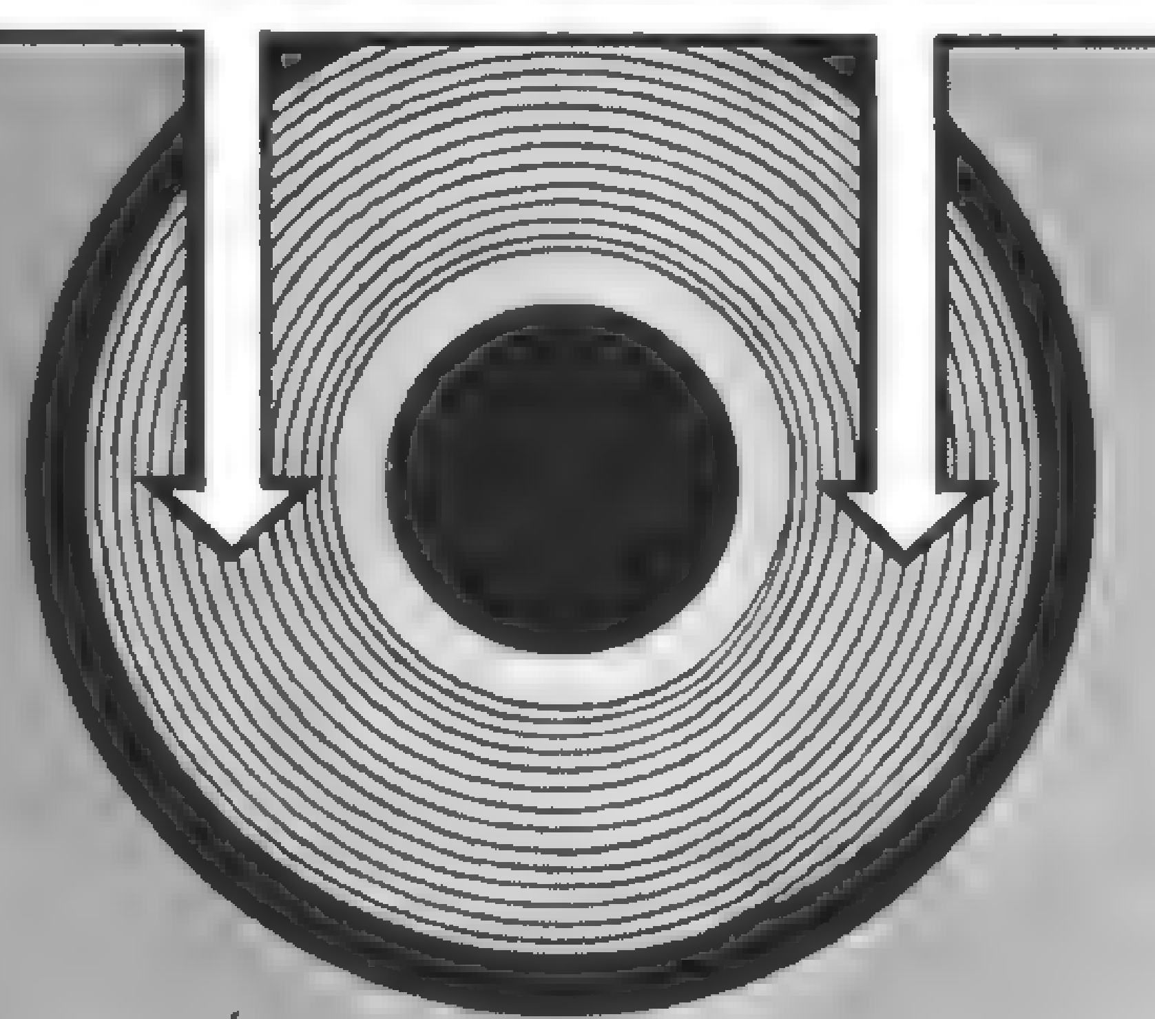
• • •

U. S. Royal Blue—for championship and tournament play, 75c each . . . U. S. Royal Arrow—for the low handicap golfer who wants extra durability, 75c each . . . U. S. Royal Nassau—the ball with the toughest cover, 75c each . ALSO THE BEST 50c BALL—U. S. Fairway, "The ball with a million friends."

Read How
U. S. ROYAL BLUE GIVES YOU GREATER DISTANCE

HERE'S THE "DISTANCE ZONE"!

The distance you get from a golf ball is determined by:
1. What goes into this part of the ball.
2. The *way* this section is constructed.



YOU GET GREATER DISTANCE FROM THE U. S. ROYAL BLUE BECAUSE THIS ENTIRE "DISTANCE ZONE"—FROM CORE TO COVER—IS WOUND WITH SPUN-LATEX POWER THREAD!

Only in U. S. Royals will you find Spun-Latex—the only *spun* thread used in a golf ball—and the costliest! Although finer than any other thread, it will support 41% more poundage, and its breaking strength is 73% greater. Because it *is* so fine, 22% more turns are used in winding the U. S. Royal Blue. The result is that the cumulative strength of the Spun-Latex Power Winding is 73% greater than the winding of any other ball! . . . This super-tight, compact Spun-Latex Power Winding gives you uniformity throughout every fraction of an inch of the "Distance Zone"! . . . That's why U. S. Royal Blue is the greatest distance ball of them all!

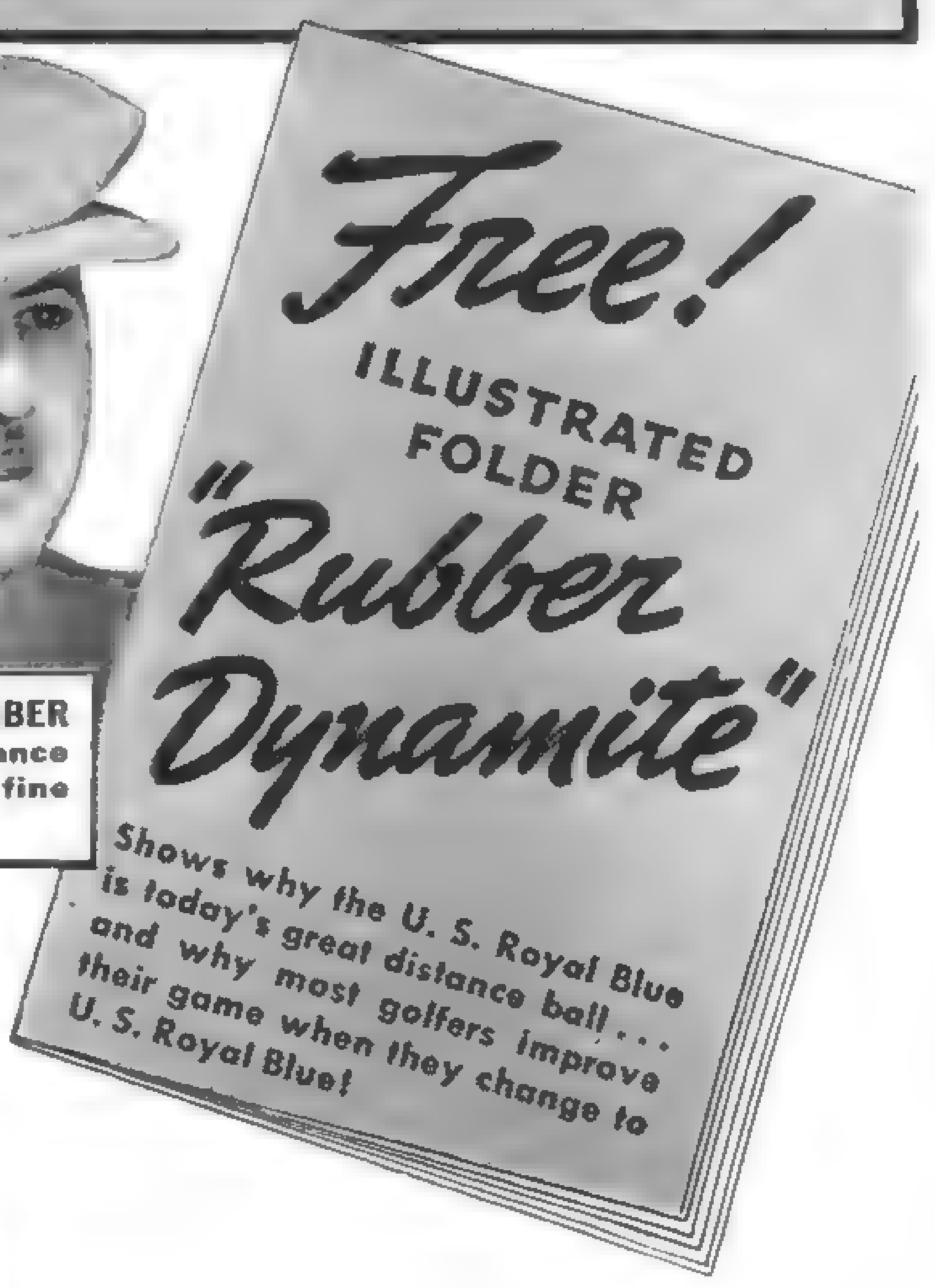
GOLFERS SAY THEY ARE IMPROVING THEIR GAME BY SWITCHING TO THE U. S. ROYAL BLUE!

"NEVER SUCH LONG DRIVES . . . More click and distance than I've ever got from a ball before."

"BEST SCORE... More distance than ever before . . . it stood up well under punishment."

"WHAT DISTANCE! . . . Sweeter click and far more distance than I ever got with any other ball."

"YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S RUBBER DYNAMITE... Greatest distance ball I ever played and has fine controllability and feel."


Free!
ILLUSTRATED FOLDER
"Rubber Dynamite"
Shows why the U. S. Royal Blue is today's great distance ball . . . and why most golfers improve their game when they change to U. S. Royal Blue!

U.S. ROYAL BLUE GOLF BALLS

NEW AND IMPROVED *Spun-Latex* POWER WINDING
USED ONLY IN U. S. ROYAL GOLF BALLS

United States Rubber Company
United States Rubber Products, Inc.

Write to
U. S. Rubber Products, Inc.,
Dept. A, 1790 B'way, N. Y.

Coal-Nourished Colossus

Continued from pages 42-168

poor were freezing, Americans well-to-do were going south to stave off the coalless chill of their homes. Schools and courts were closing everywhere. Lewis' grim poker face never changed.

Mills began to close, industry couldn't continue without coal. Lewis didn't even smile. Offers of settlement were made by coal operators, Government officials. Lewis sneered at them. Courts issued injunctions, held Lewis and his henchmen in contempt. John L. said nothing. Conferences were held; Lewis attended but refused to modify his ultimatum. Governors of ten states met and threatened to take over the coal mines. Lewis said, all right. America kept getting colder. Millions of men were by this time out of work.

"Well," said Lewis, "give me what I want."

Suddenly the President of the United States dragged himself from a sickbed and sent for John L. Lewis and his lieutenant, William Green. Nobody ever knew quite what occurred at that conference. But the result was soon manifest. John L. Lewis had been given what he demanded. Not all of it, by any means, for that would have closed the mines more effectively than the strike. But enough to lift Mr. Lewis to that position of labor czar from which he has never once retreated.

A dictator then was born, a labor leader who could sway governments and take two hundred millions of dollars out of pockets, first the mine operators' and eventually the public's. Mr. Lewis didn't fight in the trenches of Flanders nor in the Argonne forest; he entrenched himself deep in the coal pits of his homeland and conquered the conquerors.

There is this to be said for John L. Lewis—he fought his own followers just as bitterly to make them keep the bargain they had made as he fought the rest of the world to make them give him the bargain. Shrewd manipulator of desires that he is, Lewis realized then—as he realizes now, despite the seemingly irresponsible acts of some of his C.I.O. subordinates—that future bargaining power depends upon keeping past agreements. Who will make a deal with a contract-breaker and keep it? Lewis knows the answer to that one as well as you or I or the ordinary helpless citizen knows it, and he has always been fully prepared to club his unregenerate irresponsibles over the head with precisely the same grace and abandon that he clubs his capitalistic opponents.

To enforce the strike settlement of 1919 he undertook a finish fight with union heads in Illinois and Kansas, fought them up hill into court and out again for ten years, and eventually threw them all out of the organization. While that was going on he conducted two more national coal strikes, one for the anthracite workers, one for the soft coal diggers, with two more victories at least on paper. Disaffection and the scrambling of the coal industry thinned his ranks. He lost nearly half the membership of his United Mine Workers. But he kept on fighting. And when the United Workers' treasury was down to its last $50,000 along came President Roosevelt, the N.R.A., Lewis' good friend General Johnson and an eleventh hour revival of Unionist hopes.

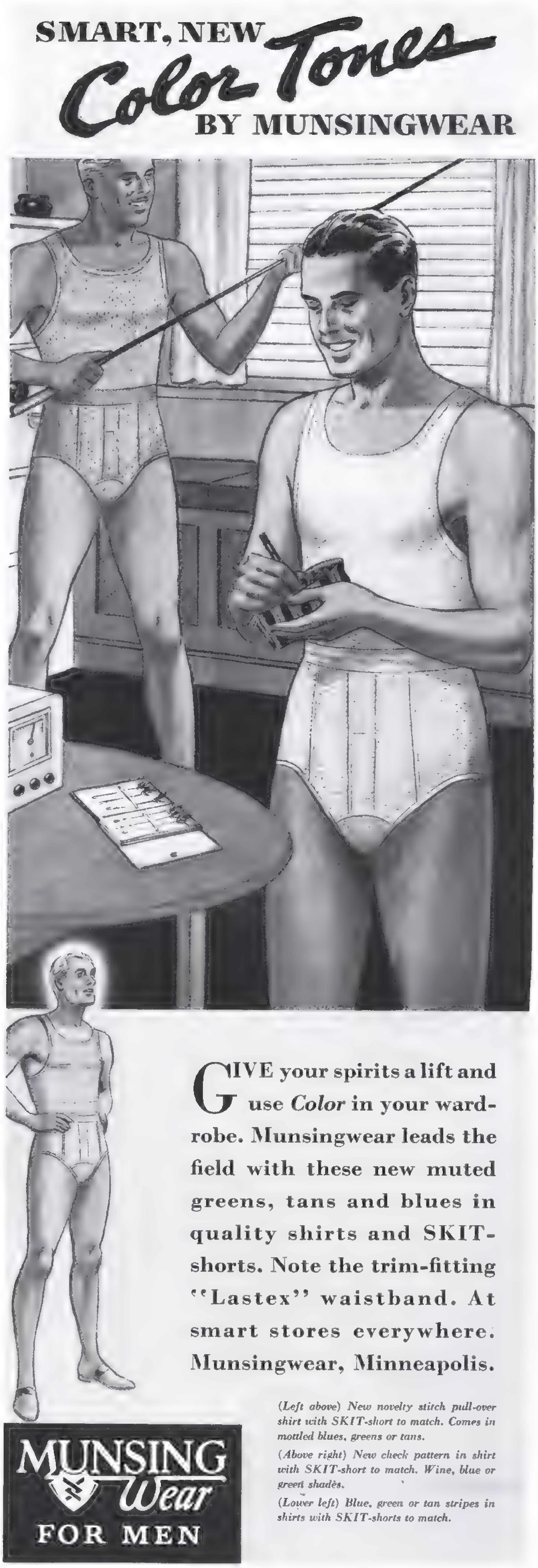
John Lewis gambled the last of the dollars he controlled in a high pressure drive to recruit the ranks of his depleted labor army and once again emerged victorious. Half a million coal diggers joined the ranks under the inspiration of newspaper stories about their leader's close friendship with the New Deal and John L. Lewis was carried high on the crest of a post-depression flood tide of publicity and power. Never once during his entire career had this man stopped fighting for what he wanted. And his resulting satisfactions, mounting higher despite long intervals of defeat amply justified his relentless motto, "Never one step backward!"

The remarkable sense of timing which John L. Lewis possesses is an ability acquired from a lifetime of practicing opportunism. What an opportunist must do is keep constantly alert for the main chance wherever it may appear. A person who seeks not one specific ambition like leadership of the Bunkville Soap Works, but only general objects to be found in any number of places, like money, prestige and power, has a tremendous advantage from the start. Opportunities for obtaining power and money are quite as likely to be found in small towns as in big cities. John Lewis, for example, was never mentioned by the New York newspapers until he had actually gained control of an organization with half a million small-town members and more than two million dollars in its treasury. Political influence, if one follows the method of opportunism, may be had now from one party, now from another.

"I am not a Republican," says John L. Lewis. "I am not a Democrat, I am not a Fascist, a Communist, nor a Socialist. I will go with anyone who will work with me."

He has followed this principle consistently. He worked for Republican Presidents Coolidge and Hoover, Democratic Presidents Wilson and Roosevelt (all winners, you will observe), fought Communists and Socialists tooth and nail when the reds and pinks invaded his own organization and is now accused by the A.F.L. leaders of using Soviet propagandists as personal assistants in organizing his C.I.O. It is always, with Lewis, a matter of seizing the right opportunity at the right time to further his own ends. Eternal vigilance in selecting psychological

Continued on page 172



SMART, NEW *Color Tones* BY MUNSINGWEAR

GIVE your spirits a lift and use *Color* in your wardrobe. Munsingwear leads the field with these new muted greens, tans and blues in quality shirts and SKIT-shorts. Note the trim-fitting "Lastex" waistband. At smart stores everywhere. Munsingwear, Minneapolis.

(Left above) New novelty stitch pull-over shirt with SKIT-short to match. Comes in mottled blues, greens or tans.

(Above right) New check pattern in shirt with SKIT-short to match. Wine, blue or green shades.

(Lower left) Blue, green or tan stripes in shirts with SKIT-shorts to match.

MUNSING Wear FOR MEN

HANAN'S FAMOUS

FEATHERWEIGHT

IS A NATION-WIDE FAVORITE

Your soft collars, your linen or mohair suits, your casual, semi-sports styles, have demanded a shoe in flexible sympathy with your entire wardrobe—and the Featherweight *is* that shoe. Improved annually since our pioneer featherweight in 1921—lighter in body, lighter in lining, soft and sweeping in design—with the lasting Hanan quality built in to give you traditional Hanan long wear. In tan or black calfskin.

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HANAN MASTER LAST MODELS . . . . 10.85 TO 16.50
HANAN TOUCHSTONE MODELS . . . . 8.75 TO 9.75

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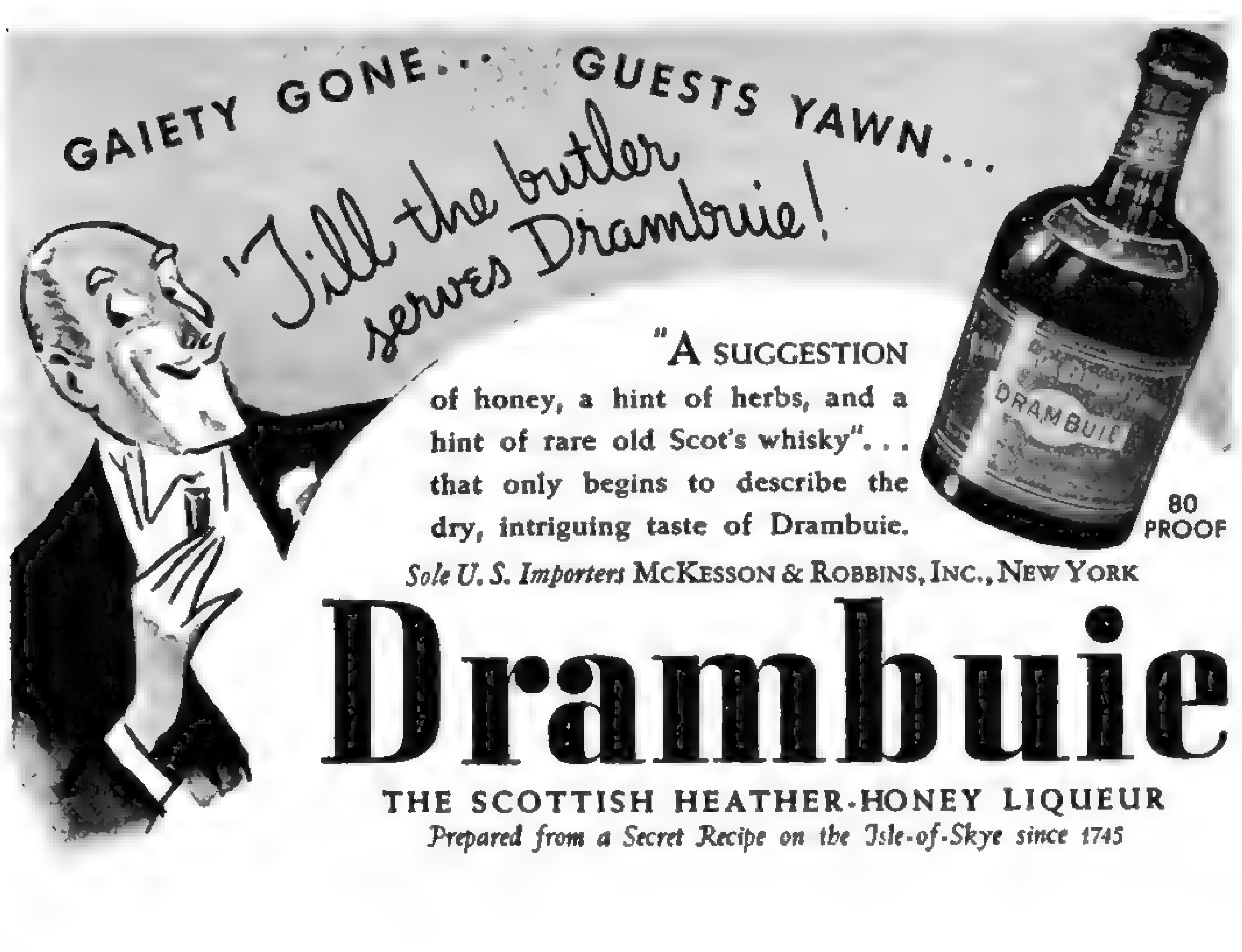
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Coal-Nourished Colossus

Continued from pages 42-168-171

moments has made him an expert.

And now Mr. Lewis is giving us another excellent example of the virtues of opportunist timing as against imaginative vision. I refer to his recent switch from craft unionism to industrial unionism, a change of theory which he rejected with oratorical virulence some ten years ago when it was urged earnestly by Brophy the progressive. John Brophy of Pennsylvania, whatever else you may think about him, is a labor leader with constructive imagination. In 1925 he rebelled against Czar Lewis' iron rule of the United Workers and dared to say that his chief was following a vein of inferior intelligence in union leadership which must soon peter out. Lewis denounced him as a traitor and ordered his suspension. Brophy carried his fight to the American Federation of Labor, outlining definitely the vertical type of union organization uniting all workers in a given industry, instead of combining the same type of labor in many different industries, the craft system of England in the Middle Ages. John L. Lewis suppressed Brophy again, more savagely than before. But Brophy had given Lewis a new idea. John L. visited the Ford plant and discovered that vertical unionism was the only organization method which would fit modern industry.

Lewis privately prepared to utilize Brophy's idea but bided his time. In 1935 he sprang it on the American Federation of Labor. Green, then President, liked the notion but dared not espouse it openly because the entire existing structure of the A.F.L. was composed of craft unions. Lewis saw a long awaited opportunity to put Green on a spot—timing, again, to perfection. If Green could be made responsible for rejecting the industrial union idea it would leave this new tool for manufacturing money and power in the exclusive possession of Mr. Lewis himself. Obviously the strategic move was to antagonize A.F.L. leaders so they would turn down the proposal.

A huge, belligerent, three hundred-pound leader of carpenters, William L. Hutcheson, made some slurring remark about "Lewis the master dramatist." Lewis walked across the front of the convention hall, his great head with its iron-gray mane lowered like a charging bull. He said something that nobody but Hutcheson heard. The big carpenter called Lewis a nasty name. John L. drew back his fist with the speed of a Jack Dempsey and shot it into Hutcheson's surprised face. The carpenter went down amid a vast splintering of chairs. He scrambled up again ponderously and the fight was on. But surrounding delegates soon separated the combatants. Lewis had made a worthwhile enemy and the succeeding votes on A.F.L.'s taking over the industrial union plan went with consistent regularity against the Lewis proposal.

There emerged from that convention the present labor situation; Lewis and his Committee of Industrial Organization, Green and his rapidly diminishing American Federation of Labor, separate, antagonistic, unreconcilable. Lewis never laughs. But he must have come near it when he sent Green a yard-long, boy-scout telegram offering his all, the C.I.O., to Mr. Green if only that so-esteemed confrere would see the light of industry's new day and take the leadership of the vertical union movement.

Of course, Green declined. And proceeded, as Mr. Lewis knew he would, to take all possible measures for expelling Lewis and his ten national union leaders from the craft-union organized A.F.L. Also, as Mr. Lewis anticipated, the A.F.L. membership sank swiftly from three and a half millions to less than two, while more than one thousand company unions clamored for affiliation with the C.I.O. Even the doctors in New York City hospitals formed a union and climbed aboard the Lewis bandwagon.

In October, 1937, the C.I.O. and A.F.L. held separate conventions and "indicted" each other for "dual unionism" and "refusal to co-operate." No peace pact was possible, for a while, because they could not agree on the size of the committee to negotiate it. But what was one more fight in the life of John L. Lewis? Hardly an event, merely an incident. The important thing to him was the fact that he had timed his opportunity right again, and had seized it firmly in a grasp that would not weaken. From the first no reunion of the rival labor organizations seemed possible, to those who knew Lewis, without the big boy in the driver's seat.

And Brophy—that is the ironical frosting on John L.'s present party cake. Lewis forgave the man who gave him his big idea most generously and offered him the job of directing the industrial union dirty work. That is, the thrusting of C.I.O. organization units into new and resistant fields of industry. Brophy accepted. The sit-down strikes attest his ardor. Lewis disapproves them, in principle, but has not yet declined to accept the ever-increasing spoils laid at his feet by his enthusiastic lieutenants. Oh, yes, Lewis is right—getting what you want is the important object and how you get it must depend upon the means nearest to hand.

There is one acquisition on John L. Lewis' long list which is interesting because he didn't get it by fighting. I refer to his education. Lewis is customarily described as a self-educated man, but don't take that too seriously. He does possess a world of information on every imaginable subject from coal production to the Latin classics. I met him once in a Pullman din-

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These new Skipper Fashions were odds-on favorites at America's most famous winter resorts and playspots. They are featured now at leading men's wear stores and department stores the country over.

the bush coat is an old standby among British colonials, but its adaptation for all-round sportswear in America is distinctly new—and a tremendous hit. In this domestic version, Wilson Brothers has preserved all the masculine smartness of the khaki original, but it is tailored from crisp, cool summer fabrics. $3.00 and up. Pure linen and exclusive Congo Cloth, $7.50.

designed for freedom is this fresh variation of the ever-popular polo shirt. This Skipper model, by Wilson Brothers, is an American version of the popular Tyrolean style. Mesh knit of fine combed cotton, $1.

(Continued in column 4)

ing car, not knowing who was talking, and went back to my section with puzzled admiration for a man who could spout such stimulating geysers of variegated knowledge without once pausing for question or reply. That was before the Lewis portrait had been rendered familiar to us men-in-sleeping-cars by indefatigable newspaper publicity.

It was several years later when I was introduced, by chance, to Mrs. John Lewis. Then I perceived the hidden source of John L.'s erudition. Mrs. Lewis was Myrta Edith Bell, intelligent, charming, cultured, descendant of a fine old American family. She was a school teacher in Lucas, Iowa, and perhaps the youthful John Lewis' crying need for learning made fully as much appeal to her motherly nature as did his leonine forcefulness. At any rate she married him, and from that notable event dates the Lewis education. This is the crowning gem in Mr. Lewis' diadem of brilliant opportunities instantly perceived and masterfully possessed.

There have been other opportunities, however, which found their origin in the powerful effect of John L. Lewis' personal appearance upon members of the more impressionable sex. The story goes that Mrs. Myron C. Taylor saw Lewis sitting magnificently motionless, as is his wont, in a Washington, D. C., hotel lobby. Beholding thus the extraordinary unknown she made inquiries about his identity and eventually established a kind of social protectorate over this ornamental son of toil. From which fortuitous friendship is supposed to have resulted the benign influence that induced Mr. Taylor to permit C.I.O. organization of the steel industry.

Nature provided John L. Lewis with two assets which vastly impress columnists now that he has become a power in the land: his head and face of an old-time Shakespearean actor and his resonant pipe-organ voice. You can remember the time, probably, when these extraordinary characteristics served only the humorists, but Mr. Lewis has grown up to them and he has learned to extract from their dramatic use the last touch of impressiveness. That massive, expressionless, granite-hewn face, surmounted by its turbulent mop of black and white hair, gazes out immovably over a hallful of rampageous labor delegates as Gutzon Borglum's half-carved face on the mountainside stared unchangeably down upon the puny human beings who were quarreling over the sculptor's heroic conception.

Suddenly, oftenest in the midst of some other orator's climax, John Lewis will leap to his feet, rush to the back of the stage and begin pacing up and down, up and down, preparing mentally his own oration. The effect is like that of a first-string fullback who has been out of the game, leaping up from the bench and tearing back and forth on the sidelines to warm up, his goose-stepping exercises at once meaningless and distracting from the play taking place on the field. When Mr. Lewis manages to perform his pacing stunt in a dim cathedral light that throws his ponderous figure into gigantic profile, as he did at the recent C.I.O. meeting in Atlantic City, he captures instantly the attention of press and audience and holds them fascinated.

Mr. Lewis has learned to turn himself into a one-man drama which is at once magnificent and productive of what he wants—the over-awed compliance of those who watch and listen. This technique is simply one more example of using everything he has to accomplish his next objective.

And what of the future? Mr. Lewis and his C.I.O. are frankly going into politics. They voted their own candidates for Mayor and five members of the City Council into the final run-off in Detroit recently. And they are putting Labor Party names on the ballot all over the country. May we expect five or six million votes for presidential candidate John L. Lewis, in 1940? The opinion that such an event would please Mr. Lewis seems to be unanimous among those who are who in labor circles. But basing my prediction upon the Lewis personality, I do not believe that this man's driving motive will carry him as far as his enemies fear. That he will try to swing millions of labor votes to candidates and causes which he can plausibly connect in laboring minds with workingmen's benefits, I do not doubt. But to vision and build a new, cohesive political party on a national scale requires a type of creative imagination which Mr. Lewis certainly does not possess. If the party builds itself you may look for Lewis on a rear top seat, like a hansom cab driver of the mauve decade, wielding reins and whip vigorously.

But Mr. Lewis climbs his ladder one step at a time and makes sure that the structure will hold his tremendous weight before he plants a foot on the first rung. He has no inferiority feeling to compensate for, no banner of egregious righteousness to fling flauntingly in the wind. He has only a powerful organism, brain and body, driven relentlessly from the stomach region to seek more and more of whatever lies within practical reach of an exceptionally well-controlled right arm. The complicated machinery of a major political party does not yet lie within that reach. Nor does the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Lewis has one very safe and sound characteristic, he never seriously desires anything he cannot get. But he can get, and he will get a great deal more power in the vaguely defined name of labor. Keep your eye on the already bescribbled political wall and watch the heavy handwriting that is already being traced there with a crayon of coal held in the mighty fist of a tireless Colossus. ⌗

Skipper Preview (continued)

vivid contrast is the keynote of this new Beach Set by Wilson Brothers. The dark contrasting tone of the shirt's half sleeves and boat neck is carried over into the pleated shorts. The shirt, knit in cotton or rayon, is $1 and up. The matching gabardine shorts are $2 and up.

with or without uppers, these new knitted swim trunks are very smart and trim. They're cut briefly but don't go to extremes. Cinch buckle belt matches the narrow stripings. Silk topper is heavy enough not to be too revealing of the most virile chest. Complete, $4.95.

"In-and-Outers" . . . new all-purpose polo shirts by Wilson Brothers. They may be worn tucked inside the belt or outside. Their convertible Windsor collars may be worn with or without a tie. Tailored in pure, cool linen, $2.50.

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Makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, Faultless Nobelt Super Shorts, V-Shaped Shirts, Buffer Hose, Wedglocke and Congo Neckwear

Agents of Mercy

Continued from page 63

voice trailed off—he wasn't talking sense, and he knew it. Struggling out of his flying suit, which was beginning to stifle him, he slouched into a chair. Commander Martin regarded him silently, with amused but understanding sympathy.

"See here, son," he said finally, "let me give you a bit of hard-headed advice. You can't always win. The Coast Guard's supposed to, of course, and they do, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The taxpayers think that is what they pay us for, but they're mistaken. We earn our salaries ten times over by that one defeat. Let anyone who doesn't believe it go through what you are, now. You've got to learn to accept failure silently, as part of your job."

"Sure—Sure, I suppose so," Kellog replied meekly. He thought it was a pity the Skipper didn't always practice what he preached.

"And now," followed Commander Martin in a brisker tone, "I have another sweet assignment for you. You've got to go to Boston tonight and break the news to the mother of that Cantwell lad." Dwight Cantwell, one of the unfortunates aboard the lost *Dora*, was a young newspaper man just out of college who had gone along to gather material for a story on the New England fishing fleet.

Kellog winced. "I'm not the only pilot who's been doing the searching," he groaned. "Why me?"

Commander Martin shrugged. "Don't know just why—perhaps because you were the last pilot back, and perhaps because you were the only one who made two trips today. Anyway, Mrs. Cantwell, his mother, is set on seeing you."

"Well . . ." the Skipper zipped up the front of his leather jacket, gathered cap, gloves and car keys from the desk. "I'm going home. You don't have to be down early tomorrow. Get some sleep—you look pretty well washed-up. Forecast is blizzards tonight and tomorrow, so there probably won't be any flying anyway."

"Yes, sir," replied Kellog glumly. Tell a mother that they had given up her son! The Skipper had certainly handed him a tough one.

Two hours later, shaved, bathed and in a fresh uniform of "greens," looking no longer washed-up in the sense Commander Martin had implied, he jammed his car to a stop in front of a large brick-faced house in one of Boston's outlying residential districts. A healthy glow on his face and marks around his eyes testified to the day spent in the icy air. The crestfallen attitude had disappeared and he approached the house with shoulders squarely set. The last four days had been a heap of trouble. This was the worst part of the whole unpleasant business. Only his eyes betrayed his extreme nervousness. As he jammed the doorbell he wondered, with considerable discomfort, what type of woman he was about to interview, and what would happen—when . . .

As the door opened, Kellog took a deep breath to fortify himself for the encounter.

It was midnight when he finally made his good-byes. What had been a moderate snowfall and gentle wind were now a howling blizzard. He hastily turned up his coat collar and sprinted for the shapeless white thing with two staring black eyes that was his car. The drive back from Boston was difficult, impossible to see more than a few feet ahead through the whirling blankets of snow.

Shortly before one o'clock he reached Commander Martin's home in Salem. Lights still burning, he was glad to note. He ran up the steps and rapped sharply on the door. The Skipper was alone, in dressing gown and slippers, book in hand, looking very sleepy.

"Well, son," greeting Kellog cheerfully, "I've been waiting for you. Thought you'd drop by. How did it go? Wasn't as bad as you thought, was it?"

"No, sir," Kellog replied, but his voice was barely audible and his expression might have meant that it couldn't have been worse.

"I thought you'd feel better after you'd talked to Mrs. Cantwell, that's why I sent you out. Take off your things and sit down. Get thawed out a bit." The Skipper yawned. Kellog merely fumbled with the belt of his topcoat. "You see, Lee, I wasn't giving you such a dirty job as it sounded. I told her at the station, while you were out flying that there was practically no hope of the boat being found—you had only an hour's daylight then. And when she had no phone call from us, she know what that meant."

The Skipper paused awkwardly, and resumed. "It's been a crying shame that something like this would have to happen. But it's all in the game, Lee, and I'm glad for her sake, and yours, and my own, that the suspense is over. Sit down—"

"But it isn't over!" Kellog's voice was husky. "I told her that we were going out again tomorrow, in the morning, Commander!"

"You—*what?*" Commander Martin exploded incredulously.

"I just *couldn't* tell her that it was all up, sir!"

Commander Martin's face was slowly growing an angry red. The kindly host and counselor was no more. Instead, there was a displeased superior officer staring coldly.

"Well, Kellog," he said after a chill moment's silence, "I'm amazed at your lack of judgment, to say the least. Do you know what you've done? You've raised that poor woman's hopes for nothing—nothing but another cruel disappointment."

Lieutenant Kellog's nervous demeanor left him suddenly. Knuck-

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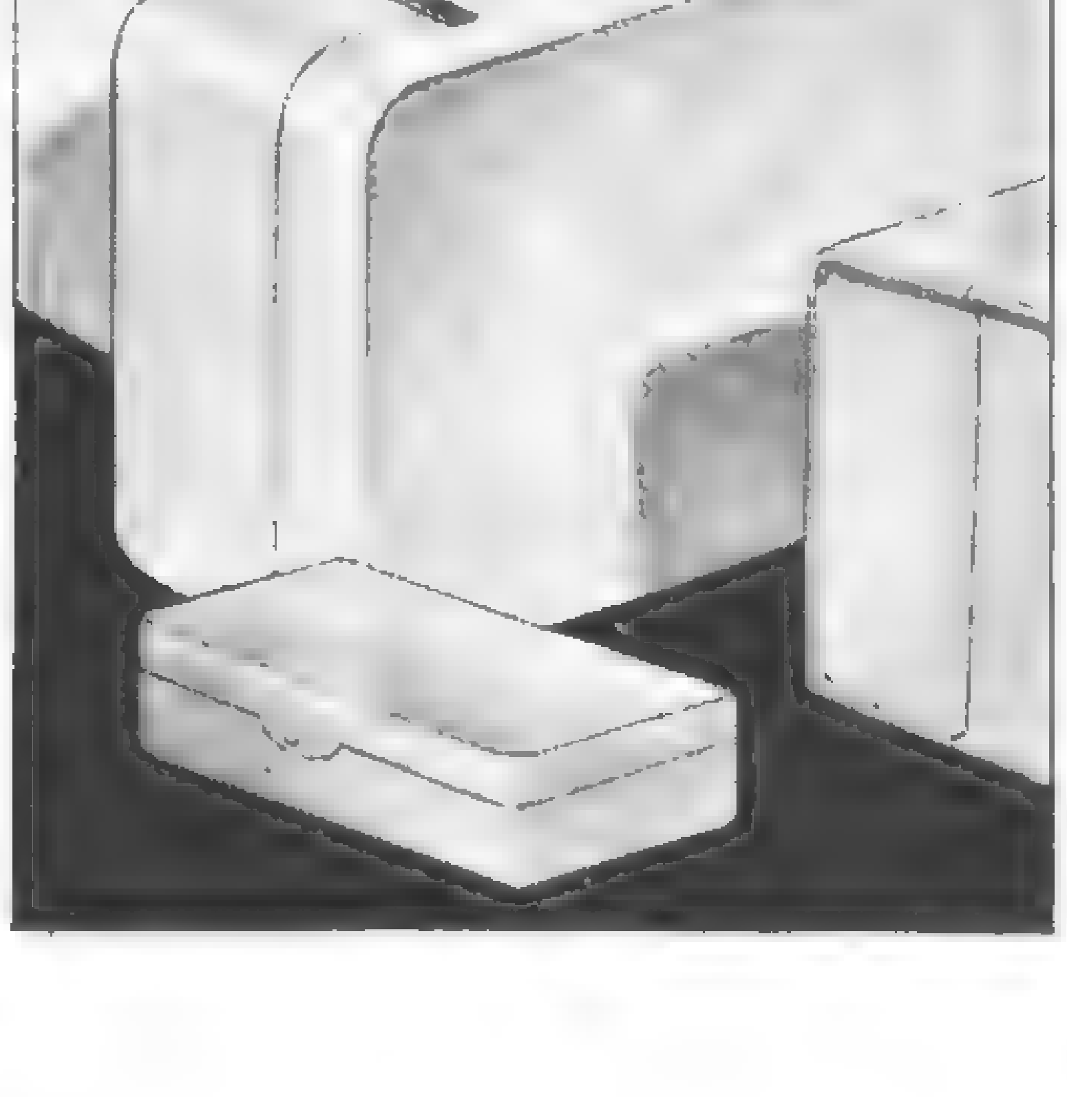

les whitened as he gripped the back of his chair—he met his commander's stare of disapproval evenly.

"I think, sir, you misunderstand what I mean by 'couldn't.' I was not prompted by mistaken kindness. I couldn't tell her the search has been dropped because—*I* think there's a chance those men are still alive!"

There was a long, uncomfortable period. Under a firm exterior Kellog's heart pounded as he waited for the richly deserved reprimand. But when at last Commander Martin spoke, his tone was almost matter-of-fact.

"And *I* think there's not." Sharply, "and neither do any other experienced seamen, the fishermen's families included. But aside from that, you must have taken leave of your senses to make such a promise. Are you aware there's a blizzard outside, and another one forecast for tomorrow? There won't be a plane off the ground in New England. And even supposing that I should consent to risking a plane, the lives of a crew, and my own career, how much searching do you think you could do? You couldn't spot a battleship ten yards away in such weather!"

"There will be lulls, sir, and clear spots. I know it's a long chance, but—"

"No! We don't discuss this thing any further. If you want to commit suicide you will have to do it unofficially. Good night!" The Skipper's eyes seemed suddenly very lack-luster as he opened the door for his Junior Officer.

Kellog drove his car to the end of the block, switched off the motor, and sat for an hour trying to have it out with himself. The Commander was right, of course, damn it, and he had been a fool. All he had accomplished was to alienate the good opinion of his commanding officer and forfeit his chances for the respect of Mrs. Cantwell. Being alive now seemed a very black and burdensome affair. Not only that—it was sharply painful, too; he couldn't wipe from his mind the thought of a phantom-like face at the bow of a battered, ice-encrusted boat, a face who watched the waves with horror and prayed for rescue to come, to hurry.

Hurry! God! The only action possible was for him to step on the starter of his car and plough through snowdrifts toward his home at Salem Willows. He rounded the harbor shore, made his way along the Willows road, and without realizing what he was doing, took the turn across the causeway to the Winter Island Coast Guard Air Station. As he approached the grounds, however, he became entirely aware of his surroundings and of the fact that something was astir in them.

The flood-lights were on, beams of bluish-white light interrupted by dancing, whirling snowflakes, and as he brought his car to a stop before the hangar he saw a crew of men busily handling a snow plow and shovels—working to clear the apron and the ramp. He hurried into the room of the duty officer.

"What's up, Johnson?"

"Jumping Codfish! We've been trying to get you for almost three-quarters of an hour, sir! Commander Martin phoned that you are going out at daybreak to make another search for the *Dora*. We're getting things ready."

A shout and a sob of relief checkmated each other in Kellog's throat. The Skipper, God bless him, had come through! Johnson was still talking, something about a temporary let-up of the storm in the morning, but Kellog heard very little of it. What, he wondered, to himself, had made the Commander change his mind? Chivalry? No. He wouldn't risk the lives of a pilot and crew in a lost cause no matter how he sympathized with Mrs. Cantwell. Duty? No, again. They'd already searched longer than anyone thought necessary, and should the coming flight meet with misfortune, Headquarters would promptly, and justly, scalp him for recklessness. There was just the one answer; the Skipper had grasped at the feeble hope which existed only in the mind of the junior officer. In the face of even so little, he could not give up.

It finally penetrated that Johnson was telling him he'd be able to take off about six o'clock . . . Kellog turned in at the barracks for two hours of restless sleep.

Shortly after five he was up. A few minutes later, Commander Martin arrived. No mention was made of their previous conversation. Over cups of steaming coffee hurried down from the galley, they gravely studied charts and discussed possible areas of search. In the next room the radio operator busily collected weather reports from surf stations ranging from Cape Elizabeth to Cape Cod Canal. Any flight which they might decide upon would be at best a compromise with the elements. The snowfall had ceased, and possible flying conditions prevailed as far north as the Grand Banks; but it would not be light enough to see until about seven o'clock, and another blizzard was on its way and would strike the northern coast of New England between eight and nine. It was finally determined to employ that one hour of precious visibility in a zig-zag course from Portland down, approximately fifty miles at sea. Kellog was to take the Grumman again, because of its superior speed and because the more seaworthy qualities of the Douglases and the Fokker would be useless over waters too violent to permit landing any type of plane.

The decision once made, the minutes seemed to drag by like halting hours. Kellog paced the hangar and strode outside a half-dozen times to stare anxiously into the as yet night-blanketed sky, as though willing it to hasten daylight or hold back the snow and sleet laden winds hurrying down from the frozen northeast. There was little room in his mind for

Continued on page 176

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Agents of Mercy

Continued from pages 63-175

people. The Commander, Mrs. Cantwell, and even the men on the *Dora*, were but vague figures moving about in the background of a battlefield where the science of flying prepared to pit itself against the mindless strength of the elements.

Shortly after six the Grumman was wheeled out onto the snow-rimmed apron and the motor switched on; the thin whine of the inertia starter giving way to short, staccato bursts as it "caught." While the engine was warming up, Kellog and his crew donned flying togs and chutes; six-thirty saw them aboard as the ship was let slowly down the ramp under the flare of floodlights. The water was rough, and as the plane leaped and plunged in its take-off run across the harbor, the men thought of the open seas for which they were headed. The short hour in the air would carry them miles upon miles out of sight of land, over endless stretches of vicious waves in which a forced landing would mean certain destruction. And, as they left, the water and salt spray, which had drenched their plane, froze on the Plexiglass hoods, obliterating vision, and they thought of such things as frozen carburetors and ice on wings which could certainly cause such a landing.

Lieutenant Kellog slid back a panel, and reaching out, rubbed the ice from the front windshield, while with the other he held the control stick steady. They climbed two thousand feet toward pale stars swimming in the upper mists and headed north toward Portland. There was no moon and all below lay hidden in inky darkness. Kellog flew by instruments. The radio operator contacted the Base for a test call. In the hold below them the mechanic wiped his windows free of their coatings of ice and settled down to his seemingly futile task of staring into the black void underneath. The cold was already beginning to cut through the leather and fur of their flying suits.

Occasionally, during the next thirty minutes of blind flying, one of the vague figures in the back of Kellog's mind would hold his attention briefly. It occurred to him, for instance, how tragic it would be to pass over the *Dora*, unheeding, in this darkness. The men would see the lights of the plane approaching, hear the roar of its motor overhead, then listen to it dying away in the distance. That was, of course, if they were still alive—which brought to the foreground a remembrance of the Skipper as he stood on the apron and watched Kellog climb into the plane. His face had shown so plainly two contradictory emotions; a conviction that this was a fool's errand—and a prayer that it mightn't be. . . .

Suddenly, the mechanic shouted. Kellog saw it at the same time, a flare—seeming not much larger than a candle's flame, far off in the blackness. He swung the plane to the left and headed for it. In less than a minute they were close enough to recognize a commonly improvised distress signal—a blanket, sacks, or a coat perhaps, soaked in kerosene and lighted on the end of a pole. It was obviously a small craft; as straining eyes disclosed; just one cabin light winked dimly as the boat rolled slowly in the heaving sea. Was it the *Dora?* The plane dived, and, as the wing lights cut a path through the dark, the water suddenly bared its vicious teeth, champing rows of white atop black combers thirty feet high. Among them, the little boat, white with ice, twisted, tossed and lunged helplessly.

Twenty feet from the leaping combers Kellog banked his plane sharply and swept past the craft. The thick ice coating on the bow concealed its name, but its size was identical with that of the boat for which they were searching, and no other craft had been reported missing within the last few days.

He zoomed up again into the night. Only the feeble red glow of the dying torch marked the spot below where the little vessel twisted. He glanced at his wristwatch and spoke into the interphone to the radioman:

"Wire the Base. Motorboat believed to be *Dora* spotted at 6:55. No men seen, but torch was burning. Approximate position 40 miles northeast Cape Ann. Water too rough for landing. Find out where nearest Cutter is. We'll have to circle vicinity till it will get near enough to see the boat."

The radio operator pounded his key and a stream of invisible messengers streaked through the wind-torn atmosphere over the turbulent seas. Within five minutes Commander Martin had received Kellog's message and relayed it to a cutter on patrol twenty miles east of their position. In another five, Kellog had an answer. The *Cayuga*, under full steam, was headed toward them.

"Now get the *Cayuga*," he instructed the operator, "and request her to take radio bearings on us with her direction finder. Have the naval radio compass stations take our bearings too, so she can get them for a more accurate check. She'll never be able to locate us otherwise."

And what, he then asked himself, would the *Cayuga* find when she got there? His sense of triumph at finding the boat was slight compared with the gnawing uncertainties which then arose. He was convinced that it was the *Dora*, but he might be wrong. And if it was, what of the men on board? There were signs of life, to be sure, but one man could have lighted the torch, the others might be frozen corpses.

Beset with doubts and anxieties, he circled for the next fifteen to twenty minutes in the darkness,

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trying as best he could to compensate for the wind drift and remain over the spot where the light on the boat had burned out. Then the sky began to admit a surly, reluctant light. Soon the sea was visible, a cold expanse of slate grey water barred with writhing lines of white. The boat was nowhere to be seen. He spiraled down to five hundred feet and after another—this time a limited—search, spotted it hurtling from the crest to the trough of a wave.

This time, as he dipped and swept past the helpless craft, a gaunt white face peered up at him from the cabin hatch. When he came around again the head had been withdrawn. The third trip brought two shrunken, ghost-like faces, but though he tried another half-dozen times, he could get no further response. Had he seen three men—or had the first man looked out a second time? One man had worn an overcoat and hat. That could be the Cantwell boy, he thought. Fishermen more often wore the caps and mackinaws he had seen on the other figures, maybe all three were alive then. He climbed to a safer altitude.

The mechanic kept the tossing boat within range of his binoculars.

At a thousand feet Kellog could easily understand how it might have been passed over again and again in the previous days' searches. From that height the ice-encrusted craft was but a tiny chip to the naked eye, indistinguishable from the stray bits of foam breaking by the millions on the water's surface.

He was certain by this time that the boat was the *Dora*, but that fact admitted of no rejoicing. The men on board were still far from being saved and, as he continued his endless circling, he found plenty of cause to reflect that Death might yet have the last laugh. The wind was increasing at an alarming rate; the sea fast worked itself into a lashing frenzy; the sullen daybreak threatened to slip back into night. By eight-fifteen the first hurrying snowflakes of the descending blizzard settled on their hoods. The cold was almost unendurable.

As the minutes wore on misgivings gradually tightened to stark fear. The wind had strengthened to a gale laden with snow and sleet.

Lieutenant Kellog descended to two hundred feet in order to keep the boat in sight. The snow thickened. He dropped his plane to a hundred. That was perilously close to the raging combers. Flying a hundred and twenty miles an hour in heavy snow, fighting to keep a spot on his windshield free of ice, a hundred feet could be lost in the twinkling of an eye, and should the plane but touch that ugly water, it would be grabbed, turned end over end and smashed like an eggshell.

He mustn't lose the boat now, with help so near at hand! But the vessel was fading quickly from sight. Kellog nosed the amphibian down just clear of the water, skirting upreaching waves—the boat, but a vague white blot in the swirling whiteness between them, vanished entirely. Visibility zero—nothing but madly driving snow through which the plane circled blindly at headlong speed. Kellog thought of his crew, of the snow and ice piling up on his wings, of the water hidden so close below. He yanked back on the control stick and watched the altimeter pointer rise.

At two thousand feet, blind, with only instruments to rely upon, he resumed his hazardous circling. His thoughts raced in an equally violent cycle. The *Dora*—it *must* be the *Dora*—was in more danger now than at any time since she had been lost. Surely she couldn't resist long the terrific seas of that gale—even now, so close beneath him, she might be meeting her end. How cruelly ironical—if these men should have to die in the very hour they thought had brought their deliverance. The *Cayuga*—where *was* the *Cayuga*—would she *never* get here! Twelve knots an hour would be the best she could do in these heavy seas. She could be but a few miles away by now, but it might as well be a thousand if the *Dora* was sinking. . . .

In another fifteen minutes a new consideration forced its way into the anguished round of his thoughts. Every minute that he stayed flying in that snow was a rash gamble with the lives of his crew; it ate up just that much more of the precious gasoline supply, already too low to allow for the probable emergency of wandering from the direct course in the blind flight back to shore.

"Call the *Cayuga!*" he ordered, finally. "Tell them we can only stay five minutes more!" The five minutes passed in an agony of suspense.

"Tell her we've *got* to leave now!" But on his wristwatch he saw the seconds grow to a minute, the minute to two—*that* was the very limit—he must leave that instant—the lives of his crew depended on it. But to shove off now—leave the field to Death when victory was within instants of their grasp—he groaned with rage and grief . . . and more seconds ticked past.

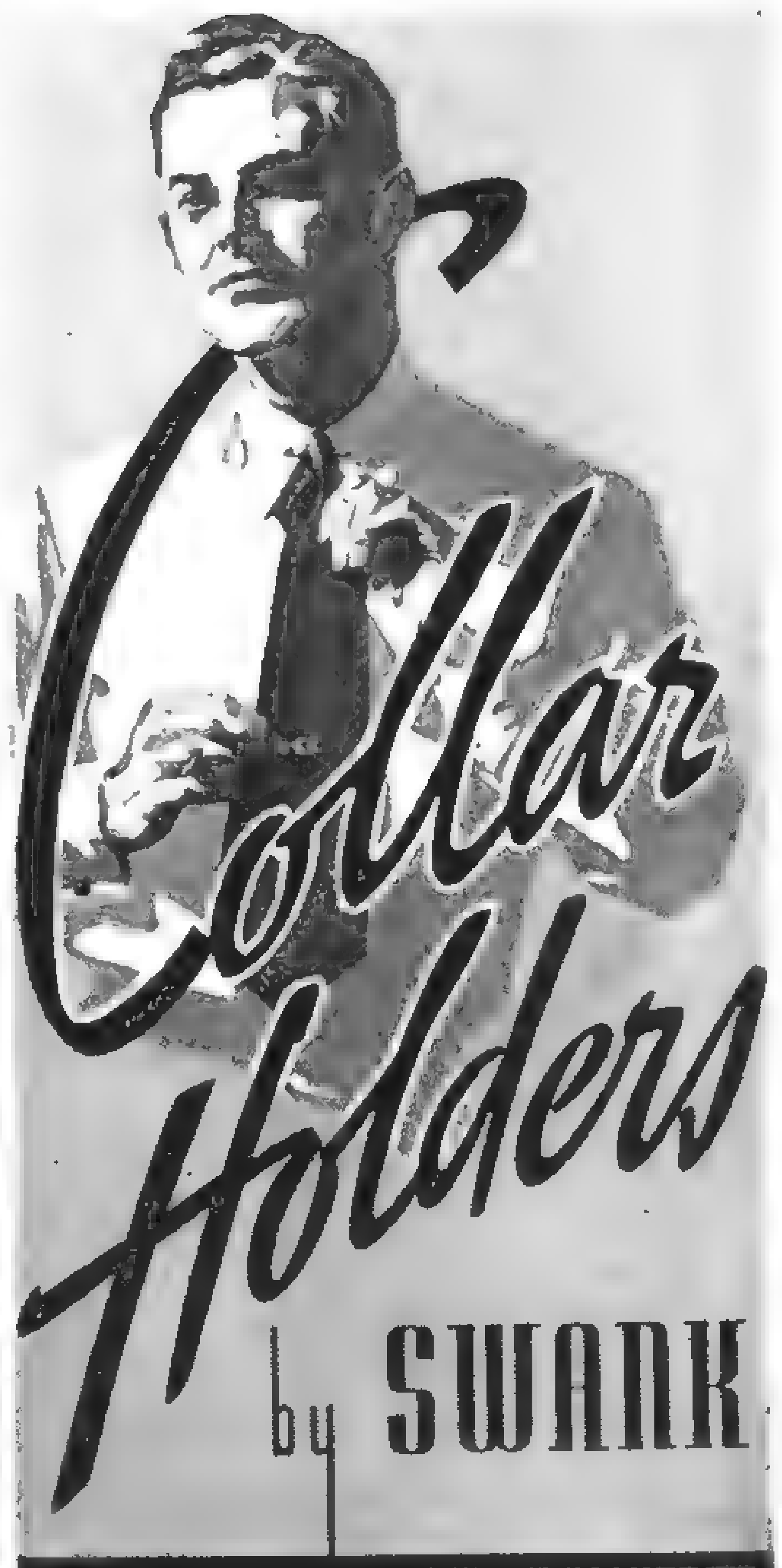
The radio operator's arm reached into his cockpit. In his hand was a slip of paper. Kellog snatched it eagerly.

"*Cayuga* radios she hears us on the port side," he read. His sigh of relief was almost a moan.

"Tell the Base we're coming in," he ordered to the radioman, and to himself he added, "if we're lucky."

He headed the plane westward. With his eye on the compass and the turn-and-bank indicator, he flew mile after mile through the blankets of snow, praying that his calculations were all right and that they would reach safety before the gas gave out. Tormenting his mind unceasingly was the question of the fate of the *Dora* and her crew. Had the *Cayuga* found her yet? *Could* she find her—was she there to find by now? Were any of the

Continued at top of page 178



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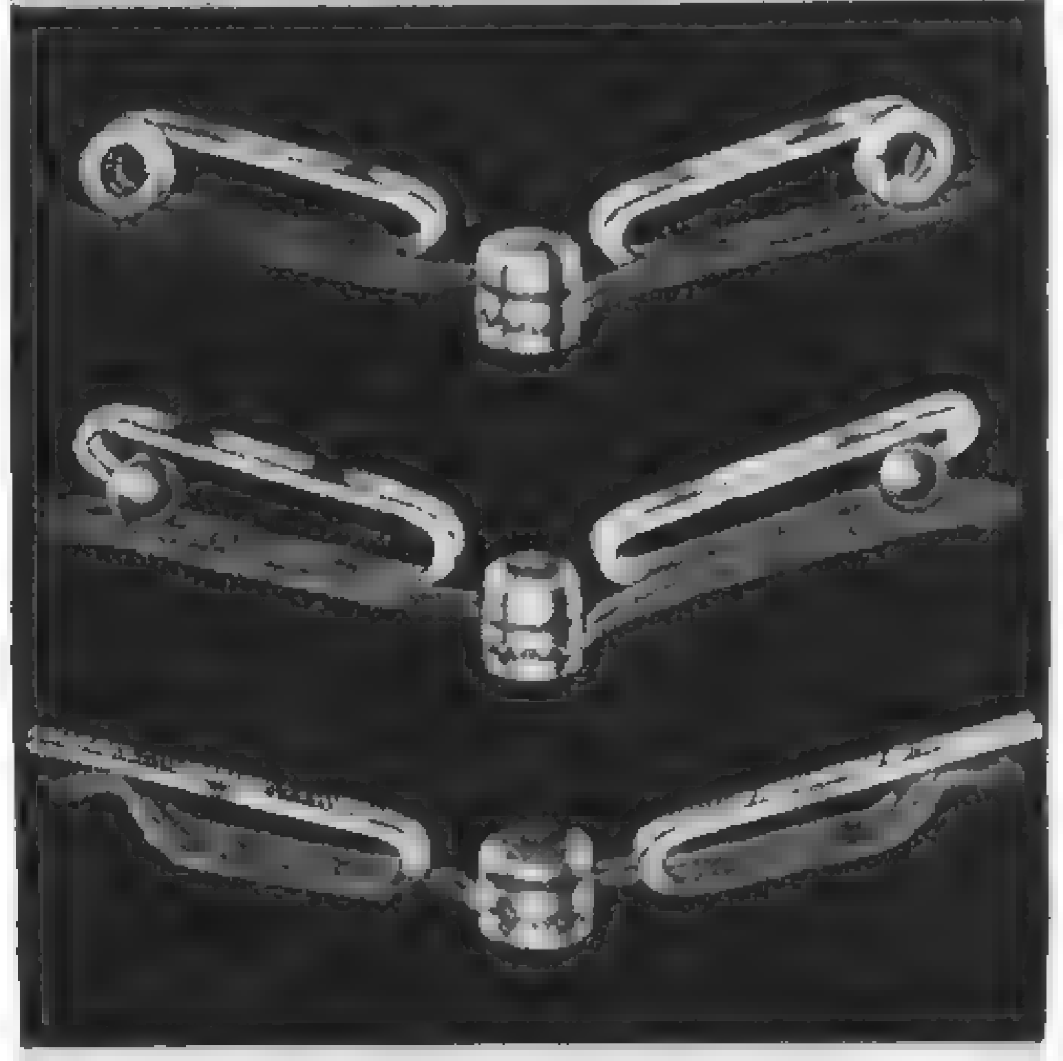

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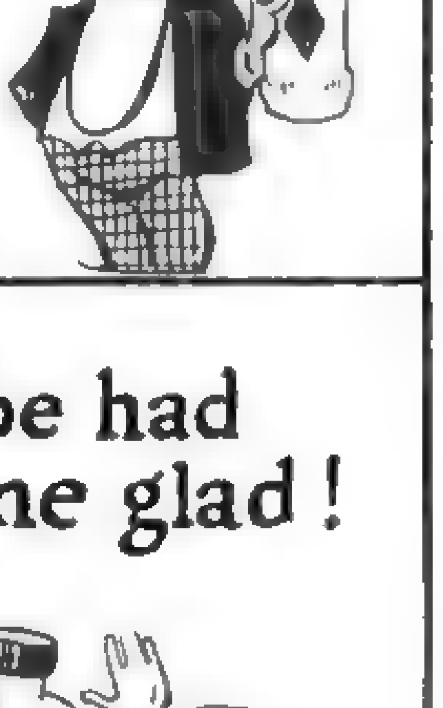

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC *helps prevent* COLDS and BAD BREATH

Agents of Mercy

Continued from pages 63-175-177

men dead? And then, after all, couldn't it be possible that the boat wasn't the *Dora*, after all?

Suddenly, through the white haze, trees and rocks appeared rushing along beneath him. At two hundred feet he skirted the coast of Cape Ann thanking his stars for the lucky "lift" that would at least make it possible for him to land his plane and crew safely. If only he could know about the *Dora*.

Again the radioman's arm stretched into his cockpit.

"Intercepted message from the *Cayuga*," the operator had written. "She located the boat—the *Dora* all right, all three men alive. Water too rough to effect transfer. They've got a line to her and are going to tow her to Gloucester."

As the Grumman sped homeward throughout the whirling snow it seemed to the pilot that the roar of the motor was a flood of gladness pouring into his heart. Because of him, three men might go on living; three homes turned from grief to joy. And his Service! Well, he hadn't failed its traditions this trip! He had, in fact, added one for some other poor beggar to worry about upholding. He grinned to himself rather complacently as he considered in what a different mood he should approach the Cantwell house that evening.

But it was not until he cut his motor for a landing at the Salem Base that the flood of gladness swelled and overflowed. The peak of this triumph awaited him just below—when he would see the look on the face of the Skipper! #

A Game of Jiggery-Poker

Continued from page 86

wrecking clocks by "adjusting them," he is taking pulls at old Mendl's whisky and getting tight and saying strange things to the maids which make them leave almost immediately. And neither of these Uncles work, or show any sign of wanting to.

But on these Visiting days each Uncle is temporarily part of the game. I mean, our Uncle Will is on our side and Uncle Mendl is on their side. And this seems to act on both the Uncles in a strange way, making them Drunk With Power.

Well, we sit down in the living-room and Mrs. Mendl hands round some coffee, which gives my mother an opportunity to bring the scores level by putting down her cup after two sips and a cough, and smiling at Mrs. Mendl and saying: "Oh well, I don't really feel like . . . er . . . coffee, anyway, my dear." And though we are appreciating the bad feeling that is risen up in an instant, Uncle Mendl jumps in and swills down his own coffee and then swills at my mother's cup saying: "Yes *sir*!" a triumph which is short-lived because the coffee is hotter than he had thought and makes him leap up holding his throat as if he is going to choke to death.

So Mrs. Mendl gives a sharp sort of a look at my mother's dress and squeaks and says: "Oh, my dear, did that clumsy bum stain your dress grabbing the coffee that way, why the . . ." and then she stops and peers closer. And she laughs in a nasty way and says, "Oh no. I see now it's an *old* stain—how silly of me."

Well, now things are going fine, and when old Mendl suggests we have a game of cards you could start a forest fire with the sparks that are in the air. You see, it is felt on both sides in this Feud that the one that finally makes the other get really sore and start yelling and blowing his top has come off best, and it is this obstinate refusal to admit that the other fellow has made you madder than you have made him that keeps this system of Visits alive and going.

Well, they sit around a table, and there is Mr. Mendl and then my mother, and then Uncle Mendl and Mrs. Mendl and then our Uncle Will and my father. And my brother and I, and the Mendl kid, Lew, who is just a brat and of no account in this or any other story, we just stand outside the game to see what happens.

Well, at first they play poker, and my father wins a bit. So then old Uncle Mendl winks and says: "Yes *sir*! You ever play Hokey-Poker?" And my father looks suspicious and says no he hasn't. So "Yes *sir*!" Uncle Mendl says. "It's a swell game, and two play it at a time. Look," he says, and gives my father three cards and gives himself three cards.

"Well, what you got?" he says. And my father says he has three Jacks. So Uncle Mendl gives my mother three cards and then old man Mendl another three. "What you got?" he says, grinning like a looney. But my father taps him on the arm and says wasn't there something said about two playing at this game, and Uncle Mendl winks ten times and says: "Yes *sir*! But not necessarily." A remark which seems to me to mean nothing at all.

"I have two tens and a six of diamonds," my mother says.

"And I got a two of hearts, and a four and six in clubs," old Mendl says. So Uncle Mendl grins wider than ever. "Good," he says, "Now all stake a dollar, see? Just one dollar each." And everybody puts in the money and I see my old man is grinning fit to bust. So I look at his hand and find that he has three Kings, and not what he told old Uncle Mendl at all.

"All right, now show," Uncle Mendl says, although he knows what everybody has got. "Aha!" he cries out, "Otto wins!" and pushes the money across to old

Continued on page 180

Tips on Ties

For Young Men with "Dimple Trouble." No need to *guess* how a *Cheney* Tie will dimple. Cheney's 100 years' experience weaving fine fabrics makes it a sure thing that Cheney Ties will knot smartly, defy wrinkling, and hold their shape.

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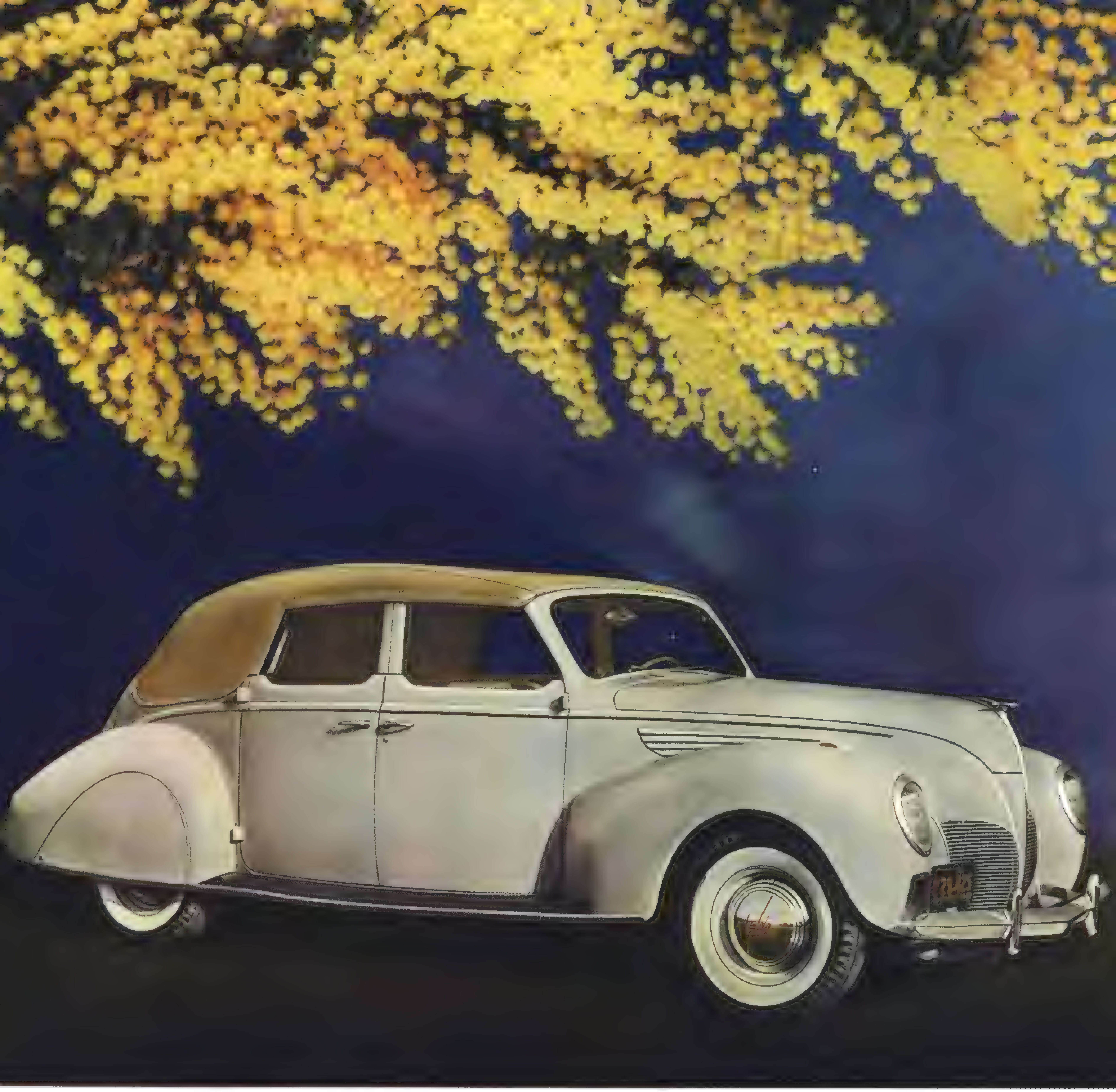

This year, greet Summer in a Lincoln-Zephyr

Now, under skies of water-color blue, outbound roads call the traveler. Change of season brings the desire for change of scene . . . for mountain and skyline, dreamed of but unvisited.

This year, owners of a new car, the Lincoln-Zephyr, will reach places which before were only names on a map. They will cover longer distances than they would have attempted last year. Traveling by 12 cylinders, they will go in new comfort, new ease and new confidence!

A "twelve," to many people, still denotes a car for the wealthy alone. In times past, that has been true. Today, it is no longer true. *This "twelve" is medium in price.* It is still true, however, that a "twelve" is a smoother, gentler, more luxurious ride—and more fun!

This "twelve," thoroughly modern, is not only ahead in number of cylinders. It is advanced in all ways. It is a new idea for a 12-cylinder engine to give 14 to 18 miles to the gallon. Yet this engine does, cheerfully. It is a new idea to provide so much size, safety and luxury at medium price. Yet this car provides them.

Modern in appearance and performance, the Lincoln-Zephyr is today's new transportation. It will give more pleasure, under all conditions, than you thought a car could ever give. It will open roads you thought you might never see. It offers, now, the kind of transportation you thought might not come for years! Lincoln Motor Company, builders of the Lincoln V-12 and the Lincoln-Zephyr V-12.

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A Game of Jiggery-Poker

Continued from pages 86-178

man Mendl who looks so surprised he almost forgets to look pleased.

Then my father speaks up. "But I got three *Kings*, not three Jacks," he says, and this makes Uncle Mendl sore. "Yes *sir*!" he says, "And you declared wrong, and so you lose. If you had declared right you woulda won!" And my father goes red in the face, because he sees they have sort of got him there, and he can say nothing.

"Well, I'm surprised you tried to cheat, neighbor," old man Mendl says very reproachful, and pocketing the jack. "I sure am surprised at that; yes sir."

So my father gives a forced laugh and he opens his mouth to make a dirty crack and then shuts it again. And he shuts it because he has caught the eye of my mother, who can Read Him Like a Book, as they say.

"Yes *sir*!" Uncle Mendl says, and winks ten times. "That is a swell game!"

Well, it seems our family isn't going so good until suddenly my Uncle Will wakes up to himself. And he claps his hands, rubbing them and says "Hah!" very loud. Then he picks up the cards and starts laying them down on the table one by one.

"I reckon," he says to Uncle Mendl, "I reckon you know *all* the card games, huh?"

"Yes *sir!*" Uncle M. booms out. "There's no card game *I* don't know—or me and Otto between us," he adds, trying to make his already good standing with his brother-in-law even better.

"Sure, you said it," old Mendl says. "I know every game. Why I tell you once . . ." he starts off, but Uncle Will doesn't give him a chance. "Well, I doubt it," Uncle says.

"*You* doubt it!" Uncle Mendl says all scornful. "Well you just give me *one* game I don't know. Just one little game, that's all."

"Well, *this* game," our Uncle says, still laying out the cards.

So the Mendl pair cock an eye at the cards, and Uncle Mendl gives his winks. "Sure," he says, "I know it's . . . er . . ."

"Sure," old Mendl says, "It's . . . er . . ."

"It's called Jiggery-poker," our Uncle says. "Quite correct."

"Sure," old man Mendl says, very pleased with himself for having got out of a tight corner, "sure, that's it."

Then my mother, who is craftier than her very placid face would make you think possible, puts out two dollars. "Oh, this is my favorite game," she says, "I'm surprised you don't know it, Mr. Mendl."

"But I *do*," old Mendl says, "I *do*, Madam. I just said so, didn't I?" and he puts out two dollars also, and then my father and Mrs. Mendl put out their money as well.

"All stakes in the middle of the table," my father says, with a nasty look in his eye. And then Uncle Will tells old man Mendl that as he's bank, that old Mendl is bank, I mean, he has to put in double, which he does very quickly. "I know, I know," he says. "You don't have to tell me what to do." And he doesn't even ask why he is bank, anyway, because he is that sort of man, as I said. The sort of man you can't tell anything to at any time.

Then our Uncle says, "Hah!" and gives them all two cards each, and lastly he turns up two for father, a three and a seven. "Good, a three and a seven," my father says quickly, "And I win." And he scoops up the dough and shoves it into his pocket, still with a nasty look in the eye.

"Hey, but wait a minute," old Mendl says. "I don't get this."

"I thought you said you knew the game," Uncle Will says.

"Well, I do. Sure I do. But look . . ." old Mendl says, sweating and looking mad.

"Well, maybe you don't know this *version* of it," my mother says, with a shot of genius. "This is *Canadian* Jiggery-poker."

"Oh," old Mendl says, breathing hard, "I was forgetting for a moment. Sure. Sure. We'll try it again, eh?"

So they all put up another stake, and all draw cards. And this time, by some unholy fluke, old Mendl turns up a three and a seven, the same as my father had in the last hand.

"Well!" old Mendl says, "This is lucky, neighbor, eh?"

But our Uncle Will is equal to that all right. "Oh no sir," he says, sort of mournful, "That's not lucky. That's not lucky at all. If you ain't bank—fine. But if you're bank it's no good. Not bank —7 times 3, 21. Bank—7 minus 3, 4. No good." He turns quickly to Uncle Mendl. "*You* know the game, friend," he says, "That's right, ain't it?" And this has Uncle Mendl properly, and he can do nothing, except wink ten times and say, "Yes *sir!*"

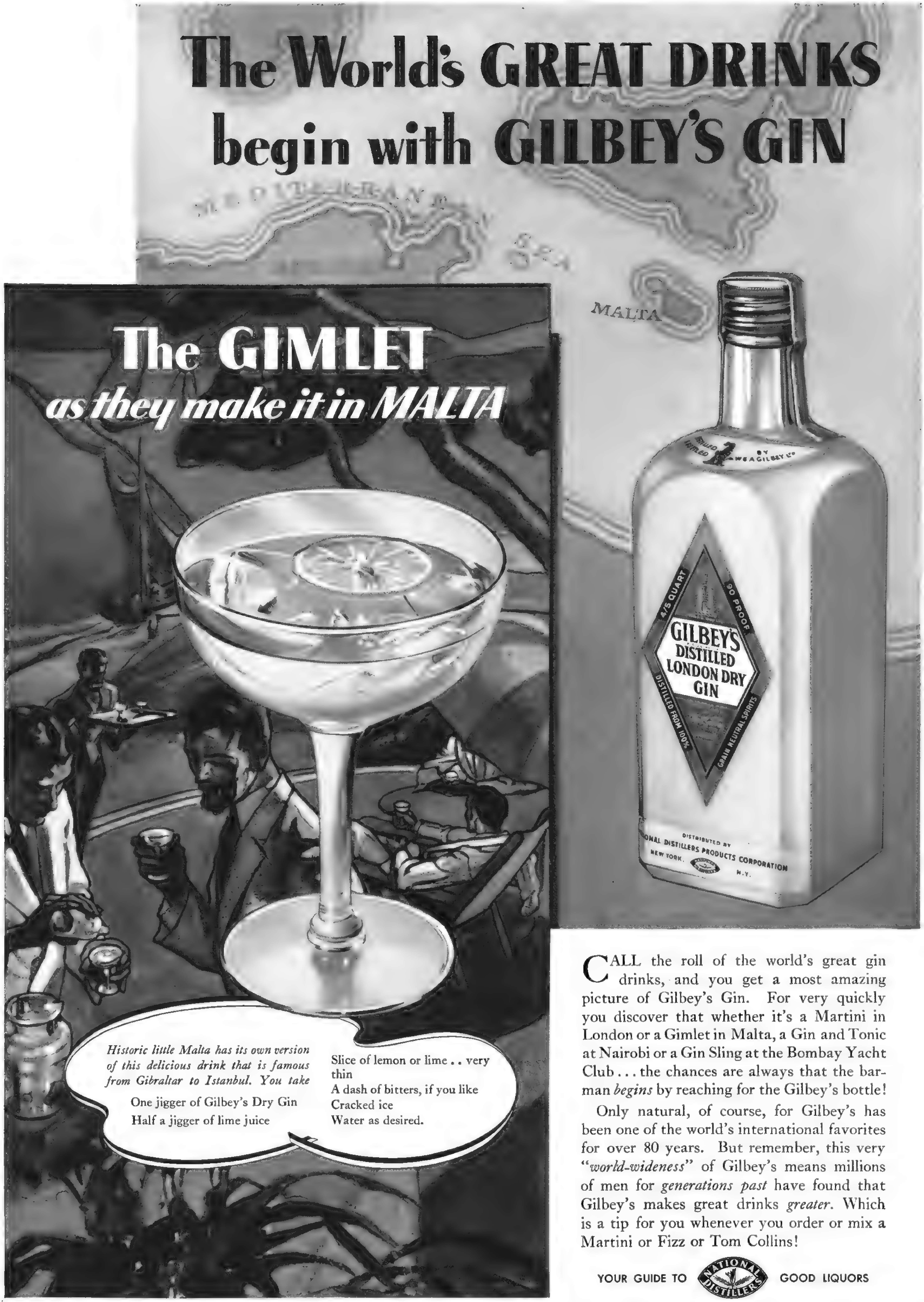
"Well," my father says, "I got an eight and a six, so I guess it's me again, because it's ace low," he adds to Mrs. Mendl before she can speak or even open her mouth to say what she has got. And in a stunned silence my father picks up the dough on the table for the second time.

So the Mendls just blink and don't seem to be able to say anything. And my Uncle Will looks Uncle Mendl in the eye and says very deliberately: "Hah! Yes *sir*," and he rubs his hands together.

And, as Uncle Mendl starts, my father leans over and slaps old man Mendl hard on the back and laughs. Then he says: "Well, neighbor, what's the Best Word?"

And I can tell from the look in my father's face this is probably one of the best moments in his life, as he sits there grinning at old Mendl who knows everything.

"Well, neighbor," he says, "What's the Best Word? Yes *sir!*" #



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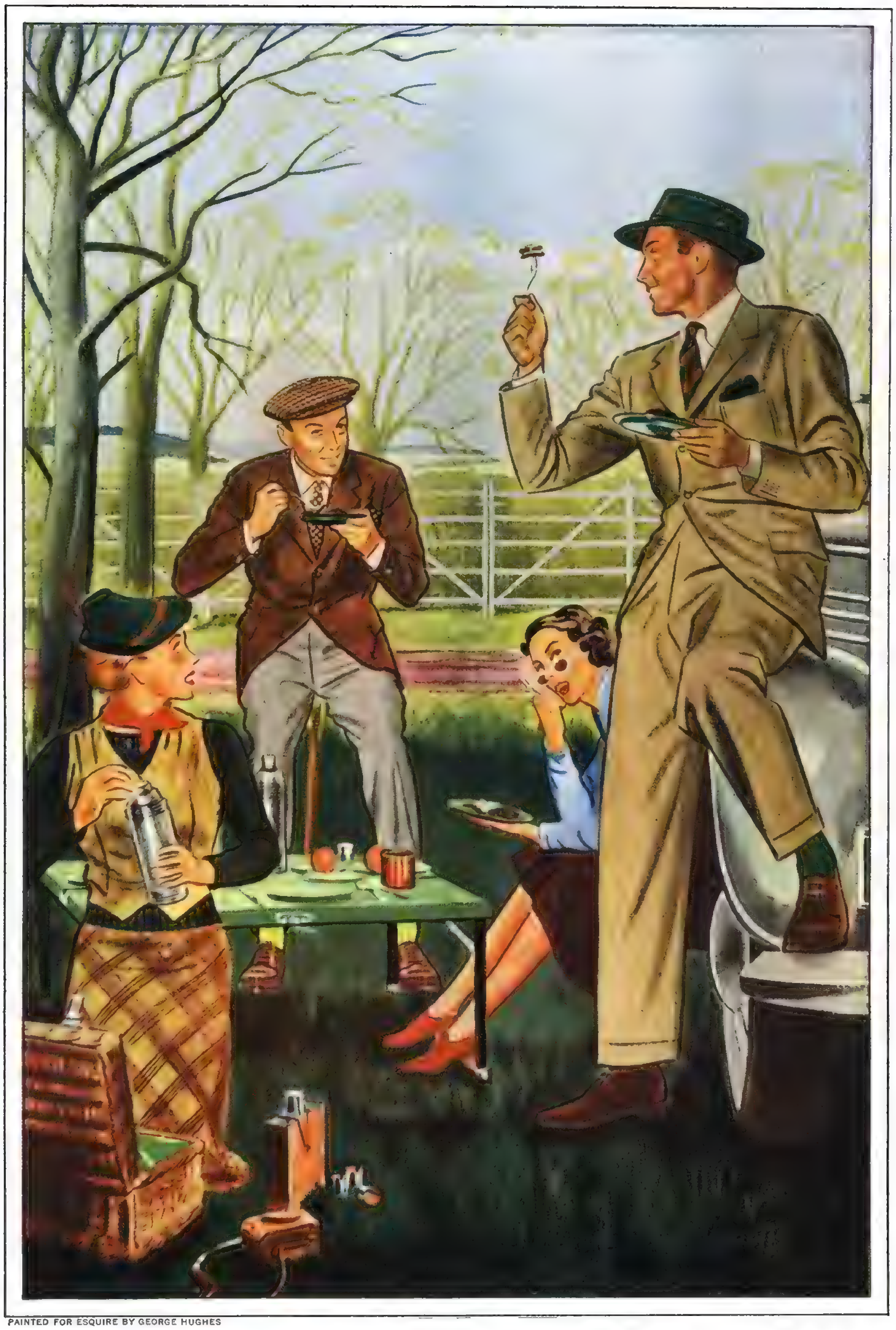

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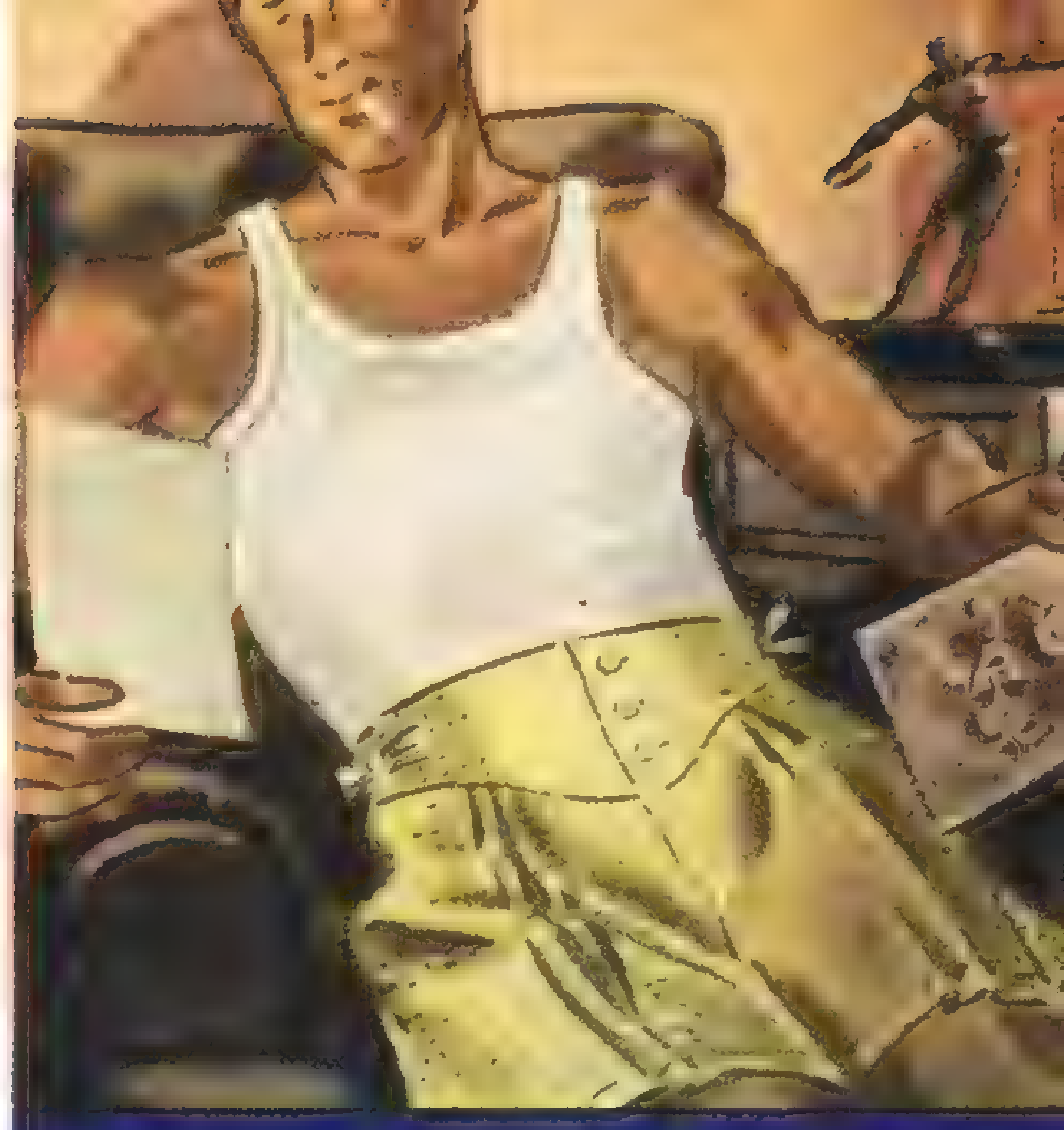
ADVICE FROM A STRICTLY NEUTRAL CORNER

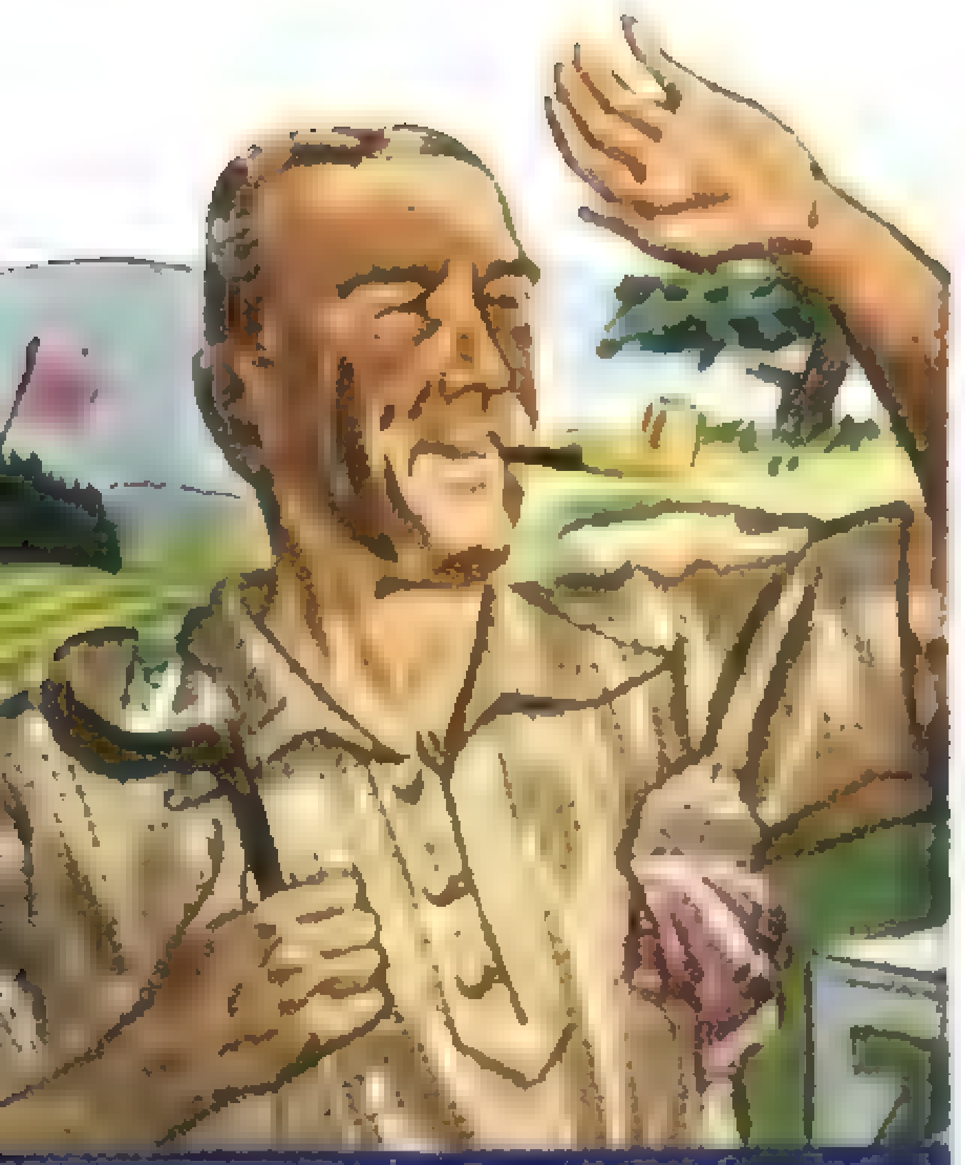
YOU'LL be glad to learn that picnics, perhaps being considered battle royals, do not come under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, and no sane fashion expert will go out on a limb far enough to tell you with any degree of coherency what to wear for them. But if you must go on a picnic you must wear something, and these two suggestions are as good as any. The man in the background wears a single breasted homespun tweed jacket (note that the two top buttons are fastened), grey slacks, ivory colored lounge collar oxford shirt, checked wool tie, brown checked flat-top tweed cap, lisle hose and Norwegian model brogue shoes. The other man wears the popular natural colored gabardine suit with patch pockets, white oxford shirt with button down collar, striped tie, green pork pie hat, lightweight wool hose and reversed calf turf boots. With the exception of the countrified shoes, this outfit is correct for town wear.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

For day and night smartness— B.V.D.

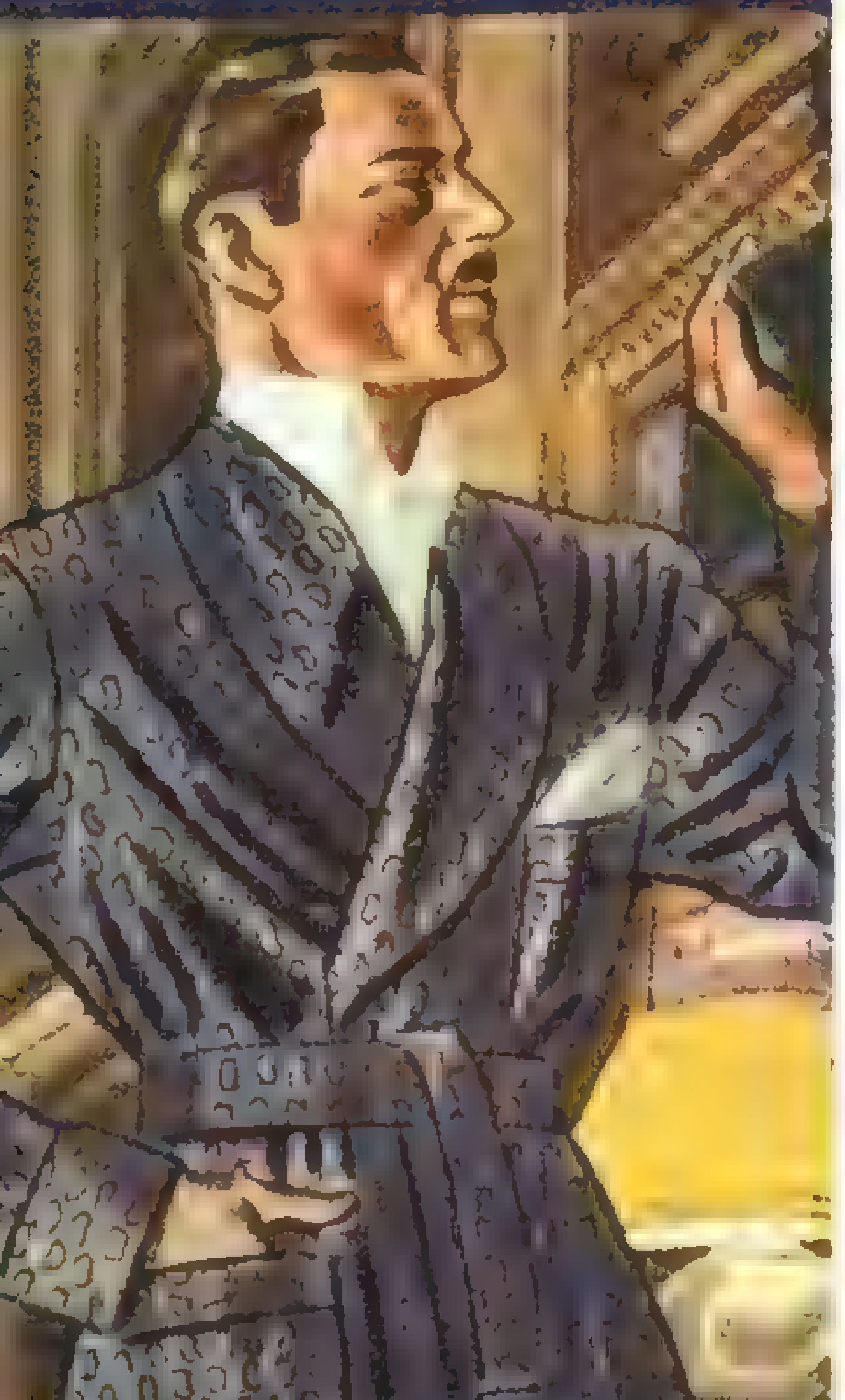


B. V. D. "*Feather Mesh" shorts let the body breathe—and thanks to their patented "All-Ways Stretch"—they're as supple as your skin. 50¢ up. Pullover shirt—barely 2 ounces—50¢ up.



Above—a cool, comfortable shirt—B. V. D.'s "*Feather Mesh" Ruggers with patented "Spring-Action Back" $1.

Below—Neckwear patterns inspired the Cravat Print robe by B. V. D.—$2.50. Pajamas $2 and up. Shorts 50¢ up.



WE'LL LET the pictures tell the exciting story of the new B. V. D.'s! For they show, firsthand—the bold originality, the masculine patterns, the modern styling that stamps every B. V. D. fashion as definitely as the famous red-lettered label of B. V. D.!

Visit your favorite store and you'll find scores of luxurious patterns such as the mannish "Harlequin Prints." You'll find, too, that you can choose a completely matched ensemble of pajamas, shorts and robe in nearly any pattern you like. Another B. V. D. innovation is the new versatility of "*Ruggers" by B. V. D. These celebrated shirts are now *all-purpose* shirts. Wear "Ruggers"—in their new fabrics and patterns—to business, evening engagements, the country, the beach, as well as for active and spectator sports this Summer.

And when you inspect the new B. V. D.'s—examine the cool "Sheer Comfort" and "*Feather Mesh," "Q-Cumber Cloth" and "*Feather Pongee" shirts, shorts, "*Ruggers," pajamas and robes—they chill the hottest heat wave!

Go B. V. D. this Summer—for smarter, happier days and nights—for sensible comfort and economy!

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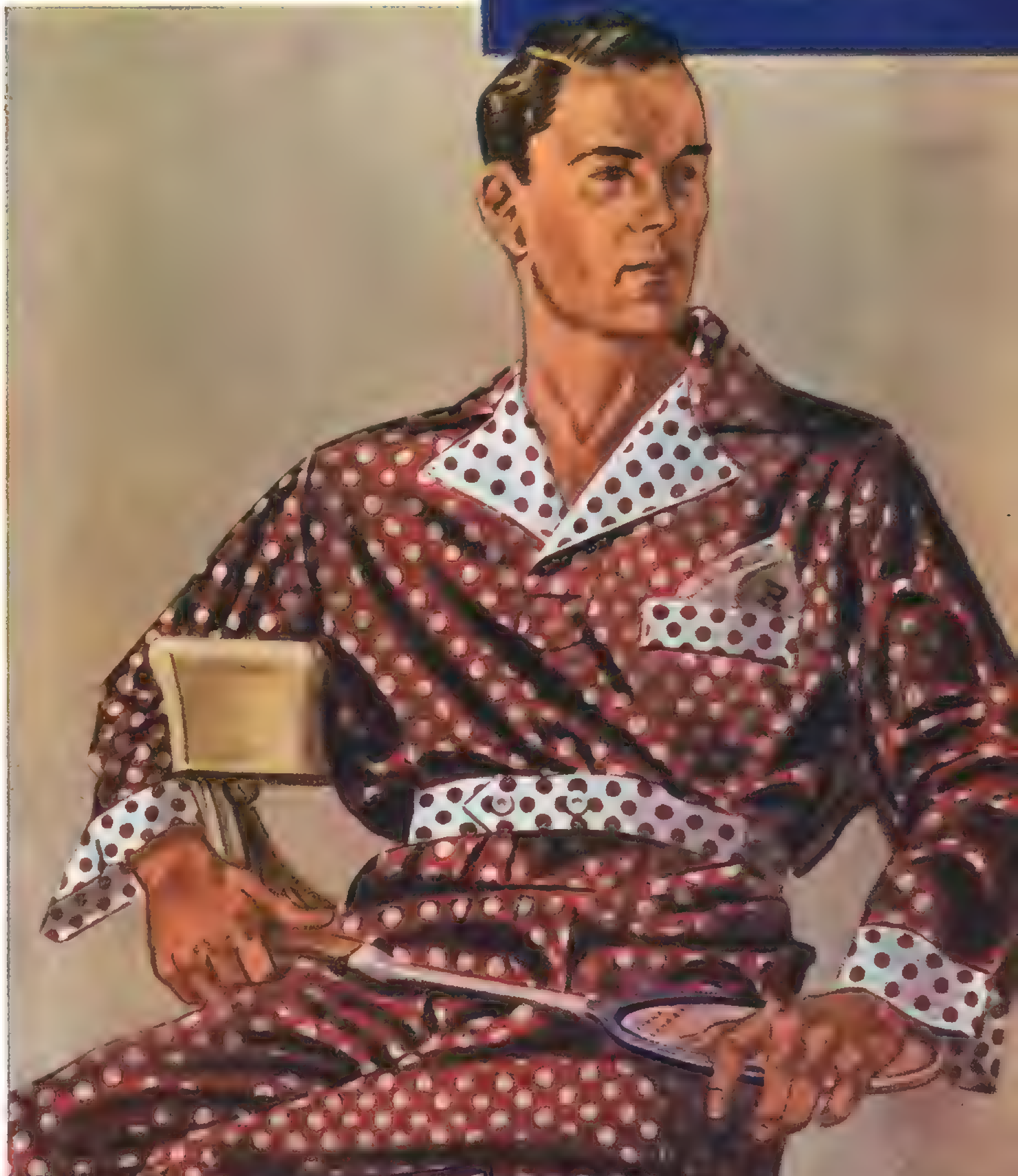

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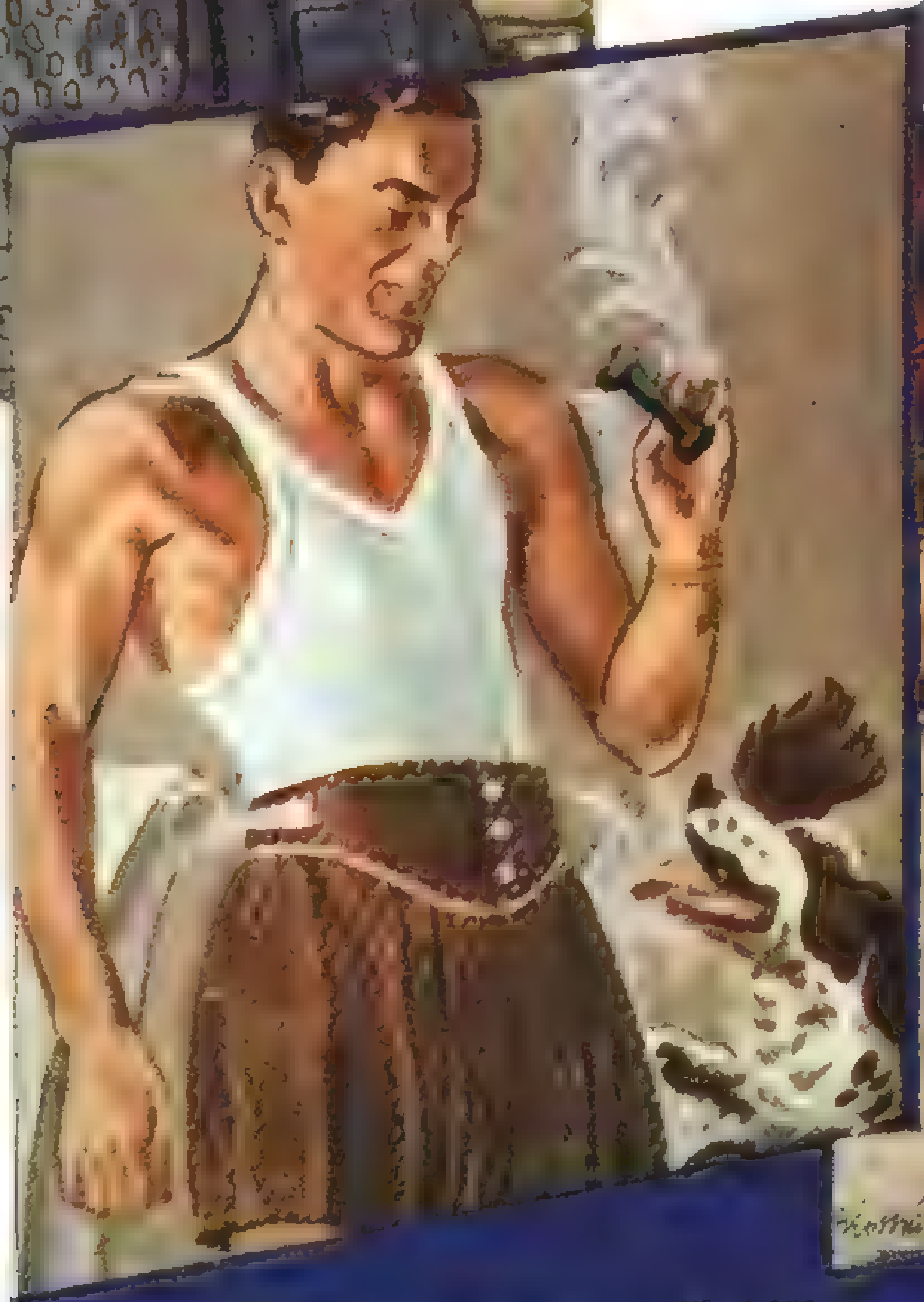
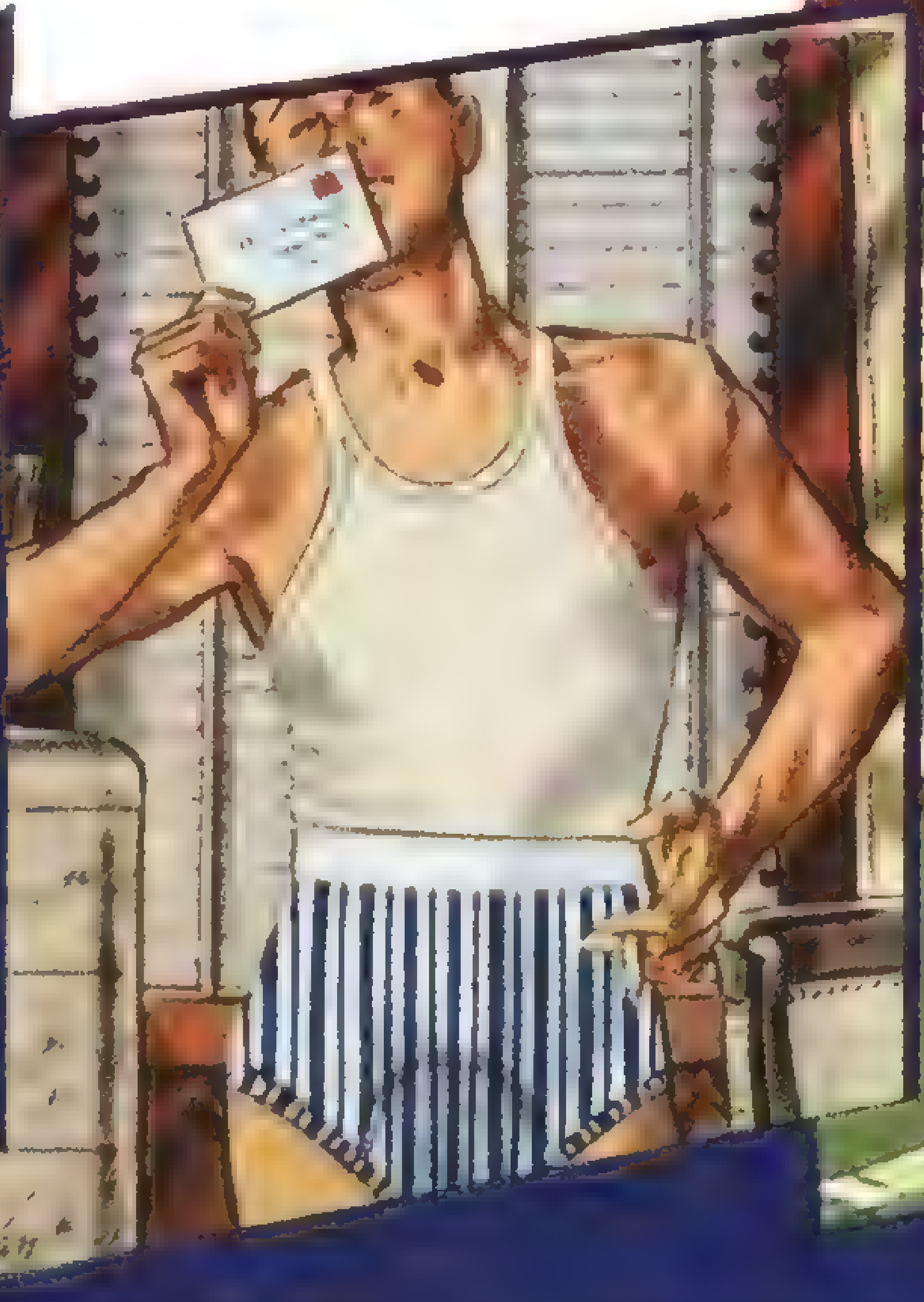
Above—The gentleman is wearing B.V.D. pajamas in the new, masculine Harlequin Prints—a pattern you can choose in any of six striking color combinations. Pajamas $2 up. Robes to match $2.50. Shorts with patented "All-Ways Stretch" seat 50¢ up.



Cool as a northwind is B.V.D.'s "*Feather Pongee" short in this exclusive Diamond Dot pattern. Has patented "All-Ways Stretch" seat. Exclusive V Neck shirt 50¢ up.



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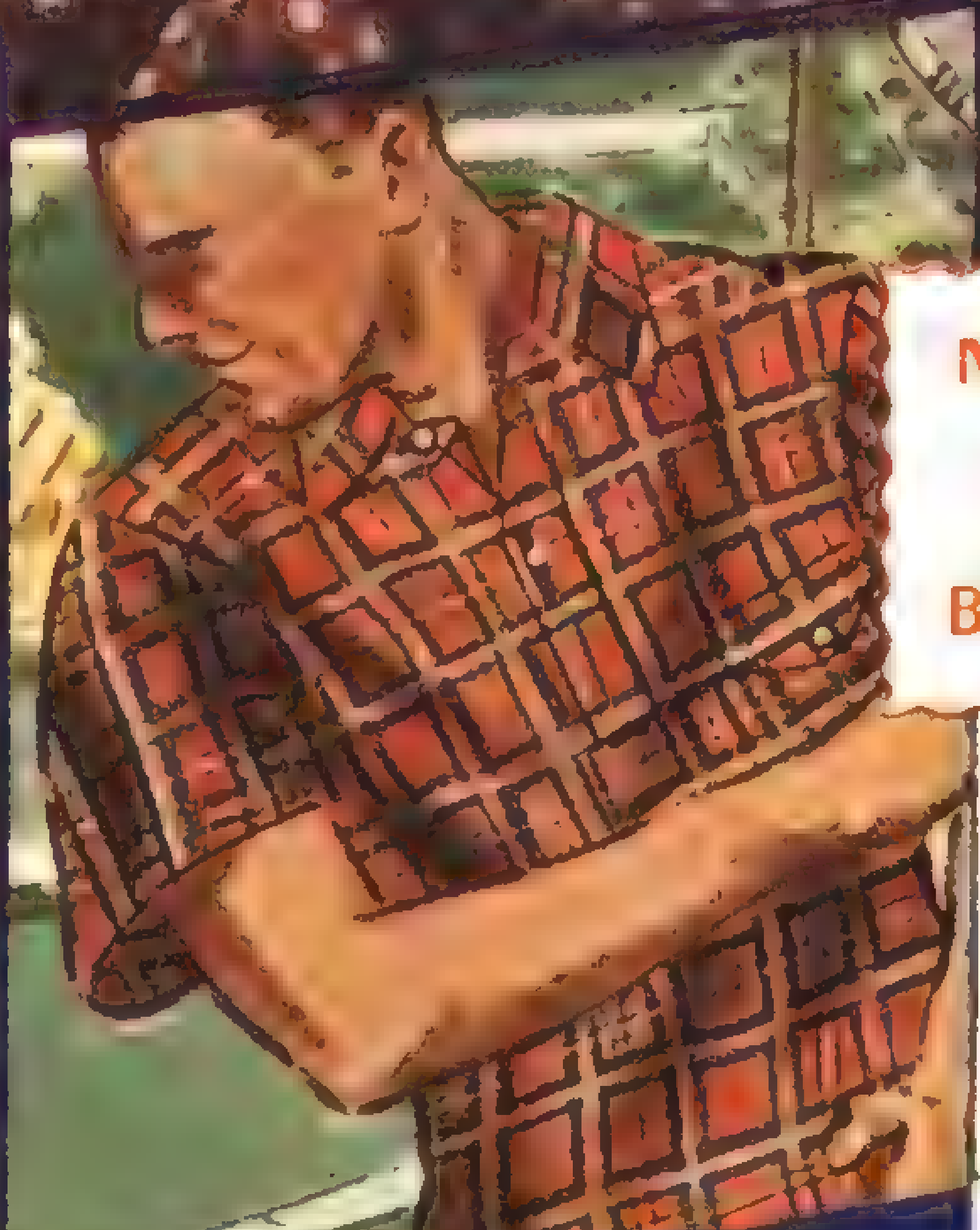

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PINAUD
PARIS

The Goat Is in the Corn

Continued from page 90

supposed to dwell in the barn all winter and come out again in the spring in time for harvest. To make these folkways, which once were religious ones, more vivid, it became the custom to take the last, or Goat sheaves, and from them brew the beer which was to be saved over until the time of planting. Owing to a lack of refrigeration, beer had to be brewed in one season. This barley was the choicest grain and great care went into the ritual of its preparation. When properly brewed, it was put in a huge cask and stored in a cave, usually near the water. In the spring it was brought out and carted to the fields. After the seed grain had all been sown, the cask was broken open, a libation poured onto the ground, and the sowers took the rest. The "Goat was in the Corn" again, and if the gods were kind, there would ensue a fine harvest. This aged beer, of course, was stronger than the beer that was consumed with the daily meals or at the tavern, so it is little wonder that the festival carried down the ages.

So, when you lift your glass of foaming bock, you are really following out the pattern of some far-off sire, maybe on the heathered fields of Scotland, the lush fields of Saxony, the banks of Horace's gentle Arno, the myrtle groves of Greece or, who knows, the plains that are lapped by the Mother Nile. It is an old and noble custom—as old as man.

By the time the Pilgrims had grown tired of the old folks at home and started out in the *Mayflower*, beer was being shipped to the new country. But as the sailings were irregular then and the supply of beer a problem, brewers were brought over to brew the native grains. In Pennsylvania, William Penn, the Quaker, opened the first brewery in 1683. Old Sam Adams, who raised so much hell around Boston with the English tax collectors, was a brewer. So was Israel Putnam who gave a good account of himself later. Washington brewed most of the beer he used on his estate, with Martha overseeing the difficult part of the work. But up until the time of the Civil War, beer was a "small" drink. Then with the building of our transcontinental railroads and the necessity for great numbers of laborers, the consequent immigration brought over millions of those accustomed to beer. The American brewery business then began in seriousness.

Up to this time beer was still a matter of the gods and how they felt toward mankind. Hops were introduced in beer-making about the sixteenth century, but the main principles were the same as when Pharaoh drained his mug. The good and bad spirits hovered over the brew and decided the result according to who was the stronger. Hence all the care and ritual in brewing. The dwarfs that still adorn the German beer places are a relic of the little men who persuaded the barley to malt. Van Leeuwenhoek, at the end of the seventeenth century, studied brewer's yeast under a microscope. But it remained for Louis Pasteur, in 1876, to discover that it was yeast, and not the goat, that caused fermentation. It was learned that "wild" yeast found its way through the air to the brewer's yeast, and often caused bad fermentations and conditions that were not anticipated. It was while the great Pasteur was looking for a way to safeguard brewer's yeast that he worked out his theory of pasteurization.

To this correspondent, when he is following through the processes of beverage making in any of the great establishments in this country, the business of yeast is one of the most mystifying. He can readily understand how the ancients thought it was pure magic. In breweries and in wineries, you will see the yeast in little tiled cells, under lock and key. For each concern is proud of its yeast's family tree and takes every precaution that it lead a normal, happy life without care and away from disturbing elements.

The making of beer, on paper, is simple. Barley is malted (made to sprout by heat), so that it can break down the starches in the corn and turn them into sugar. The malt is mixed with hot water, then the liquid, or wort, drawn off. Hops are now added and the liquid boiled again. Then it is cooled by passing through iced pipes and the sacred yeast is added. The yeast working on the sugar gives the small quantity of alcohol in beer.

The making, scientifically, however, is a different matter. With the introduction of mechanical refrigeration, beer can now be brewed at all times and is not a seasonal thing. It is no longer necessary to roll the barrels into river-bank caves. And as the scientists made advances with the life of the yeast, they also began to study all the factors and ingredients. At every step in the six weeks that it takes to brew a bottle of beer, there are exact scientific methods employed.

Ale, which had its greatest use in England, came from the commerce of the British Empire. In shipping beer around the Cape to India, it was found that very little of it weathered the trip. So a stronger beer was brewed, called India ale. If you have ever encountered an English winter you will know why the Britisher preferred his ale to beer. He needed more internal fortification than his brother in the warmer climes. Ale goes back to the beginnings of Britain. In the Chaucerian days there were occasions known as Church Ales, days when the farmers paid their tithes to the church in gallons of ale, long a counter of commerce and trade.

Through long use it has become

Continued on page 187

The Chicago Daily News Building

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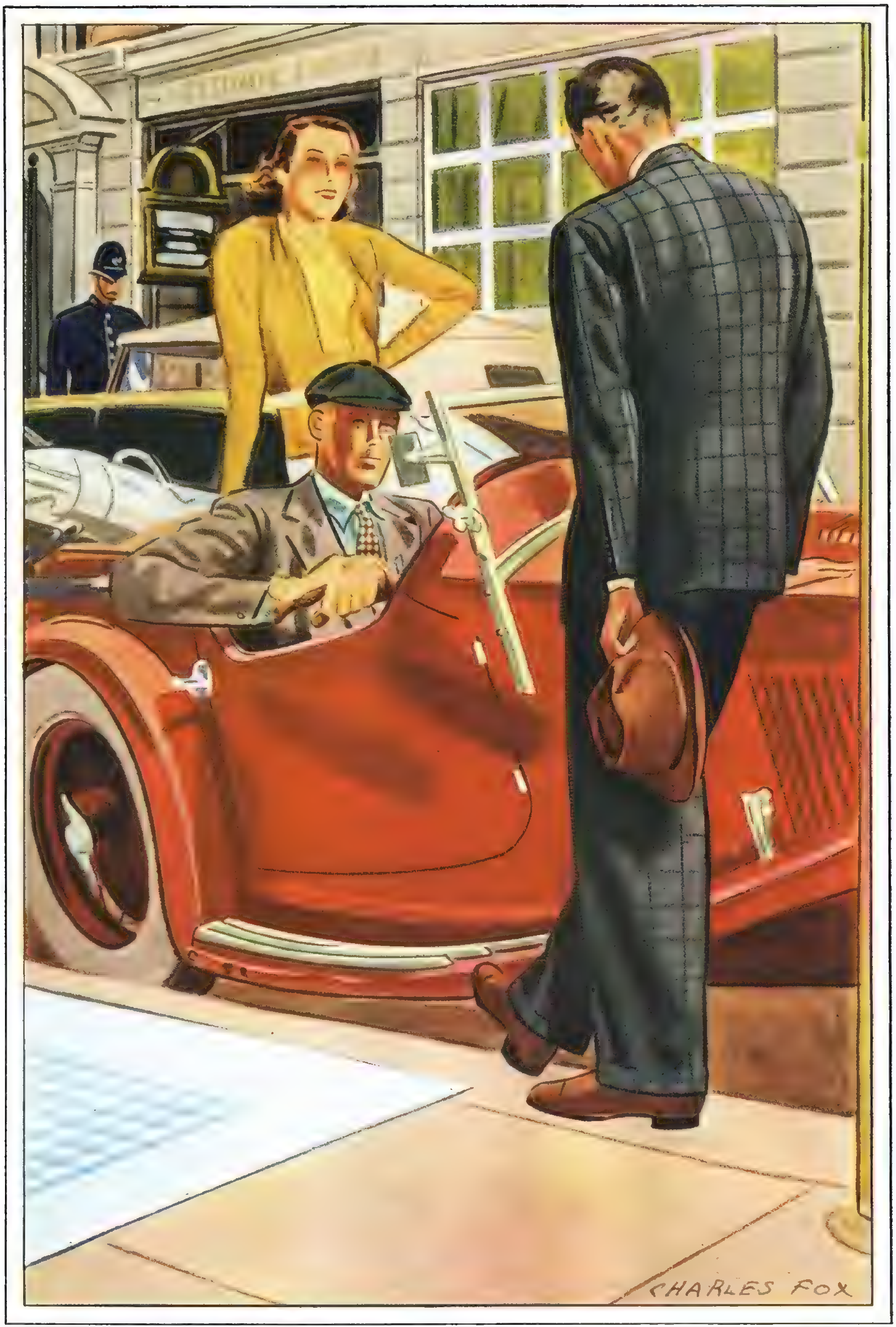


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND BY CHARLES FOX

A SIP AHEAD OF TIME AT FASHION'S FONT

WHEN it comes to trends in dress, the nearer you are to England the nearer you are to what will shortly be new and smart in the upper reaches of the fashion spiral in this country. And this page is nestled right in the heart of the fashion-wise little isle. The undergraduate in the car wears, among other things, a fawn colored Shetland tweed jacket, oxford shirt with lounge collar attached and wool tie. Special attention is called to the small shape varsity cap which was introduced in Scotland last year, meeting with immediate success among sportsmen here, and to the driving gloves with pigskin palms and chamois backs. A new trend in country wear is the single button on the cuff of the sleeve. The other student wears a lightweight cheviot suit, brown Cavalier hat, and reversed calf town shoes. The suit is in the British Blade model and we get a good view of its added comfort at the back.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Goat Is in the Corn

Continued from pages 90-184

England's wine of the country.

As beer and ale are on the food side, they have become identified with eating. A great many venerable recipes for the use of beer have been brought out and are finding their proper place in the culinary scheme of things after the great drought. Some of the more famous are appended herewith so that you may try out your skill.

* * *

Beer Smothered Celery

Nice celery—washed and blanched. Slice some carrots and onions—add little thyme and bayleaf. Place celery on top with 4 cups of beer—covered with a little veal fat—season and put to boil. Place a piece of paper and cover on pot—cook in oven—medium hot—for 40 minutes. Remove fat—dress celery. Reduce the stock—strain and pour over top of celery.

Potato Salad—Beer Dressing

6 medium sized potatoes
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
½ cup finely diced celery
Lettuce

Dressing

1 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter
3 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons cold water
2 teaspoons dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of cayenne
½ cup cold beer

Cook potatoes in rapidly boiling salted water until tender. Drain and peel. Cut into small cubes. Make a marinade of remaining ingredients. Turn over warm potatoes and let stand until thoroughly cooled. Heap in lettuce cups. Heat milk with butter. Mix cornstarch to paste with cold water. Add to milk with seasonings. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick. Cool. Add beer slowly, beating until smooth. Force through a sieve if necessary. Serve on potato salad. Approximate yield: 6 portions.

Beer Cabbage Slaw

1 medium sized head of cabbage
1 green pepper, shredded
2 tablespoons celery seed
1 teaspoon minced onion
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup mayonnaise
½ cup beer

Shred cabbage. Add green pepper, celery seed, onion and seasonings. Thin mayonnaise with beer. Add to cabbage. Toss thoroughly. Chill. Approximate yield: 6 portions.

Rarebit With Beer

1 pound good American cheese
1 cup light beer
1 egg
Dash of cayenne
1 tablespoon English mustard
½ teaspoon Worcestershire
Salt
2 tablespoons of butter

Melt butter in chafing dish or thick frying pan. Grate cheese, add, and melt very slowly. Mix seasonings in a cup with a tablespoon of beer; add egg and beat together. As the cheese melts add the beer, a little at a time, stopping when the mixture has the consistency of thick cream. Stir constantly in the same direction. The melting and stirring in of the beer should take at least half an hour. Be careful that it never bubbles. When perfectly smooth, stir in the egg. The cheese mixture should be hot enough so that the egg thickens it slightly. Pour over toasted crackers or slices of thin toast on very hot plates.

Baked Spanish Eggs

Fry 3 tablespoons chopped onion, and 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper in 4 tablespoons butter until slightly brown, then pour into a baking dish. Break 6 eggs into this dish, being careful not to break the yolks. Mix ¼ cup bread crumbs with ½ cup grated cheese and sprinkle over the eggs. Cover each egg with 2 tablespoons of beer over the top. Bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are set but not hard. Serve in a baking dish.

Baked Beans

1 pound pea beans
½ pound salt pork
⅛ teaspoon celery salt
1 tablespoon brown sugar
¼ tablespoon dry mustard
1 clove of garlic
2 tablespoons molasses
½ cup tomato juice
½ teaspoon Worcestershire
1 large onion
Pinch cayenne pepper
½ cup beer

Pick over the beans, cover with cold water and soak for 24 hours. Drain, cover with fresh water, heat slowly, keeping water below the boiling point at all times. Cook until the skins begin to burst. Test by taking a few beans on a spoon and blowing on them—if sufficiently cooked, the skins will burst. Drain beans and place in a bean pot. Scald and scrape pork. Put one strip in the bottom of the bean pot and save the remainder for the top. Mash the garlic clove—mix with the brown sugar, molasses, mustard, Worcestershire, celery salt and cayenne pepper; add the tomato juice and pour over the beans. Cover bean pot and bake 8 hours—375° F. When the beans have been baking for 4 hours, add ½ cup of beer. Uncover the last hour of baking, that rind may become brown and crisp.

Shrimps in Beer

4 cups beer
3 shallots
2 whole onions (sliced)
3 ounces butter
2 pounds raw shrimps
Sprig of parsley
Bay leaf
Celery
1 tablespoon flour

Cook the beer with the onions, shallots, bay leaf, parsley, celery, for about 15 minutes; add peeled shrimps to the broth and cook for about 15 more minutes; season with salt and pepper. Remove the parsley bouquet and bind the sauce with the butter and flour which has been prepared into a pomade.

Fish in Dark Beer

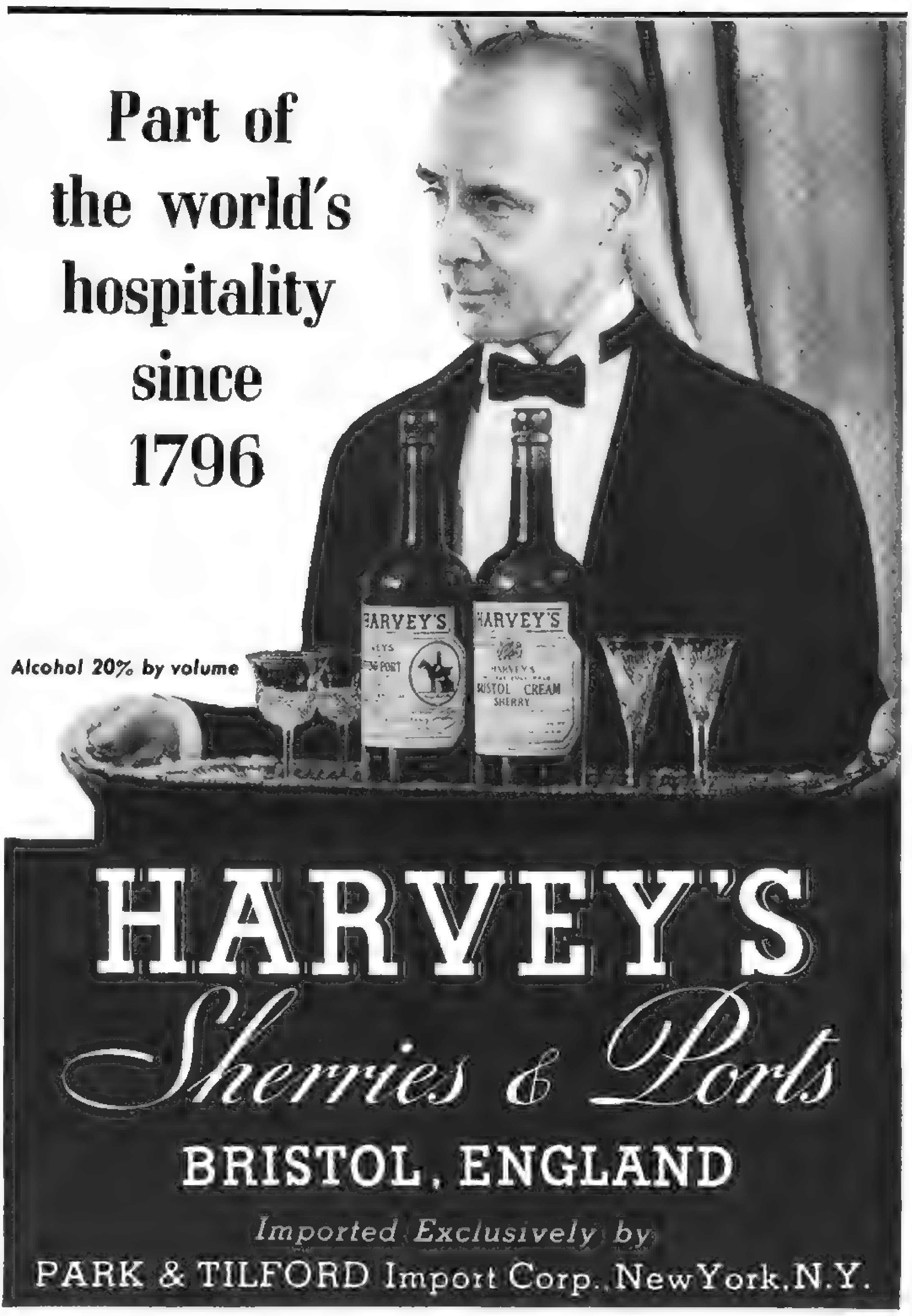
3 pounds of fish (Carp, pike or bass. In winter, large fat pickerel.)
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 chopped onions (large size)
4 tablespoons of butter
2 tablespoons of flour
2 cups of dark beer
2 tablespoons of brown sugar
5 peppers (whole)
2 ground cloves
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Clean and scale fish, cut in three-inch slices. Brown onion in butter, add flour and cook for three minutes. Add beer and all other ingredients except the vinegar. Boil this sauce to the thickness of thin cream and put fish slices into it and continue boiling till the fish is well done. Finally add vinegar and continue boiling for another two minutes. Pour sauce through strainer and serve separately.

Bachelors' Repeal Steak

1 thick Porterhouse steak
Olive oil
Salt
Pepper
2 cups beer
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 pound fresh button mushrooms

Continued at top of page 188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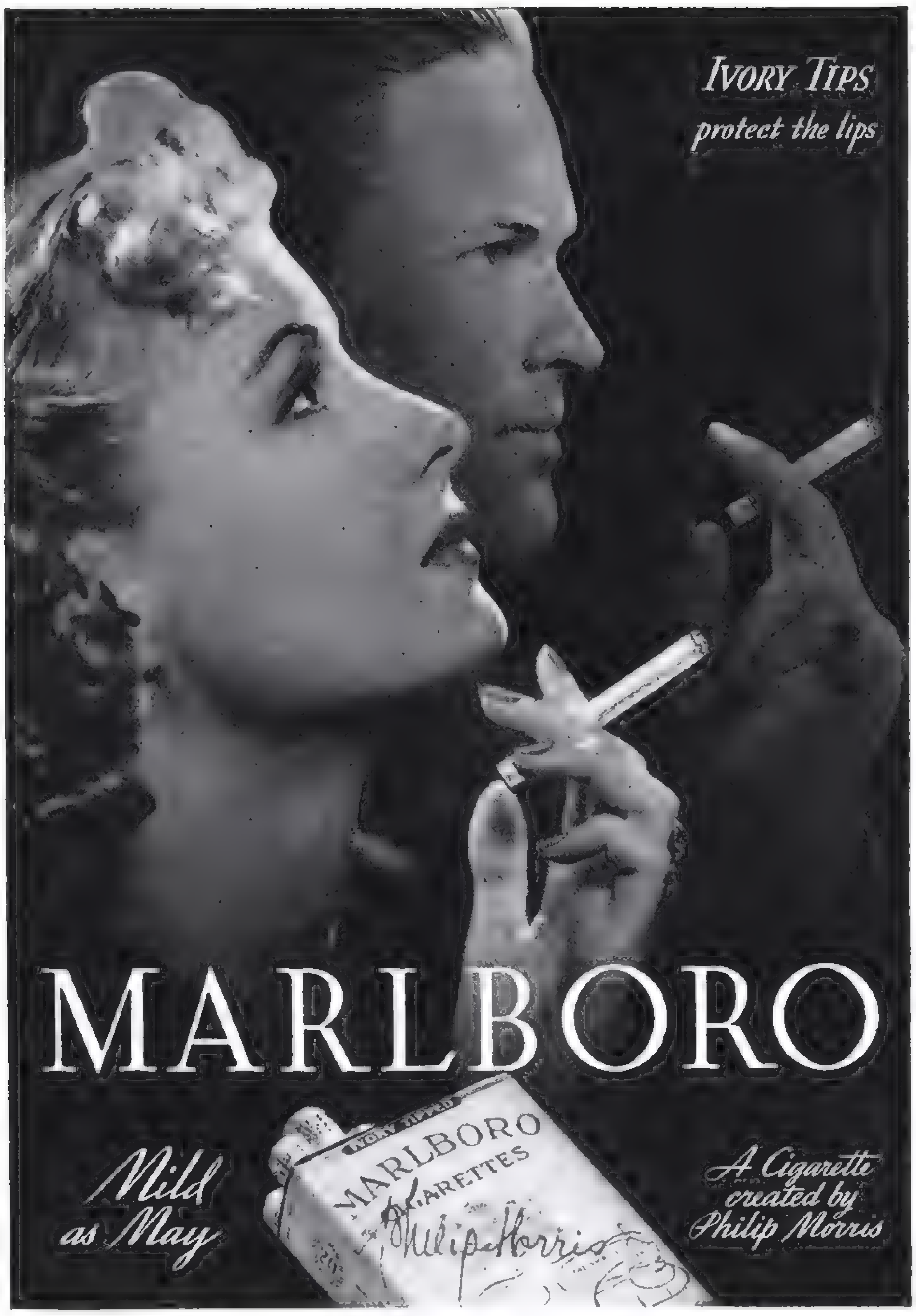

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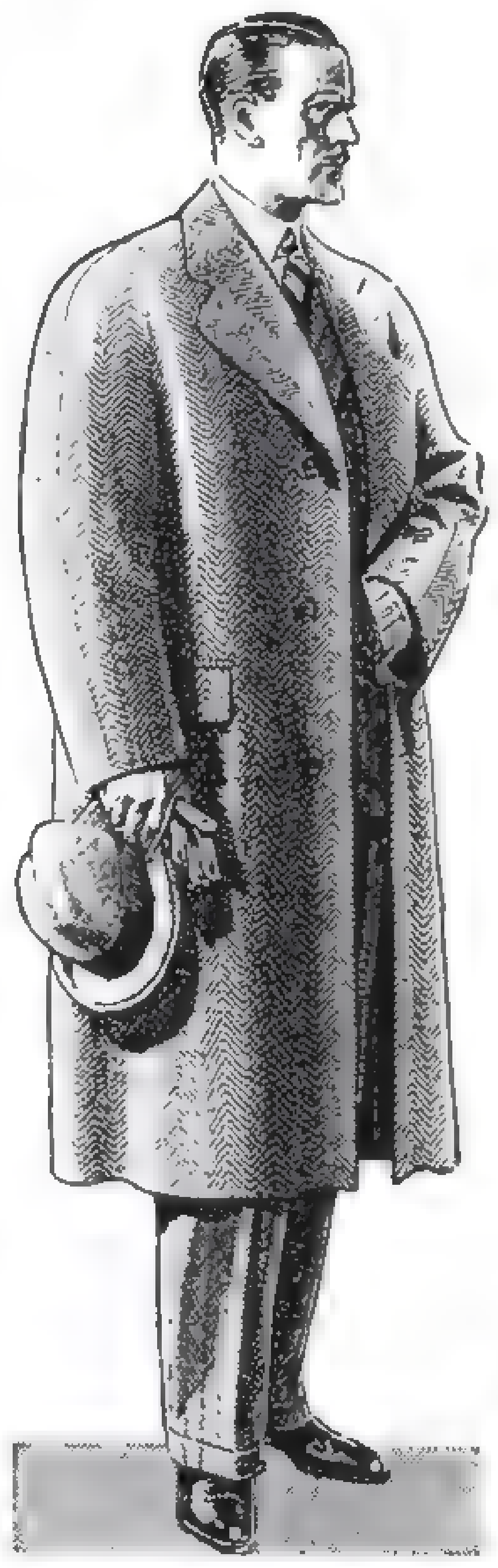

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BURBERRYS
LONDON

The Goat Is in the Corn

Continued from pages 90-184-187

Method: Marinate steak in oil, season on both sides and broil to desired doneness. A few minutes before the steak is done, fry mushrooms in butter, season with salt and pepper, add flour, then steak juice from broiler pan and beer. Stir well while cooking, let come to a boil, then pour over steak and serve.

BEER CHEESE CAKE

1½ pounds dry cheese
4 eggs
3 ounces butter
4 ounces sugar
2 ounces flour
3 ounces currants—raisins
⅔ cup beer
Grated rind of 1 lemon

Rub the cheese through a sieve—add the eggs, sugar and other ingredients—melt the butter. Add the beer—mixed with the flour, currants, and raisins. Line a pan, 8 x 3, with ordinary pie dough. Spread the mixture evenly in the pan and bake in a medium hot oven for 1½ hours.

BRAISED CAPON—TAVERN STYLE

A nice capon of 7 pounds—cleaned and ready to roast—well seasoned. Place it in a special deep braise pan with 2 carrots and 2 onions sliced. Add some lard and braise for 1 hour and 30 minutes in medium hot oven—basting from time to time with the pan grease.

When ready—remove the capon and ⅔ of the pan grease. Add 3 tablespoons of flour and 4 cups of excellent beer. Put the capon back in the braise pan—braise again for 20 minutes.

Dress capon—strain the sauce—rectify seasoning.

Serve very hot.

HAM IN BEER

1 8-pound ham
Cloves
½ cup brown sugar firmly packed
1 tablespoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 glasses of beer

Cover ham with cold water. Bring slowly to a boiling point. Simmer for three hours. Remove from water. Skin. Score fat in diamond shapes, and stud with cloves. Make a paste of sugar, mustard and vinegar. Pour over ham. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 1½ hours, basting frequently with beer. Approximate yield: 24 portions. The juice of the basting on the ham can be made into a delicious sauce to be served on the ham when sliced.

CASSEROLE MEAL

4 tablespoons chopped onion
4 tablespoons cooking oil
1 green pepper finely chopped
3 cups leftover meat ground
1½ teaspoons salt
1 cup beer
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup fine bread crumbs
2 eggs
1 can whole kernel corn
3 tomatoes, peeled and sliced

Brown the onion, green pepper and meat in the cooking oil. Add salt and pepper. When cool add beaten eggs. Oil a casserole; arrange above ingredients in layers with half the corn, the meat, the sliced tomatoes, the other half of the corn. Pour the beer over and then cover with the bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 45 minutes. Some grated cheese may be mixed with the crumbs if desired. ⧻

The Police Reporter Drinks

Continued from page 85

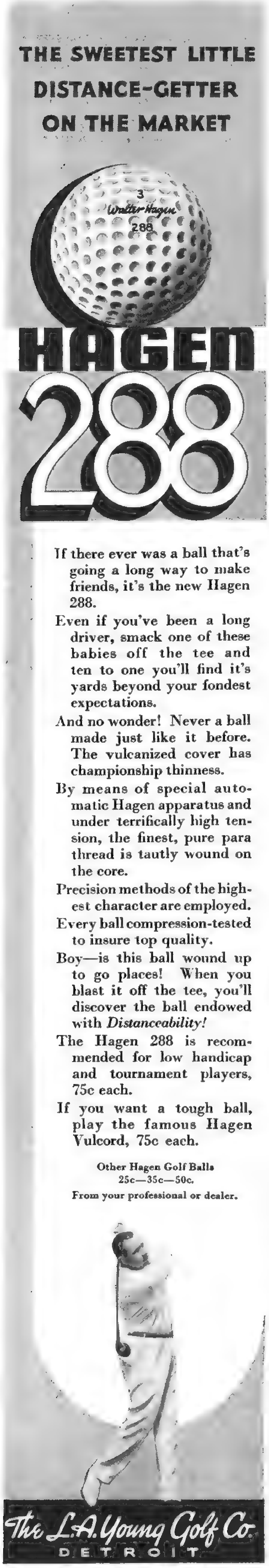
knows. They were raided on the possibility, often probability such raids would make news. It is true that in the name of justice the offices as a general rule should be raided. However the police reporter is not concerned with justice, he is concerned with the one thing—news. News is all that concerns his editors also. It was the hope of news that made the reporter argue with the chief of police, or district attorney, or captain of detectives, whoever the official might be, the offices should be raided as a smart move on the official's part, a move which would bring justice to a head, a move which would make a hit with the public. Moreover it does make a hit with the public. You can tell it by the newspaper sales. Everyone is satisfied except the victim and no one has much sympathy for him anyhow.

Many times the reporter is acting on direct instructions from his office. No newspaper editor expects the public to keep on buying papers carrying the same news. There must be something new every edition. The raid gives a new angle to the story. For the next edition—well, human ingenuity is always able to dig up something.

Few people realize, perhaps do not care about, the influence of the daily press and its representatives upon their lives. The police reporter may talk the police judge into dishing out heavier fines to the less fortunate traffic violators. That catches lots of people. A traffic safety campaign makes fair news and leads the readers to believe the paper is responsible for such a campaign. The paper is responsible, of course, but the campaign ends as soon as it is removed from the front page back in the vicinity of the ad section. The paper is responsible for the ending of the campaign, too. If the judge does not see his name on the front page in a safety campaign story every day he will be damned if he is going to inflict heavy fines at the cost of his total on the election tally sheet. But in the meantime John Citizen is tagged for a traffic violation and is fined ten dollars instead of the usual five. He goes away little realizing he can directly blame the police reporter of the newspaper for which he pays from sixty-five cents to one dollar a month for the increase.

He can get as stiff as a board behind the wheel of his automobile some weeks and escape with a warning from the police officer, but on other weeks he will be tossed into jail charged with driving while intoxicated. He can blame the police reporter for this. Only this time it will be a newspaper campaign against driving while drunk.

Some of the things for which the police reporter, acting on his own initiative or on direct instructions from his office, is responsible, unquestionably reflect to the good of the community. But the good of the community be hanged if it happens to stand in the way of



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realizing the supreme ambition of the press—news. How many times has the daily press published crime stories which placed the police under a handicap and allowed the criminal to escape? Pick up your daily paper and scan the crime stories. Somewhere among them you will find a story portraying police plans with such detail the hunted man would have to be blind as well as dumb not to effect his getaway. Some smart police reporter talked some enthusiastic officer out of the story, the officer being enthusiastic mainly about getting his name in the paper. He gets it, the reporter gets the story, the criminal escapes—everyone is happy except the public, and the public does not seem to care much so long as it can read an interesting story in the paper.

The public would care, however, if it knew that increased fines could be laid at the door of the reporter. It does not know. It just accepts it as bad nature on the part of the police judge and lets it go at that perhaps with the fleeting thought it will vote for someone else at the next election.

Not only is John Q. Citizen the victim of the police reporter. Sometimes even the chief of police falls in that category through complaints to the mayor or through literary chicanery in the handling of news stories. In one city where I worked a new chief of police had just been appointed. The police reporters gathered in the assembly room at police headquarters to hear his premier address to the police organization as a whole. The new chief of police threw all of the police reporters out without even giving a thought to their protests. He told them what he had to say to the department was none of their business, nor the business of the press or public. He had the peculiar idea police business should have some semblance of secrecy at least. Throwing the police reporters out on such an occasion had much the same effect on the press *God Save the King* would have at a convention of Irish Republicans.

The boys promptly set out to get him, and get him they did, within the next three months. It was during the noble experiment and the new chief desired to see that the prohibition laws were enforced. He made his error in taking time from his office to personally see that bootleggers were arrested. He liked to head raiding squads. The boys in the pressroom learned this, and it was a weapon in their hands, proving later a very effective weapon. At last the time came. Out heading one of his raiding squads the chief was absent from his office when a bank was stuck up for $40,000. The police reporters went to town on this. They variously started their stories something like this:

"While Chief of Police Doakes was heading a raiding squad in a raid at 222 A Street today, bandits held up the First National Bank and escaped with $40,000."

This didn't make much of a hit with anyone, particularly the bankers. A few more stories of this sort and delegations began to call on the mayor. There was a conference between the mayor and the chief. The police reporters were not allowed in on this conference either. They did not have to be. They knew what it was all about. The chief resigned.

Some police reporters are far from loath to earn a little extra dough on the side. Now do not misunderstand. You could not pay one for keeping a story out of the paper, but you might be able to pay him to get a story in the paper. Suppose you are a restaurant proprietor, operating Green's Café. Officers take a criminal who is in the headlines to your restaurant. Grease the police reporter's palm and you will read that night the criminal ate at Green's Café. No grease, no café. It will simply read that Detective Lieutenant Brown took the killer to a local restaurant. That is called publicity and some newspapers allow it, generally the poorer class which expects publicity money to make up for the shortage in salary paid the police reporter. Others, I am glad to say, will fire a reporter in a minute for this sort of stuff.

Still other police reporters make extra money in more questionable pursuits. They perform as cappers for ambulance chasing attorneys, bail bond brokers, even members of the medical profession. These tradesmen, by the way, frequently see that the police reporter is recompensed for the use of their names in the sensational story of the day. Professional ethics of these gentry forbid open advertising. The capping business is slightly against the law, but minor law does not mean much to a good police reporter. A capper is one who notifies an attorney, a bail bond broker or a physician about a prospective customer. It is easy for the police reporter to get the names and addresses of these potential customers from emergency hospital and police records. There is an automobile accident for in-

Continued on page 190

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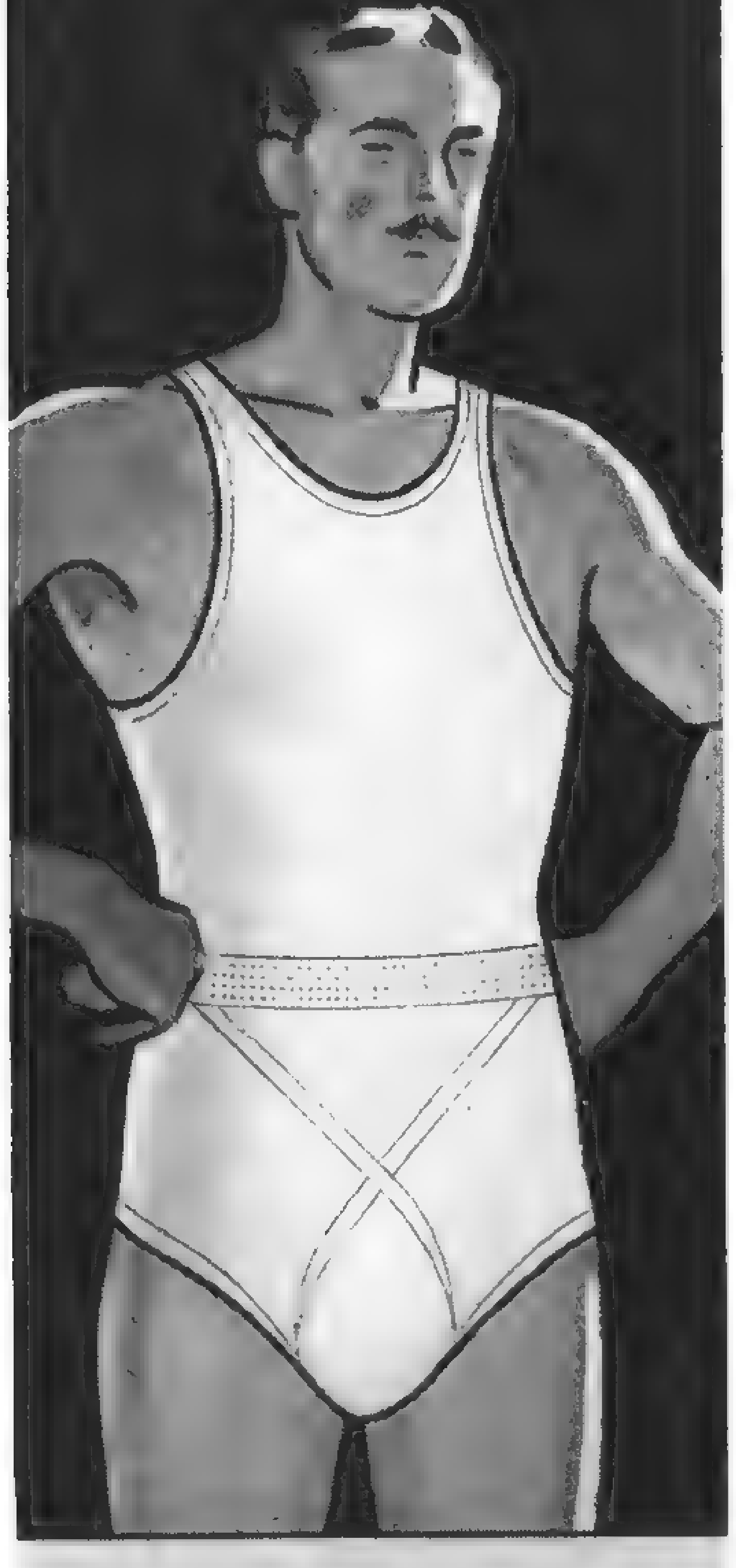

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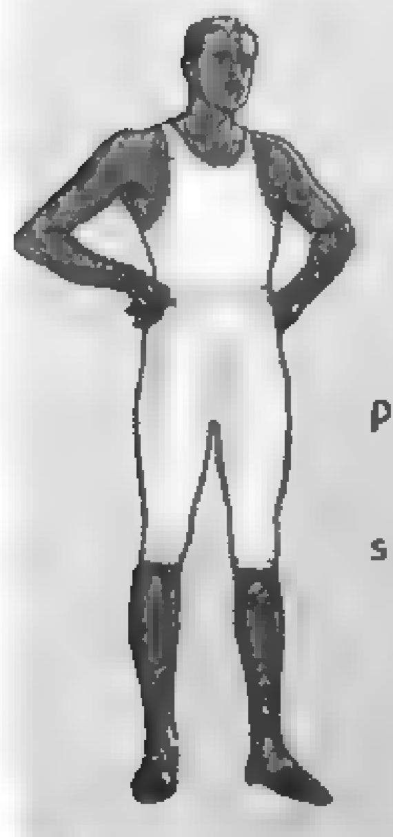

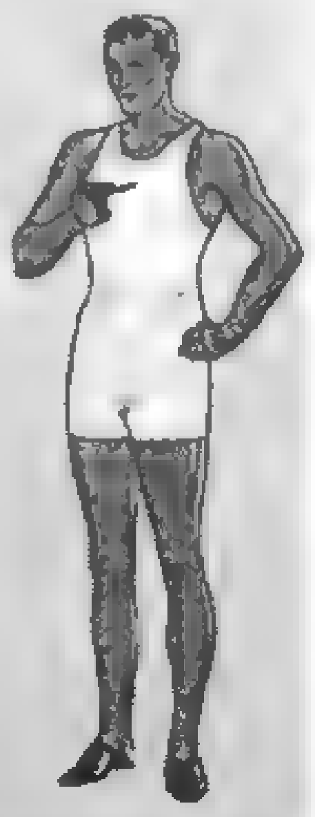

(ABOVE)
Brief Short
(LEFT)
Over-knee Length
Prevents leg perspiration from staining light summer trousers.
(RIGHT)
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DUOCRAFT
SHIRTS *and*
TWO-POINT-SUPPORT
SHORTS

(Patent applied for) Duofold, Inc., Mohawk, N. Y.

The Police Reporter Drinks

Continued from pages 85-189

stance. A patient or two are brought into the hospital, both drivers report at police headquarters. The police reporter copies down the names of the injured, the names of the drivers and then telephones the attorney giving him the details. The attorney gets in touch with the injured persons right away and talks them into bringing a damage suit against someone. In the case of an ambulance chasing physician the police reporter gives him the names of the injured. As only emergency treatment is given in emergency hospitals there is a good opportunity for the physician to pick up a little business in the form of further treatment. His fees like the attorney's are split with the reporter. Bail bond brokers are notified by the police reporter of persons booked at the jail. The bail bond broker will also give the reporter a split on the fee.

Now just because some police reporters are crooked this is no implication that all of them are tarred with the same feathers anymore than because some police officers have the itching palm, all police officers are crooked. But there are crooks among them just as there are in every walk of life.

In a large city on the West Coast there was a police reporter working in cahoots with a police judge in respect to state liquor law violations. The judge usually fined this type of violator the maximum, five hundred dollars. But if the police reporter got to the bootlegger first, things were much easier going. The violator paid the police reporter two hundred dollars, then went into court and escaped with a hundred dollar fine. The police reporter kept one hundred dollars for himself, gave one hundred dollars to the police judge. The bootlegger saved two hundred dollars as it had cost him three hundred dollars instead of the usual five hundred dollar fine. Again everyone was happy—except the taxpayer, and he didn't know anything about it. The judge, with his five hundred dollar fines in a large number of liquor cases, was in strong with the churches and prohibitionists who were responsible time after time for his re-election. In this sort of business, however, one flirts with large but somewhat confining gray walls.

Needless to say the reporter would have been reading the want ads if his office so much as suspected anything of this nature.

The average police reporter, however, is honest, if not by nature then by preference. He has seen the inside of jails and penitentiaries. He knows what these institutions are like and has not much use for them as habitations.

But it is different when it comes to getting the news. Then the most honest police reporter is capable of practicing all of the guiles of the game. The law means nothing in the continuous pursuit of the news, either to the reporter, his paper, or to the guardians of the law themselves. The police reporter can almost get away with murder if he is after the news. And God help the police officer whose stern sense of duty compels him to admonish the newsgatherer about breaking the law in the chase. He will probably be shifted "out in the sticks" the next day. A shift "out in the sticks" means the officer has been moved from his pleasant beat to some district where the work is arduous, or monotonous, at any rate unpleasant.

On the other hand the police reporter ofttimes helps the police officer in the latter's work. Everyone has heard the timeworn joke of the police officer who had to move the dead horse from University to Second Avenue because he could not spell University. He does not have to move the horse if the police reporter is with him. The reporter will spell University for him. The police reporter, adept at the typewriter, makes out his reports for him at times, does lots of things for the police officer even to putting in a plug for him with the chief.

I recall a police sergeant whom I liked very much asking me to help him get transferred to the vice squad. I was somewhat skeptical about this as I knew there must be some motive behind the request. I agreed because I liked him, and if he could keep his nose clean, he would be a good man on the squad. I spoke to the captain of detectives about it, not as a request from the officer, but merely as a suggestion from me. The captain sent the sergeant's name to the chief for a transfer to the squad. The chief was about to write out the order when an irate husband came in with a complaint. It seems the sergeant was playing around with his wife, and when he had returned unexpectedly the night before he found the sergeant. An argument naturally ensued and the sergeant knocked him down. The transfer to the vice squad was never made.

On another occasion a traffic officer came to me and wanted to be transferred from night to day duty. "The boys told me you could do it," he said to me. I talked to him and finally agreed to see what I could do. The officer was transferred without difficulty. Later he proved valuable to me in my quest for news.

A police reporter can not hang around police headquarters all day, day after day, without picking up a few bits of information which he never publishes but which he keeps in the file of his memory. When the time comes he hauls it out and hangs it like the sword of Damocles over the head of some officer from whom he is trying to pry information. It works. If someone other than a reporter attempted to bulldoze the officer in this manner he would get a punch in the nose.

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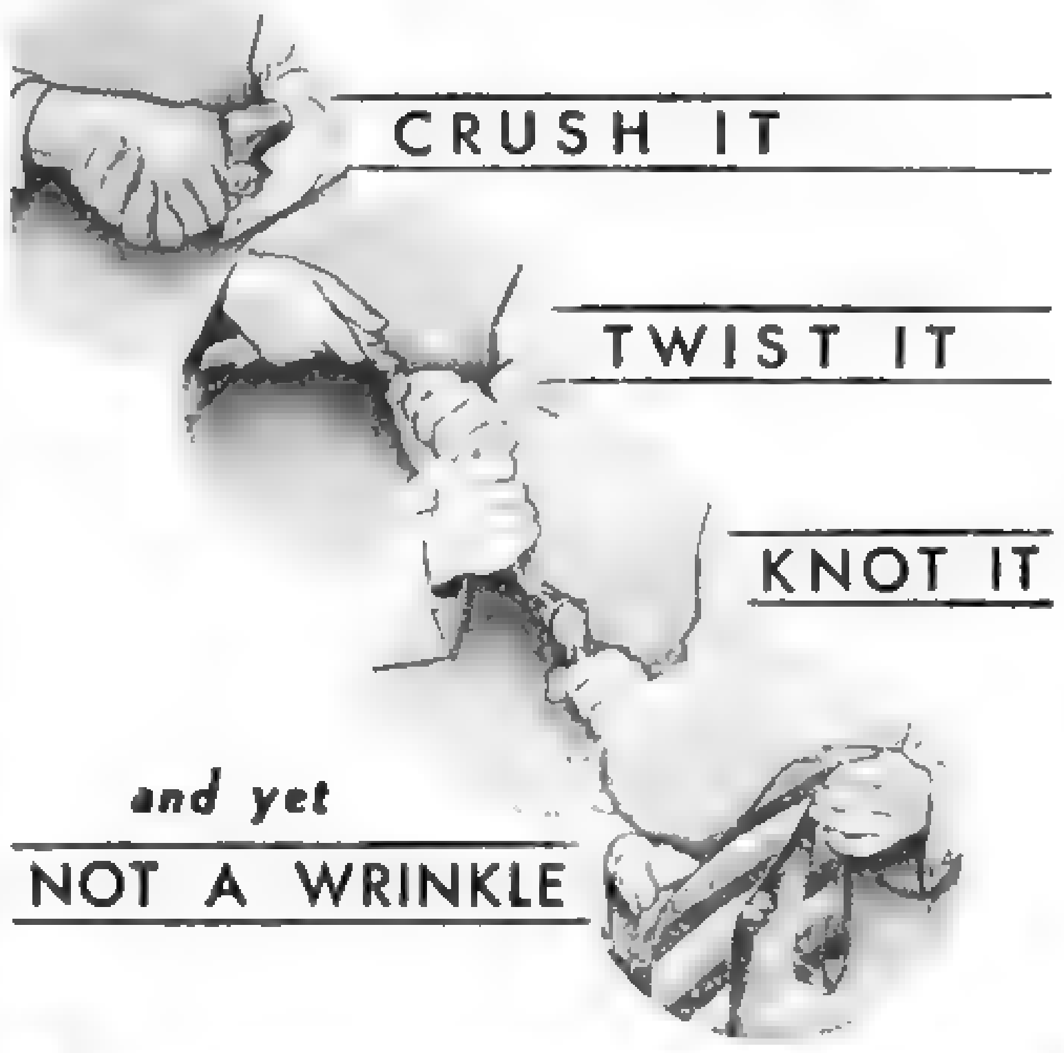

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NEW ORLEANS

world respect the powers of the police reporter. There are a few exceptions, of course, notably the Chicago incident when Jake Lingle died in the dust from a gangster's bullet. But on the whole the police reporter is more or less immune from reprisals.

Often police reporters are called upon by their editors to take the role of public stool pigeons. During prohibition many editors had the habit of sending the police reporter around to buy drinks at bootlegging dives and then publish his story including the addresses of the dives. Fortunately I was never called upon by my editors to go to such an extreme. I bought the drinks in the dives all right, but my editors never published the addresses. I might say further I bought drinks in many dives of which my editors had no knowledge. I do not know what I would have done if I had been assigned to stool-pigeon work. One must consider a job is a job, still it is a scurvy trick and I would have been between the devil and the deep, blue sea. I think now I would have resigned first. Maybe I wouldn't. I do not know. I never had to face the problem.

I know one reporter, however, who was of the type who will do anything to get in good with the boss. One of his best friends told this reporter he had just opened up a bookmaking office at some expense. The reporter, knowing the paper was death on bookmakers and also knowing his friend had a hard time making a living, bought a ticket on some nag running on one of the Eastern tracks, reported it to the city editor and wrote the story. The bookmaker closed the next day. Possibly the reporter was right on the question of public morals, but that stunt always impressed me as a little beyond the pale, a lousy trick. I heard that the reporter is a city editor now.

Police reporters cannot do these things and remain police reporters long. Even the officers get so they hate his guts. The very people from whom he must get his news turn against him and there isn't much he can do because, after all, he knows in his own heart he is a heel.

The reporter who turned in his bookmaking friend used to run into the office regularly with the news that Chinatown was wide open; that the lotteries were thick and fast. All hot and bothered the city editor would relay this information to me. All this was silly. Of course the lotteries were operating in Chinatown. I had never seen the time when they were not in operation. In my cub days I came to the realization you have as much chance of catching all the fish in the sea as you have of closing down all the lotteries in Chinatown. This is just an illustration of the inane instructions a police reporter gets from his office sometimes. I was supposed to stir up the police department so the lotteries would close.

The police reporter is also called upon to run down hot tips on automobile accidents immediately they come into his office. Of course, all automobile accidents which make a story come into police headquarters direct, but the reporter must show speed. I suppose some city editors expect the story before the accident occurs. Some printer or office boy would inform the city editor there had been a bad automobile accident at Tulare and A Streets. Promptly my telephone would ring. "Dash out and see what it is," the city editor would demand. He always said, "dash out," never "go out." Well, I would go, not dash, and when I got to the intersection find exactly nothing. I would call the city editor back whereupon he would inform me there must have been an accident, the printer had seen broken glass on the pavement. Broken glass on the pavement, therefore there must have been a couple of people killed. He knew just as well as I did that if anyone had been hurt the accident would have been reported to the police and I would have picked up the story in the routine of chasing the news. He just did not think that way. There were times while I was out on such wild goose chases something really did break, and I missed it by an hour or so, perhaps missed the chance to swipe a good picture, perhaps missed the chance for a personal interview with the parties concerned. That didn't bother him much; there was broken glass on the pavement.

In some ways city editors are as alike as peas in a pod, in others they are vastly different. When I was a cub in Los Angeles I was going on an assignment when I saw a man thrown from his motorcycle and dragged beneath a streetcar. I went to work and with some pride telephoned my office and started to give the city editor the details.

"Listen," he said in a tone that blew all the pride out of my system. "I sent you on an assignment. You fill that assignment.

Continued on page 192

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The Police Reporter Drinks

Continued from pages 85-189-191

This paper hires a police reporter to get things like this." The telephone receiver banged in my ear. That night I looked in the paper to see if the police reporter had got the story of the accident. He had, a better story than I tried to give my office.

Such a city editor is a joy and a pleasure to the police reporter. But then the boys used to say a good reporter is a reporter, but a city editor is only an incident.

One often hears in news offices that police reporting is a lazy man's job. Maybe it is and maybe it isn't. A casual glance into the pressroom in police headquarters may show you a poker game in progress, or, on the other hand, it may show you a group of men huddled over their telephones, all dictating at once. At another time you will find the pressroom deserted. It all depends. Perhaps for hours at a time the police reporters do practically nothing. But a call comes in, hell breaks loose and the work starts right now, fast, nerve wracking work, work that carries on through lunch, through dinner, with never a single moment's letdown, morbid work, the seeing and talking to persons under the stress of the strongest emotions, emotions which strip them down to their primitive selves; wounded, mangled persons, persons suddenly bereft of their dear ones, persons who in a moment of madness killed the thing they loved the most, ordinary persons like yourself with a vision of the rope or the electric chair coming before them like some dread thing out of the darkness. Ever the rush to telephones, ever the hurry to get the story in for the next edition, ever the hunt for new leads, a frantic, high-strung, wild chase for news. Police reporting when the news breaks is no lazy man's job.

Many papers, particularly those of the smaller communities whose editors believe a chamber of commerce banquet more interesting news than a story carrying blood women and prominent names, send cubs to cover police headquarters. Perhaps the editors are right. The chamber of commerce banquet probably will be more interesting reading than a good police story if a cub is covering police. A good police reporter knows his way around, he knows what to do and what not to do at the scene of a crime, he knows what he had best forget and leave forgotten and what he can publish to the world, he knows how to get information and get it quickly. Covering police is not all beer and skittles by any means.

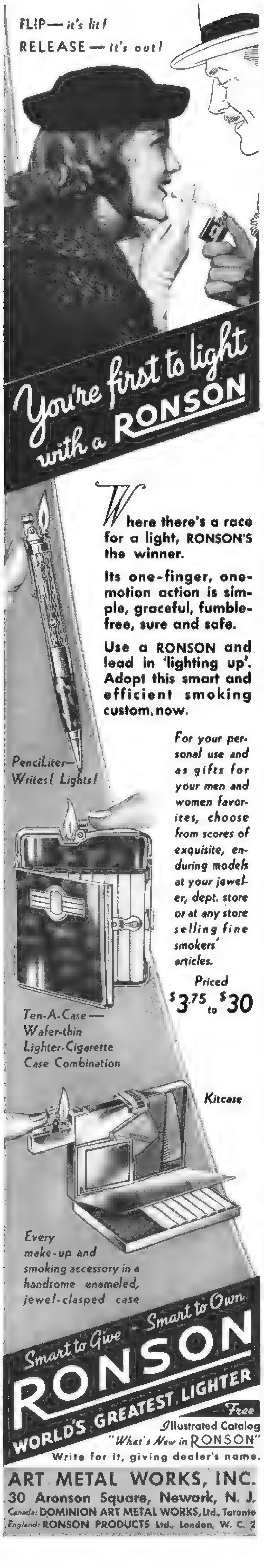
In his search for news the police reporter often comes across what is commonly known as the third degree. The thwack of the rubber hose coming through the closed door of a private room in police headquarters does not mean much to the police reporter. However, he jots it down in his memory so that when the door opens he can get a story on the confession from one of the thwacking officers. I wanted to get a picture of a man arrested for murder the night before. The captain told me I had better lay off, but I insisted on getting in to talk with him anyhow. You should have seen him. His face looked like the whole squad had walked on it. The squad probably had. Now that picture would have been a nice exposé of police brutality, but I had no proof the man's face was the result of police brutality. The "questioning" officers, no doubt, would have sworn he had fallen against the table, or had tripped and slid on his face on the concrete floor. Furthermore as a police reporter I would have been through. I would no longer have been the recipient of confidential information which I could not publish, but which would give me the background so necessary to the story I could publish. I did not call the photographer. As a matter of fact the man told the officers where he had hidden the electric motor he was stealing from a pumphouse when the watchman caught him. He killed the watchman. Police brutality in this instance sent this man to his just doom.

Police, however, are rarely so indiscreet as to work on a man's face. One of their pleasant habits is the tightening of handcuffs around the prisoner's wrists. Statutes have ruled out twisters and other instruments of a torturous nature, but they cannot rule out handcuffs. Handcuffs are a necessary part of any police officer's equipment, but at the same time they can be the cruelest instruments of torture devised by modern man. The handcuffs now used by police officers work on a ratchet device. To tighten the cuffs on a man's wrists, the officer merely presses on the cuffs. One click and they are tightened another notch. As a third degree instrument they are most effective. A few clicks and blood circulation stops. A few more and the cuffs begin to bite into the flesh. The wrists meanwhile swell. I have seen wrists which no more resembled human parts than a piece of hamburger. It is all done in the name of justice.

Is it any wonder the police reporter has bad dreams at night? Honest or crooked, hardened or sentimental, the average police reporter leads a tough life at his work. It is not grand, it is not romantic, neither can it be called adventurous. The police reporter is lucky if he can train his mind to consider it all in a day's work and nothing more.

Do not offer him your last drink of liquor when he comes off duty. He will grab it so quick you will think you dropped the bottle. Liquor gets him away from the things he saw, wrote about and did during the day; it offers him a flight from reality.

Yes, the police reporter drinks. ⵌ



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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 99

seems to me that I was not really side-tracked into the stale romantic problem of the artist's special relationship to society, but that this Yehuda is actually quite a good symbol of the Jew in Palestine. For, leaving aside the small proportion of native Palestinians, the Jew has come from elsewhere, from another life, and practically always from the possibility of doing something else than farming. The struggle within him is to retain clearly his understanding of what is "better." In the outside world's understanding, it is taken for granted that he could do something "better" by being a doctor, a lawyer, a dentist, a violinist, an architect, a shop-keeper, a landlord in America, Lithuania, Canada, Brazil, Switzerland. In his own understanding he can do nothing better than build up Palestine, build a settlement, with his hands. Therefore, his decision is not a matter of renunciation, but rather of the finding of a good way of life.

Still, there are the habits of thought, the memories of easier times in more developed lands. And there is another argument to challenge a man's conscience: has he a right to smother his talents, for violin-playing or for medicine, whatever they may be, has he a right to deprive society of the service those talents might give, in order to follow the selfish choice he has made? For anyone else could do this plain labor.

Now this Yehuda about whom I wrote was an actual person; but I made up a story about him, to bring his problem to a crisis. This story had a basis in fact. Once, a world-famous violinist came to visit Palestine, and took it into his head to make a tour of the new settlements. He was persuaded to give a concert for the colonists. I placed the concert in open air, on the side of the mountain, over the commune of Carmel.

And Yehuda has been practicing a concerto, for an audition with this world-famous violinist. Friends have persuaded him that if the famous one recognizes his talent, he must go away, and make a career. He has even rationalized himself to the point of thinking that if he is successful, and earns a great deal of money through his concerts, he can be of far greater help to the commune with this money than through the giving of hand-labor.

Yet when the famous musician arrives, Yehuda sees in him only a puppet of civilization, a gentleman, tricked out in frock coat against the rough mountainside, temperamental, fussy. Yehuda flees from the possibility of becoming something like that. He refuses to play for the audition. Hereafter, he will be content to work in the fields.

It was a heroic finale, but a narrow one; and I admit I was limited in perception of the possibilities of this life in Palestine. For, now eight years later, I find that life itself has provided a much richer and nobler conclusion. Here is a passage of prophecy, toward the close of the novel:

One of the comrades, Fishkin, talks to an American visitor: "'But what do you think,' said Fishkin, 'that we will always be like this: paupers and beggars? Look, here too there is work to be done! Here you can be even busier than in America! Here too we want to make everything modern, up to the minute, we want to work with great machines, to do everything with the power of engines! In many ways we are fools, yes; there you see Pinsker plowing a field with mules against a tractor; and in the kitchen we have a stove that eats up ten pounds of wood a month, when for fifty pounds we could buy a stove that would do both the cooking and the baking with half that much fuel, well we haven't the fifty pounds to lay out, but that will come; everything will come; see, we have many things to work for. Stay here, Mr. Paley, you will see what will be done here on this plain! Look, right on this line across our lands the cables from Rutenberg's electric power will be carried, the spots have already been worked out on which the cable-towers will stand; then electric power will be cheap, we will have electric lights in our cabins, our yard will be as bright as an American street, an electric motor will pump our water, and we will have all the water we want, we will be able to plant a greater field of bananas, bananas yield a profit of twenty pounds a dunam, next year these banana trees that Shimshon has already been raising will bear fruit, we will sell the bananas at high prices, with the profit we will enlarge our plantation; next year, too, the vines you see on the hill will begin to yield grapes, we will sell the grapes, and the year after that the second vineyard will give fruit and we will make wine for ourselves, we will drink wine in the commune, Mr. Paley! Look, here by the Kishon the government has promised to help us make improvements so that malaria will disappear from this district, we will dig a narrow ditch for the Kishon and we will pour cement walls along the ditch, the Kishon will run in banks of concrete, yes, that is already planned, not many years now and that work will begin! Look how our forest grows, Mr. Paley! When we came here there wasn't a bee to be seen! Now our bees feed on the eucalyptas and give honey; in two years we will begin to cut down wood and sell the wood, but that's a kind of a tree, the eucalyptas, when you cut it down it grows again! Every year we'll have more wood, more honey too as our bees increase! Now you see us living in shacks, yes, but when we came here we lived in tents; we have already built a house of concrete for the children; stay this winter Mr.

Continued on page 194

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 99-193

Paley and you will work with us putting the roof on our cow-barn, do you see the rows of cows that are waiting to go into it! we started with twelve cows, now we have fifty, next year we will have seventy! Then we'll begin to keep milk for ourselves to drink! And when we have finished with the cow-barn, we'll begin to build the stable; then another hennery has to be built, the newest kind, with one side all of glass; after that we'll build a grain storehouse, and then we will put up concrete houses for ourselves to live in! We will have a whole street of little houses, and a great mess-hall, and there will even be a stage in the mess-hall, that's all in the plans! we will have a radio, too, we will listen to the music from America, Mr. Paley, when Rutenberg comes along with his electric power!

"'Here on this side of our land is a wasted Arab field of a thousand dunams, the National Fund has promised to buy it for us, last time Plotnick went to Jerusalem they said they were already making the contract. You see how everything spreads and increases with us, Mr. Paley, here we are going over this little wooden bridge over the Kishon, the chassidim built this bridge, and we laugh about it because planks are always breaking out of it, the paper bridge we call it, because you know there is a story that the Messiah will come riding on his white horse over a bridge of paper; but never mind, we will not wait for the Messiah! some day we together with the chassidim will build a great road here, and we will throw a bridge from one high bank to the other, so that the horses will not have to toil up this hill with loads of wheat. Horses! We will do all our hauling with trucks.

"'Look, Mr. Paley, we have new babies in the children's house, and we have fine new calves in the cow-barns; our flock of geese has doubled in the yard; true, we are still in debt, we have terrible debts, and do you know what interest we have to pay on the money we borrow, ten and twelve per cent! Never mind! See the wheat we had this year! A thousand pounds we got for the wheat crop alone! That isn't all, Mr. Paley. We'll work like men, here, all the new ways of working we will find, we'll use our heads here as well as our arms! Now we are going to buy a second tractor, and so we will work with two tractors in our fields. This year we have a group of five men earning money in the factory. Next year ten men will be free to work there! The time will come when all our plowing will be done with electric power! And with electric power we will irrigate more land, we will cultivate intensively, plant vegetables to sell in Haifa; with scientific fertilizers we will change our soil so that it will be suitable for rich bearing fruit trees. Do you see that hill of manure the Arabs left! Year by year we will lower it, spreading it over our lands, in the end it will disappear altogether! So too the Arabs will disappear from this plain. Even now almost all the land you can see is Jewish land; this whole plain will belong to Jews! What do you think, Mr. Paley; we will go forward in Eretz Yisroel, we will enlarge ourselves in every direction!'"

"And as Fishkin talked, queer feelings as smiling mixed with tears lifted in the throat of Mr. Paley, for this was sloppy Fishkin, the little peanut whose feet were always sloshing in mud, whose pants always sagged from his hips, whose shirt was blotted with patches, and whose girl went off with Chayim-Trask! What wild imaginings, what foolish dreams! and yet how filled with vigor, how filled with song."

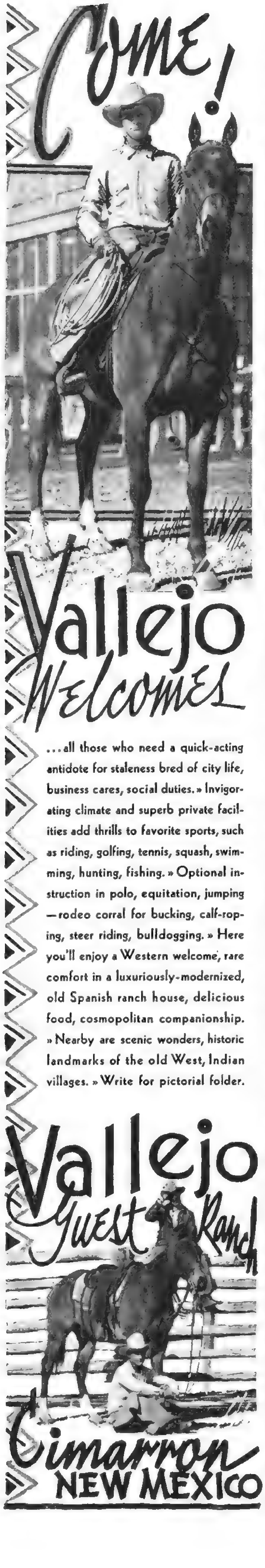
A few days ago I was there again. In the living of it, eight years is not a great space of time; but to go back after eight years to a distant corner of the earth, and to find the very same people in the very same place, contains a shock of surprise, so little do we trust in the permanence of things. And with Palestine especially, there is the constant clamor of transition and experiment, making one feel that settlers go away. In spite of one's better knowledge that there are settlements like Giladi and Dagania, where sons to sons have been born, where people have been brought up and lived entire lives, content in their ways, people who have never been on a ship to go outside of Palestine. This is no preparation, but a new and completely Hebrew way of life. What Great Britain will do about Palestine fades out of mind, for the moment; for among these people, one cannot ask: Will there be a Jewish state? a Jewish land. They have been living as in such a land.

Eight years, then, is space enough to come back and see kids full-grown into men; to see some persons remembered as young already become bald and heavy. Then too there is the contrary shock of finding many who have not changed at all, as one believes one's self unchanged.

There had been no harbor in Haifa, when I left; but now there is this row of immense shining white buildings; behind them this great wide boulevard that was sand before; and to the right a row of huge silver colored oil tanks, as in Gary, Indiana. For now, the crude oil pipe-line from the Mosul fields is laid past Carmel to Haifa; my comrade-prophet had not counted that in his prophesying.

A bus goes out to the commune, stopping at several new settlements on the way; and the bus is one of a fleet operated by the commune itself.

I know the place well enough, the little finger of my prostrate giant Carmel, upon which the comrades have built their commune. The cottages are still there, but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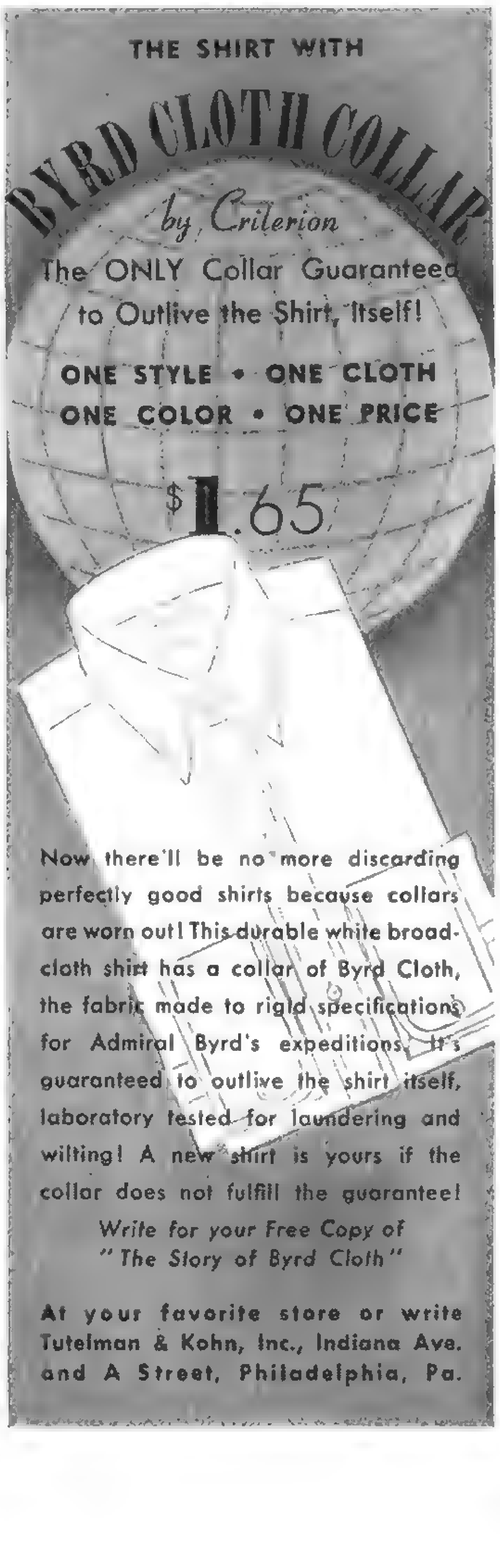
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lost among rows of two-story white cement dwellings.

The road sweeps around the same old muddy, rocky yard, and curves in front of an immense, wide-windowed modernist structure, which I know at once to be the new mess-hall, meeting-place, and theatre. Two men are at work laying the stone steps that lead up to the door. One I called Aryay, in my novel; the other Feldman.

They're proud. "Well, a few changes, eh? a few changes?"

Where sixty people lived, there are now six hundred. For Yagur—the real name of the place I called Carmel—has become one of the examples of collectives of unlimited numbers, as against another group of communes which believe the economic and social factors balance best at around a hundred and twenty-five, with two hundred the limit. The small commune is more efficient as the simply agricultural unit, whereas the large collective takes on the character of a village, with diversified occupations, with less enforced intimacy among the comrades, and with greater opportunity for cultural activity.

I made a tour of the farm. What, now, of Fishkin's rhapsodic prophecy? No longer mules, but four tractors for plowing the fields; no longer our rackety thresher, but a huge combine for harvesting. "Eight men, now, do the whole job; remember how we sweated, twenty-five of us!" (And the Arab still plows with a team consisting of a donkey and a camel.) In the kitchen, a row of automatic electric kettles, with red signal lights; laundry and bakery operated on power; running water everywhere; showers in the basements of the new houses. But the bananas have not prospered, after five years of loss the trees were yanked out; grapefruit is better suited to this soil. The vineyard has grown, sixfold; and there is a whole row of chicken-houses; and there is still another new cowbarn. The swamps of the Kishon have been drained; and the bridge of paper is gone; the commune's buses, serving the whole complex of settlements, bang over the new bridge every half hour, going toward the chassidic village. And how that village has grown, a few hundred houses instead of a handful.

If a commune is mentioned, the world takes it that only communal forms exist in Palestine, and that all Jews there are Communists. This needs to be clarified. It is undoubtedly true that a high percentage of Jewish workers in Palestine, as in America or Europe, believe in some form of socialist economy. But the first communes in Palestine were established before the war, and took form as much out of necessity as out of ideology. They were something like the group-settlements of the American pioneers.

The various agencies occupied with settling Jews on land in Palestine have fostered all types of settlements. The earliest colonies, subsidized by Rothschild funds, were farmers with individual holdings. Most of these were economically unsuccessful. The Zionist organization has developed individualist settlements and villages with some degree of co-operative activity, and straight communes. Besides, of course, villages and towns have sprung up entirely independent of organizational aid.

Among Zionist fostered settlements, however, there has been a fifteen-year debate as to the comparative advantages of commune or co-operative village. Now, it seems, the communes have practically won out. Recently the sons of the farmers of a co-operative village, Nahalal, went out to make a new settlement. They were given a tract of land, laid out in individual holdings. But after six months they threw all in together, and became a commune.

Now there is a chain of farm communes, formed into a larger collective organization. In this, too, are several groups of city workers, who pool their earnings and live together. But even this large collective, called the Kibutz Miuchad, is not politically socialist, as evidenced by the existence of another, smaller chain of communes, called the Shomer Hazair, whose chief difference from the Kibutz Miuchad is in its distinct socialist ideology.

On the whole, of course, Palestine is like any other capitalist country—built on employer-worker relationships. There is, however, a very strong central labor union body; and there is a widespread and healthy tendency toward co-operative societies. Almost all bus and trucking companies, for instance, are co-operatively owned by their drivers.

As to communism—a nice contradiction exists. For the Russian Communist party line is opposed to the Jewish settlement of Palestine, as the Jews are considered to be aiding British imperialism. Zionists were outlawed, many were sent to Siberia by the Bolsheviks. Hence, a large group of people who believe in socialism, who established collectives in Palestine before collectives were established in Russia, and who are ideologically in sympathy with the Russian government, find themselves actually regarded as enemies by that government. And naturally they are now opposed to party Communists. In the present political circumstances, especially, they can't help feeling that the Communist party line on Jews in Palestine is quite mistaken, as the Jews are the only progressive force toward an eventual socialist economy.

So much for the communism of the commune. There is the possibility of another misunderstanding, in what I have said about Yagur. I should point out that Yagur's growth from sixty to 600 is not really typical, but extraordinary; the Jewish population of Palestine has not multiplied tenfold in these eight years, but has increased from around 250,000 to 400,000.

Being close to Haifa, Yagur took in a great many workers who were

Continued on page 196

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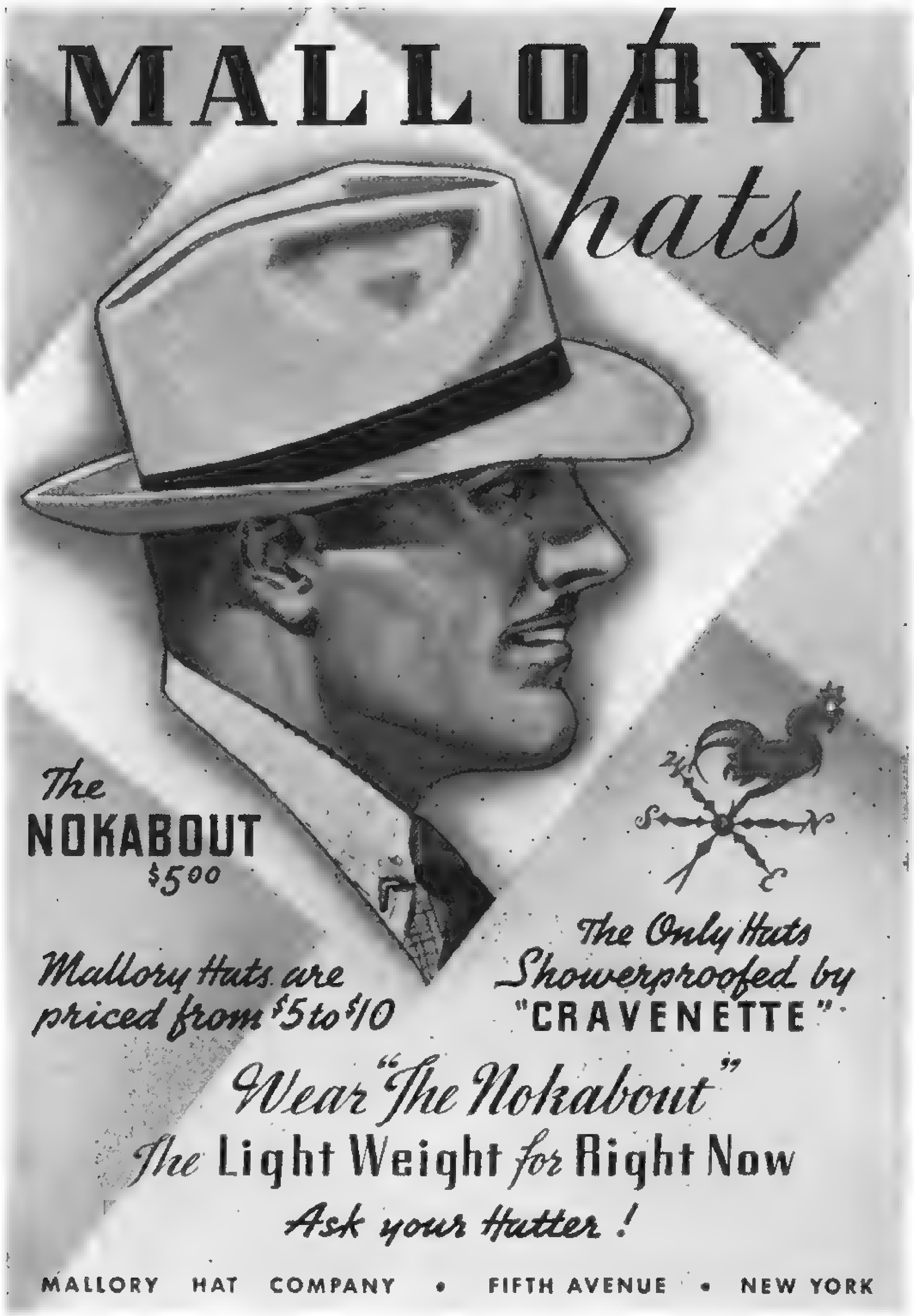
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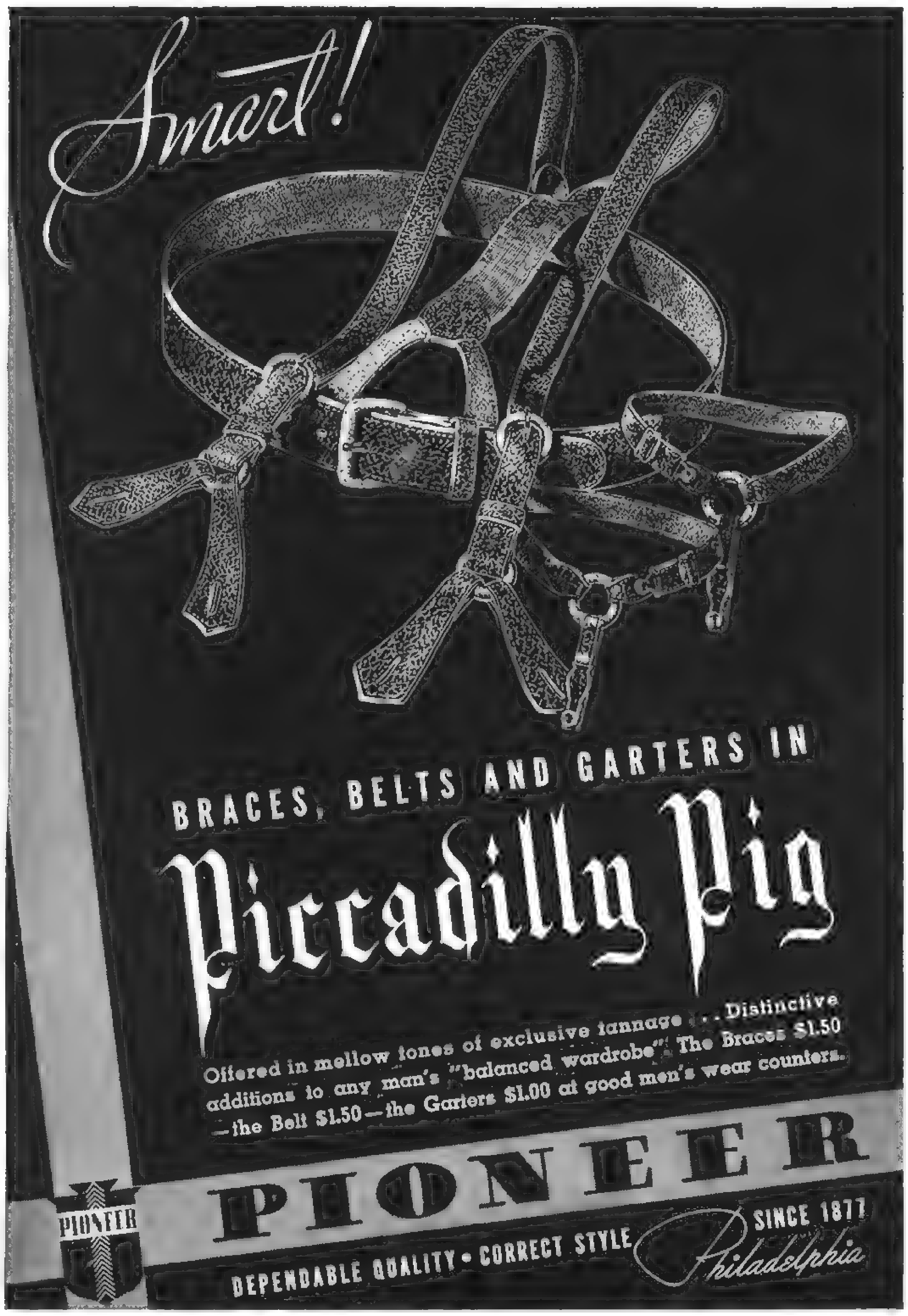
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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 99-193-195

employed in the construction of the port, and in building activities during the subsequent boom. A number of Yagur comrades also work in the nearby cement factory—the nucleus of this movement had already been formed when I was there. Wages are turned into the commune. During 1934 and 1935, with comparative prosperity, these wages were largely responsible for the surge forward of Yagur. Now, while all Palestine stands still awaiting Great Britain's decision on partition, employment is falling off. Yagur repays these comrades by carrying them over the period of unemployment. This will probably last another year, as England is sending out a new commission to investigate partition. Until a decision is made, businessmen refuse to make investments. Meantime, the unemployed work on construction of the commune's buildings: the mess-hall, schools, and dormitories.

A small factory has been established at Yagur, too: it is the only modern, machine-run pottery in Palestine. About 50,000 flower pots, for use in Jewish plant nurseries, are turned out every month. Formerly, these had to be purchased from Arab hand-potters.

And next to the pottery is a trade-school, with machine shops, carpentry shops, and agricultural training for German youth, aged around fifteen, getting ready to settle in Palestine.

All these activities are housed in new buildings of simple and effective design; the big mess-hall, especially, seemed a noteworthy piece of architecture, to me. One of the comrades of eight years ago was showing me around; I asked him who had designed the building. "Why, do you like it?" I said I thought it top-notch. "Well, I guess it must have been the year after you left, they sent me to the Technicum in Haifa. I studied there, five years." So Yagur had produced its own architect, too, in young Edelman. His design for the mess-hall, which I admired so much, had been submitted in competition with leading outside architects, and had won simply on merit.

As with the architect, so with the musician. I should have understood a little more fully what would become of my character, Yehuda. I constructed a closed problem for him: a problem of choice: either life as a worker in the commune, or as an artist outside the commune.

I found him settled in one of the larger rooms in the first concrete house. He had married, in these years, and fathered three kids. The kids were up there in the children's house, among the hundred and twenty-five other offspring of Yagur—in place of the fifteen of my time.

And he was the same, eruptive Yehuda, talking in a rush of ideas, whimsical, nonsensical, and dead-earnest all jumbled together, and all the time flying around the room doing something in terrific haste and seeming confusion. Sheets were scattered, a boy was mimeographing something, Yehuda was lettering notes on a stencil, interrupting himself every few minutes to run down to the road to see whether a certain car had come, or to run across to the office and phone Haifa, kidding someone there into running an errand for him—and all the time I knew his scattered tasks would come together quite neatly, for that was the way he worked. It turned out he was preparing a batch of mimeographed songs that had to get off to one of the Galilee colonies on a bus that passed at noon. The Galileans were having a celebration, that evening, for their group of German youth who were finishing two years of training, and going off to start their own commune.

Some of the songs were of Yehuda's own composition. And when he hummed one of them I recognized the melody. I had heard that melody on the boat, crossing the Mediterranean. Two or three Palestinians had been on the boat, and they hummed, whistled, sang the haunting tune all through the voyage. Yehuda's song.

So now Yehuda is the music-master of the Kibutz Miuchad, the collective of communes. He spends his time composing, arranging music and materials for festivals, like the fifteenth anniversary festival of Yagur, when he conducted a choir of two hundred and fifty voices. And like the water-festival, when a pageant on the mountain-side showed the ways of the bringing of water, from Biblical wells, to modern irrigation.

This music is founded in Biblical tradition, and nourished on the worksongs of the pioneers.

I should have known, in my story, that the gesture with which Yehuda refused the audition before the world-famous violinist was not a gesture of renunciation, but an instinctive understanding of the place of the artist, the need to be with his folk. Actually, his choice was not between the fate of a worker and a violinist, but between that of a wandering exhibitionist and a creative artist, rooted among his own people, contributing to the culture of his folk, and of the world. I should have understood that the communes would know how to utilize his talent, as they have known how to find means, even in these lean times, for sending a comrade-artist to Paris to study painting, for sending Edelman to school to become their architect.

Now the story of Yehuda is whole, and I can't help thinking it is one that should be known to more of the world; there is a great picture, too, it seems to me, in such a theme of pioneering, of growth, of conflict in the artist's self, and in the pure result: the pageantry and singing on Mount Carmel. ⌗

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 94

cartoonists would have had to draw cartoons illustrating and driving home the idea so often that they could never forget it and would be drawing them in their nightmares.

If Brisbane had used his talents merely to beguile the less astute readers of the 800 newspapers which daily featured his column *Today* no particular harm would have been done: like the late "Roxy" Rothafel, like Billy Sunday, like that Brooklyn divine who had such a tremendous radio and syndicated article audience for some time, and like some others you may have in mind, he would have provided entertainment, an illusion of instruction, a satisfaction each day to bewildered, harassed and troubled souls.

But unlike any of these, he traded upon the great talent he had for hypocritical, conscienceless words, expressed with clarity and force, and upon a carefully cultivated reputation for wisdom and common sense, to profit well himself and to bring ruin and disaster upon thousands of his gullible readers, who looked upon him as being the omniscient and benevolent voice of someone close to God.

This is the aspect of Brisbane's greedy career that was sinister and malign; and it is the aspect that is treated by his biographer in the most sketchy and slip-shod fashion.

The S. W. Straus & Co. matter should have been presented by Mr. Carlson with facts from the available public records, step by step, in all its ghastly detail. Mr. Carlson has given only a rather confused snatch of the various ramifications.

Brisbane had carefully built up confidence in his financial judgment and advice by his constant advice, "Don't gamble in Wall Street," illustrated by pictures of the shorn lamb. In 1916 Brisbane began a series of editorials boosting S. W. Straus & Co., as offering a "safe investment at good interest" and he related in detail how it was much safer and more profitable to buy Straus bonds and preferred stock than to put your money in a savings bank or invest in any security whatever, including government bonds.

The Straus company in that same year loaned Brisbane a million dollars and thereafter financed Brisbane's purchases of real estate; in 1923 the Straus company had underwritten a first mortgage of $1,400,000 on five pieces of property, in the next year they had advanced him four million dollars to finance the Ritz Tower Building, and in 1925 the Straus company offered the public a bond issue on Hearst-Brisbane properties to the tune of $7,000,000, and so on, until Straus & Co. collapsed to the utter destruction of all the little fellows and big fellows, too, who had taken Brisbane's advice not to gamble but had gotten in on the "safe" Straus investment.

Mr. Carlson should have studied carefully Brisbane's column and the market price of Hudson and Manhattan Co. common stock over a period of years. Brisbane was not only a stockholder and a director in this company; but there is every circumstantial and chart evidence to form the basis of belief that he used his column, the confidence of his readers, and his reputation as being opposed to stock speculation, to boost that stock in his column, telling his readers to hang on to it, put the stock certificates away and forget about the price and think only of the return on a safe investment, and thus to run up the stock, dump his holdings on the rise, when he needed cash, and buy back again at a low figure, only to repeat the operation.

During 1928 it would appear that he was able thus to shunt the price of this stock between 50 and 82 saying then, that at 82, the common stock was a marvelous buy; and saying to new suckers three years later, as late as September 1931, in bold faced type in his column, "Invest your money, or part of it, in the common stock of the Hudson-Manhattan Railroad Company. If you buy it for thirty-five dollars per share, your money earns exactly ten per cent. If you follow this advice, pay no more than thirty-five dollars a share, and if your banker or broker can't get it for you at that price, wait until he can get it."

That is what, in the Wall Street speculators' jargon of the day, is called "providing a cushion": you can bounce the stock around as much as you please but even when you smack it down, it won't go below 35 because so many small fellows' orders are waiting for it at that price; and when it starts moving up they will be afraid they are being left behind, and so they will reach for it at any price . . . I have just looked at the bid and asked price for Hudson and Manhattan common stock on the New York Stock Exchange today, February 4, 1938.

The bid for is *one dollar and seventy-five cents a share*. The top price for the stock last year was *two dollars and thirty-five cents* . . . This is the sort of thing the S.E.C. should look into instead of harrying the poor brokers who are, more often than not, mere commission agents.

Arthur Brisbane was the most conspicuous example I know of, of a man who had an active, articulate, prolific brain for sale and who sold it like a streetwalker, or rather like a well-kept Park Avenue Cyprienne.

He is the only fine, natural writer I have ever known or heard of who habitually wrote without conscience or conviction, ready at any moment to write with fervency, fire and demagoguery on one side of an issue one day and, when the "angle" turned

Continued on page 198

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 94-197

out to be politically or financially inexpedient, to write—on the boss's orders—just the opposite the next day, with even greater fervency, fire and demagoguery. On the stand before a Senatorial investigating committee, Brisbane testified, in answering the question as to whether or not he was given a free hand to write by Mr. Hearst: "No. My understanding is that I write what I please and he publishes it if he pleases; but, if Mr. Hearst has a campaign, for instance, I do not write what I do not please. Mr. Hearst does not want to be told anybody's views—at least not mine. He rules his papers absolutely, and trusts me (as I know what his line of thought is), not to go outside of that. Occasionally, if he sees something in the paper that he does not like, he throws it out, naturally. The papers are his property."

Occasionally Hearst would kill a whole Brisbane column, just by way of caprice, it would seem, to annoy Brisbane just as he would humiliate Brisbane in junkets about Europe by seeing to it that he and his immediate party were ensconced in luxurious, liveried chauffeured limousines while Brisbane tugged along behind in a jaloppy; or he would suggest an editorial, Brisbane would write it, Hearst would kill it in the first edition and command Brisbane to write another editorial for later editions expressing the very opposite of what had been expressed in the first.

Mr. Carlson has not bothered himself with the psychological aspect of Arthur Brisbane's career. But, in the simplest terms, it was this:

Arthur Brisbane was the son of an internationally famous father, a pioneer Socialist, Fourierist, friend of Horace Greeley, Henry George, Edward Bellamy, Charles A. Dana, William Cullen Bryant, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker, James Russell Lowell, Margaret Fuller, T. W. Higginson, Henry James the elder, and John S. Dwight, all interested in the Brook Farm and other Socialist experiments and—when you think back over the names of the period—they are among the few names worth remembering.

Arthur was a handsome rip, a coddled son, desultorily educated in Europe until he was nineteen, at which time he had begun to entertain a great contempt for his father as being a sort of balmy idealist who was so interested in the welfare of human society that he could no longer provide young Arthur with the money necessary for young Arthur to enjoy the *society* he was interested in, the society of the demi mondes and the "eegh-leef." But when young Arthur had to go to work, he had to go to work, (but it was not as bad as he tried to make out later; for even when he got a job as a reporter in New York his allowance was much larger than his salary).

As an old newspaper man I am afraid I have been inclined at times to be a little impatient with the cracker-jack newspaper men I used to know who are out of jobs and who have hit the bottle so much that the chances wouldn't be very great for them if jobs were available—which jobs are not. I have had, as I recall now, a lousy, smug, catharistic attitude and feeling, as I have dug into my pants and produced a dime, a quarter, or if I was half-drunk myself, half a dollar or a dollar, and have handed over the largesse with a sort of condescension.

Hereafter, so help me, I'll shell out all I have got to any drunken panhandling newspaper man and say, under my breath, "There, but for the grace of God, goes another Arthur Brisbane!"

Recommended and Mentioned:

Your Money and Your Life (Whittlesey House, $2.50) by Gilbert Seldes—Ninety per cent of the population of the United States is made up of the guys and their dependents who are in need of this book.

Seldes sounds the clarion call to us of the One Hundred Million to rise up and kick the living jeezis out of the parasites who have been living on us. Moreover, Seldes gives you specific instructions as to how to go about mopping up these parasites.

Assigned to Adventure (J. B. Lippincott & Co. $3) by Irene Kuhn—Lyons, Duranty, Gunther, et al., are mighty fine fellows but they write like this gal. This is a newspaper woman's story of her adventures in reporting from chasing scandal for a tabloid to covering military events in the Far East, written with brio and bravery by a woman in whom the vital *élan* is a powerful force that is stimulating and refreshing. It is so exciting a book that it kept me awake all night and I finished reading it at a single sitting. Irene Kuhn is a rare spirit.

My Ears Are Bent (Sheridan House, $2.50) by Joseph Mitchell—This young New York newspaper reporter has an acute and accurate ear, an observant eye, a lively sense of word values, a sardonic sense of humor. His whole book is made up of stuff which, if it were written by an ordinary reporter, would have gone into the waste-basket. When a city editor wants to haze a cub, he waits for a vaudeville press-agent or a one-chair Broadway impresario to call up and ask that a reporter and photographer be sent over for a story on some new "sensation," like a new kind of strip-tease artist. Mitchell's specialty is to write just what was said in an interview and just what happened. The result is usually assassination, but the victims ask for it and the implements of their assassination are their own words and actions.

Mitchell interviews in this book, fan-dancers, voodoo doctors, bur-

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lesque girls, Tammany politicians, Father Divine, bartenders, etc., and it is grand stuff. There is a definite sympathy for the plight of the eccentrics and pathetic egomaniacs implicitly expressed by Mitchell which lifts him high above the mine-run of hard-boiled eggs of journalism and literature.

Hearken Unto the Voice (Viking Press, $3) by Franz Werfel—I have not finished reading this magnificent novel yet—it is 780 pages long and every page so full of the breath and blood of life that I cannot skim even the unfinished parts of it—but this seems to me even a more marvelous job than was *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh.* In this story of the prophet Jeremiah, Werfel not only makes the whole Biblical world, Asia, Egypt and Persia come to life but gives us a parable valuable to every man.

Winter in April (Knopf, $2) by Robert Nathan—As good, I think, as *One More Spring*, perhaps better. The music of Nathan's prose and the gentleness of his unrealities make him, to me, one of the realest of all realists.

Man Against Himself (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3.75) by Karl Menninger—My carefully considered conclusion about this book is that it is the most profound psychological work written in my time. It will probably be years before the full import of it will be grasped, just as it was years before the import of Freud's first tentative explorations of the subconscious was realized. Schopenhauer expounded his famous theory of the Will-to-Live. Menninger amasses a vast amount of evidence to show that a great many of us, most of us, have at least a subconscious will-to-die and he suggests means toward a therapy to redirect and cure this will. It is a book I could write reams about, but I am not sure a wide audience is ready for it, even though a very wide audience has already taken to its bosom some of the theories Menninger expounds, in their personal and rather superficial aspect, in Dorothea Brande's *Wake Up and Live.*

The Morning After the First Night (Knopf, $2.50) by George Jean Nathan—The old maestro dips his mind perennially into the Fountain of Youth and so remains the only living dramatic critic whose reviews, essays and opinions you can read twice, with pleasure.

Japanese Lady in Europe (Dutton, $2.50) by Haruko Ichikawa—Madame Ichikawa was at a P.E.N. Club dinner presided over by Dorothy Thompson recently in New York. On Miss Thompson she commented, "She is of the very efficient, managing type. One can admire her. But I should not like to have her for a mother-in-law." That endeared me to Mme. Ichikawa whose book is in a third printing but which came out last July while I was traveling about and I missed it. It is a delight. She is a genuine wit. ⧺

Octopus Hunter

Continued from page 75

schooner, slapping his chest, and his handsome face twitching with suppressed excitement.

A short time later, we were ashore, transported through the surf to the coral reef, and thence across the lagoon to the village.

"You have come for *fe'e?*" cried Roo's grandfather Moko in a booming voice. "*Popaa* (white man), you have come to the atoll where all the octopuses in the world were first born."

It didn't take Roo and me long to get right at our octopus hunting. We started making a systematic search of the lagoon and reefs. Extreme caution was maintained on these excursions, for the calm lagoon of Rimaroa abounded with danger in every ghastly form conceivable. One moment a sharp cry from Roo would send me scrambling to a high part of the reef, just in time to clear the path of a large *veri* (poisonous specie of sea centipede) an ugly, vicious animal equipped with countless, venomous legs, a veritable double-edged comb in appearance, a prick from any one tine sufficient to lay one up for a long spell. Or again, a loud shout from Roo would warn me that his sharp eyes had detected the almost imperceptible streaking of a black and grey spotted coral snake through the water toward us, a snake whose bite sometimes results in death.

It took Roo and myself a long time to locate the lairs of the giant octopuses of Rimaroa. But, brother, what the octopuses at Rimaroa lacked in number, they made up for in size. With a few exceptions they were more than eighteen and twenty feet in length.

To locate the giant octopuses, we had to swim out in the lagoon above the submerged coral ledges, where we would float motionless, face downward, upon the gently moving surface swells, brass-rimmed water-goggles fitted tightly to our eyes, our heads inverted below the surface for two minutes at a time, quietly raising it at intervals to fill our lungs with fresh air. Having located a monster, we would head back for shore, get our canoe with the equipment, and return for the fight.

Aside from luring the octopus by weird notes on Roo's nose-flute, I found that a sweet-potato whistle, or ocarina worked just as well. Long and lustily I played such antique tunes as *Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.* Another way to attract the octopus was to beat two stones together just below the surface of the sea above his hiding-place, or to lower two red-spotted crab shells on a string before the underwater cave.

One day, in the late afternoon, Roo and I discovered a huge monster in a large coral grotto just below the surface of the lagoon on the

Continued on page 200

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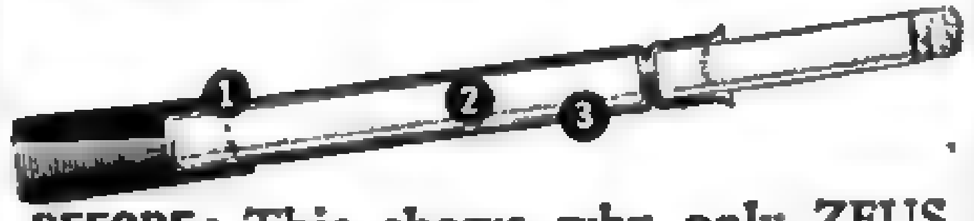

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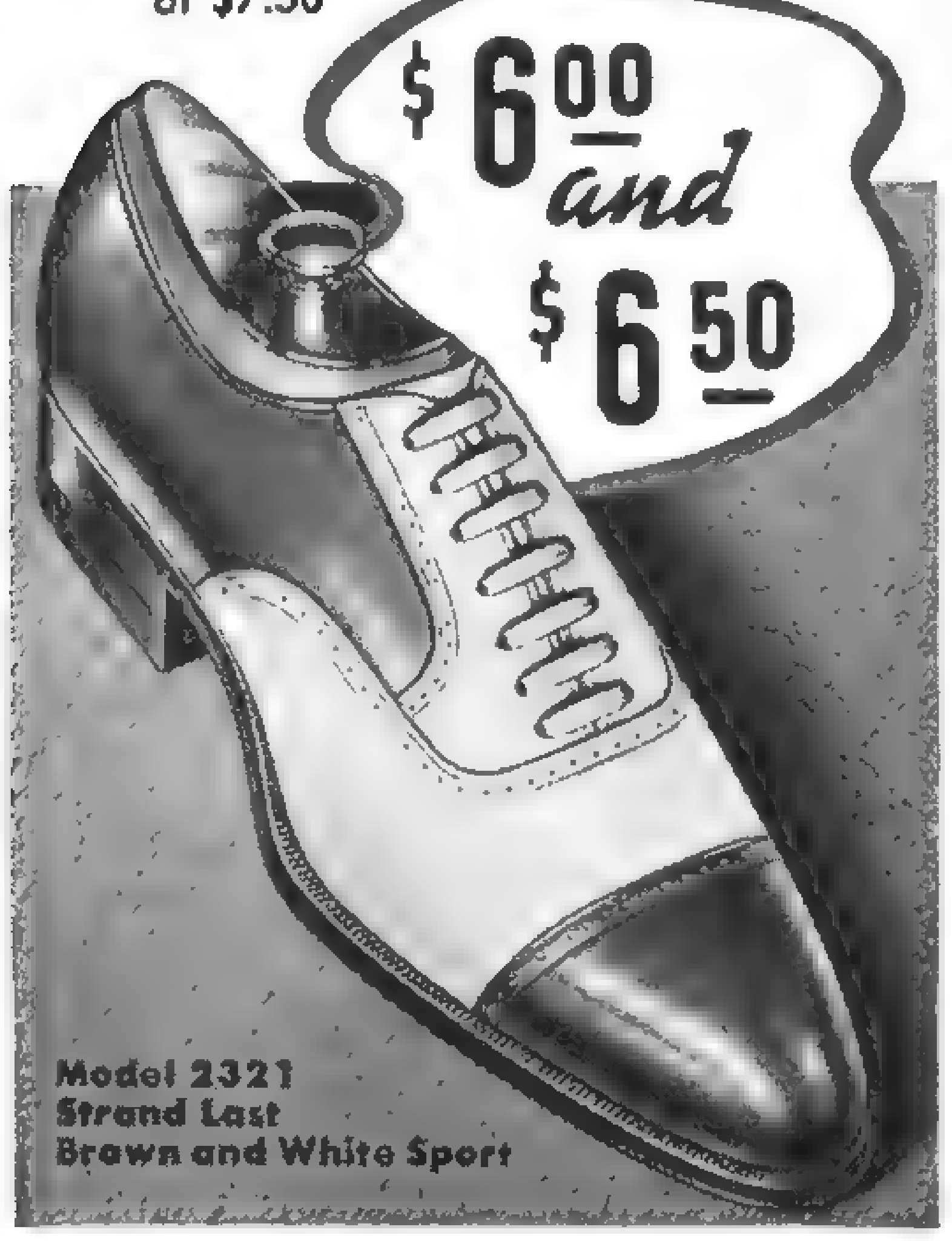

Octopus Hunter

Continued from pages 75-199

inner side of the coral reef. We let out a loud yodel for the natives of the village to help us. This fellow was too big for two men. With spears, knives and clubs, the entire village arrived to do battle with the giant octopus.

The octopus, disturbed by the tumult, and sensing no escape from its attackers, lashed out menacingly with its long, writhing tentacles. As quickly as the grisly arms of the demon rose above the surface of the lagoon the natives slashed them off with swift axe and knife blows. In the darkness of the coral cavern, I could see the horrible purplish eyes blazing hatefully at us.

Suddenly, one of the bolder assailants gave a warning shout. Being closer to the monster's lair, he saw that it was emerging from its retreat to fight us in the open. As it rose to the surface, raising itself by its partly severed tentacles up the reef wall, I could see that it was of a reddish hue, with a hideous horned head, that seemed almost human in its expression of intense hate. Then it started rolling toward us, the tentacles hissing through the water.

Hopelessness at the overwhelming odds against it finally took possession of the octopus, and it attempted to escape in its crippled condition; but the natives closed in upon it with loud shouts of victory, hacking the tentacles from its body with their long machetes. I came in close, too, and one of the arms closed around the calf of my leg. I cried out, shivering at the touch, and slashed vigorously with my knife, severing the tentacle. And when I peeled it off my leg, it tore off the skin with it.

"*Aue!*" cried Roo, as they dragged the *fe'e* upon the reef. "If the devil had not been so large I would have surely sprung upon it and bitten its neck where the many arms are joined, until it weakened and was paralyzed. I would have also put my thumbs in its eyes, blinding it. That would have been great sport. We hate the *fe'e*, for our *parapores* (legends) tell of their many evil deeds when the gods lived here in the islands."

There are few monsters of the sea which rival the giant octopus in cupidity, menace, horror, and appearance. For its frightful physical aspects and loathsome tactics it has justly earned for itself the name "devil-fish." Octopuses are most always found in deep water, but at low tide among the atolls of the Dangerous Isles, they can be found in the caves of coral exposed by the ebbing of the lagoon water. When undisturbed, its color is usually a dead fleshy hue. It swims through the water in an undulatory motion, resembling the shape of a closed umbrella without a handle. When about to attack, it stealthily approaches the hapless victim and then flares open, the purple flaming eyes distend, and the eight tentacles lash out around the globular-shaped head in a vast expanse of trembling livid arms. It springs like a giant spider upon its victim.

Endowed with chameleon-like faculties, it can change from its natural color to a bright vermilion color to harmonize with its coral or rocky haunt. It changes color usually when it is angered or pursued, ejecting sepia all the time; but in a normal state its color is light grey on top, with its underpart dull yellow.

Octopuses in the islands rarely attacked a human, as they were so gorged with the plentiful food of the lagoons. The same as with other animals, the octopus only fought and attacked when cornered.

While swimming, the octopus seems to draw a protective covering around it, the tentacles pressed close together, and the head parting the water. When in a dormant state, ensconced for food, it appears to draw into itself to assume a smaller shape. At night, during the warmer seasons from December to March, it becomes phosphorescent in the lagoons of the Dangerous Isles.

The octopus can also walk. It is interesting to watch one hunt food. It crawls sluggishly along the lagoon floor, creeping evilly with its eight tentacles like some horrible seaworm. As I watch, it pauses suddenly, slackens its fantastic crawling, and I see one tentacle reach out slowly and pick up a small coral rock. Fascinated by its strange behavior, I see the tentacle vibrate gently out from its head, still holding the coral fragment. Then it releases it, and the coral rock drops into the open shells of a pearl oyster. The oyster tries to close its shells, but is unable to because of the piece of coral wedging them apart. With another tentacle the monster reaches out and sucks the oyster itself out of its shell, which it feeds to its mouth at the base of the tentacles. In this way, it can deplete a whole pearl oyster bed.

The octopus is a bloodless, boneless, fleshless demon. Where the center of the eight tentacles are joined to its head, it has a mouth, which serves also as an anus. When we killed an octopus at Rimaroa, I took great interest in examining the monster closely. As it was larger than any I had previously caught in American or European waters, study was more interesting. What an infernal system of suckers it had! Surely the devil himself could not have fashioned a more repulsive mechanism.

Human muscles swell and contract under its embrace, and the skin bursts beneath the tearing suckers, and the blood spurts forth to mix with the poisonous fluid of the monster. While bound helpless to the floor of the sea, the octopus plays with its victim, rolling it over and over, pushing it away playfully, and then drawing it savagely to itself like a cat playing with a mouse. At last tiring of

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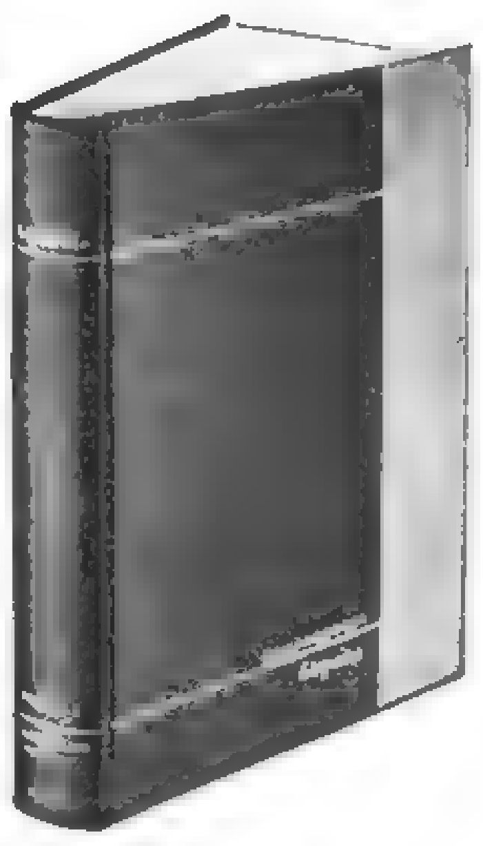

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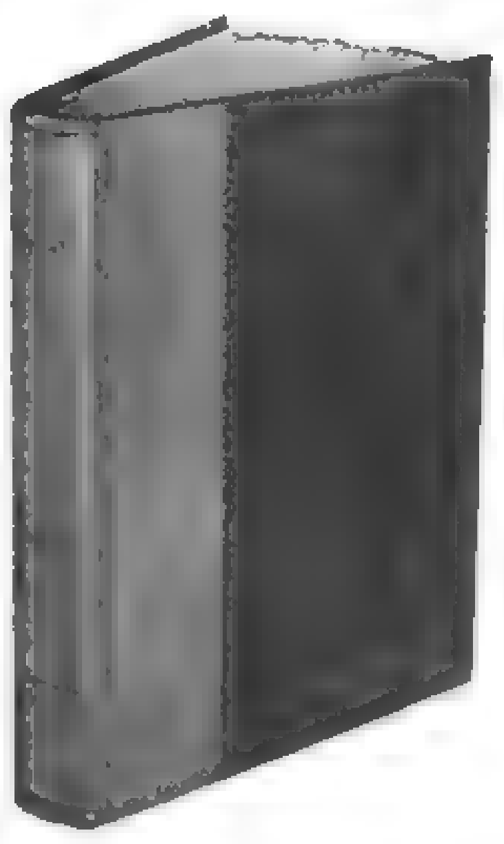

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its sport, it sucks the victim into its flabby mouth.

If a native of the Dangerous Isles unintentionally disturbs a giant octopus while diving underwater and is attacked, he watches his chance when the monster's head protrudes, and then, acting desperately and swiftly, streaks in and buries his teeth in the cartilaginous center where the tentacles are joined to the head. A vulnerable nerve center, this bite instantly paralyzes the octopus, and its awful arms become limp and harmless. But, personally, I think cooking improves the taste of that bite.

What about the love life of an octopus?

Brother, that's material for another article! ###

Ladies of the Evening

Continued from page 57

chance to stump her. She said, "Oh, no, somebody else go out." They shrieked, "Oh, no, Tonia, you go."

She went. She went again and again. She ranged from General Grant to W. C. Fields to Carrie Nation. And she ranged through half a case of Coca-Cola.

It was too much. No reputation in the world, no amount of youthful rapture can sustain two hours of guessing games and a gallon of Coke.

* * *

Julia was a movie star. And rightfully so. She had talent of a huge order. She had been fortunate in her script writers but she made their characters sparkle and glow. Her performances projected a fine quality of warm friendliness. You felt as you watched her that here was a gay, mellow woman radiant with laughter and understanding and immense charm.

For, lo, these many years she had enthralled me in picture after picture, some of them good, some of them bad. But always her allure flamed at you—irresistible, overwhelming, drenching you with its potency.

I met her by sheer accident—this infinitely desirable creature who was adored by a thousand guys infinitely better able to measure up than I. I was boarding the Century for Chicago. A gent I knew was seeing me off. As well he might. I was going to do him a hell of a big favor in Chicago by convincing his girl it was all a nasty lie. He knew Julia and introduced me to her as she came through the gate. His parting words were, "Now, listen, just because I've done that for you, don't forget this errand of mercy for me." I said, "After what you've done how could I do else but double duty for you? Never give it another thought."

Out of the mouths of babes and young men on their way to Chicago with movie stars comes stuff of which they know less than nothing.

Julia did not appear at dinner. I looked her up in her stateroom as we left Albany. I knocked. She said, "Yes."

I said, "Hello, how about having a brandy."

"Oh, I suppose I might as well." she said.

Fleetingly, it shot across my mind that this enthusiastic acquiescence was not the pinnacle of good fellowship. But I was so entranced with the very fact that I was to bend an elbow with this prince of gay women that it didn't warn me as it should have. I rang for the porter. While we waited I said, "I suppose this sounds pretty adolescent but I've never been more excited. I'm not what you call 'ga-ga' about the 'ceeeneema' but I've never seen you in a picture and not gone home thinking what a gay, delightful place this vale of tears might be."

This seemed to me a nice mixture between admiration and the direct attack. That's the way it seemed to me. It seemed different to her.

She said, "The service on this train stinks."

I said, "Yes it does but maybe we can reduce it to a faint odor." And I banged at the bell manfully.

I returned to the attack. "I saw you in *Love Never Lasts*," I said. "God, you were really wonderful."

She looked at me. I had a feeling she could never like anybody who had ever seen her in *Love Never Lasts*.

She said, "I thought it stunk."

I waited a moment for her to elaborate on the why's. She didn't. I gulped a bit and began to wonder where the hell that porter was. I needed him. I pulled a quick change of front.

I said, "Well, apparently the public didn't."

Then I looked for an open window. I wanted to jump out of it. I may not be gifted as a conversationalist but I can usually do better than that. I looked at her feeling vaguely that I'd find her rising to open the window for me. Wrong again.

She said, "Aren't you sweet."

The porter arrived and saved me. I ordered two Courvoisiers. She said, "I think I'd rather have an Alexander."

I started visibly, I guess.

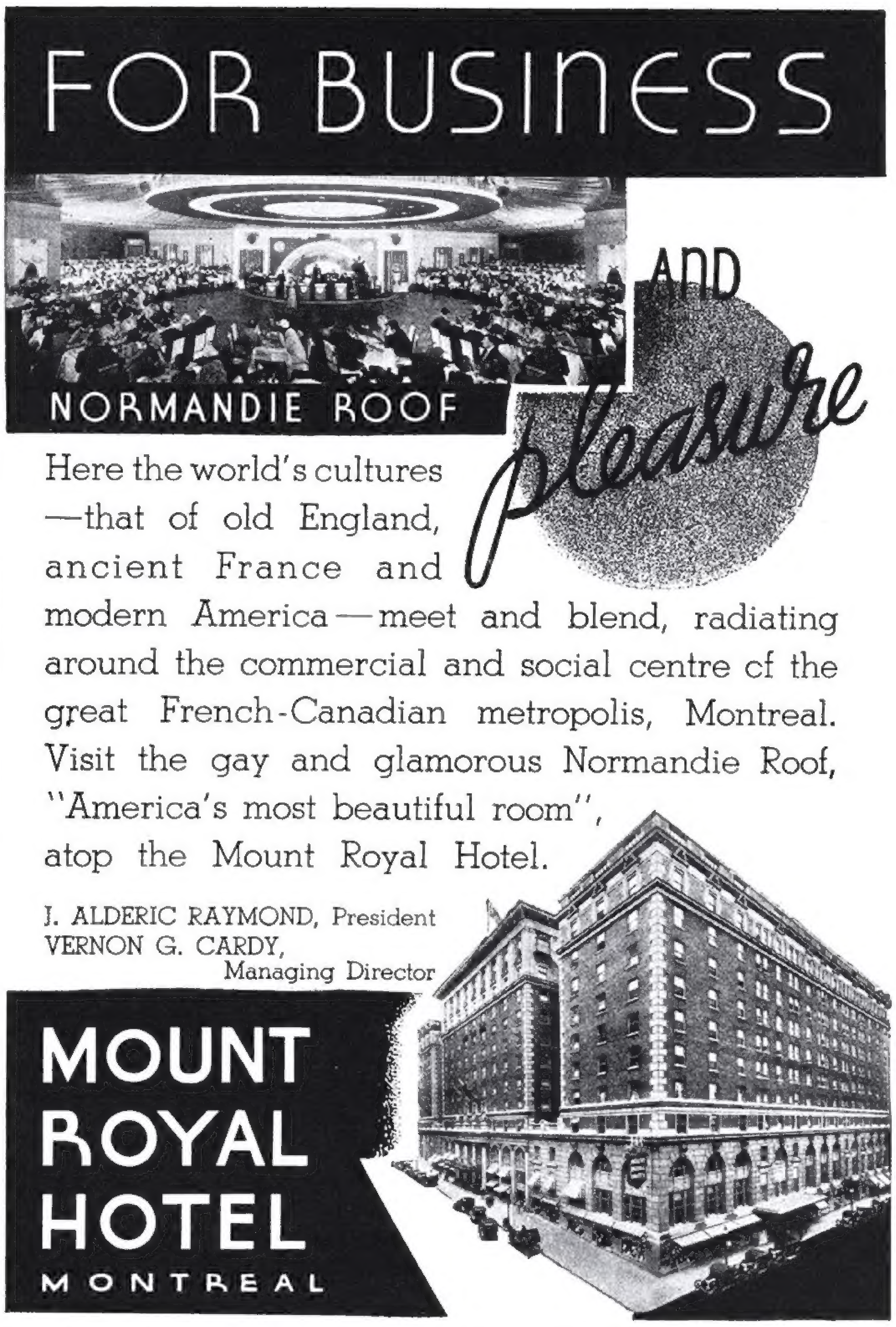
"What's the matter?" she said.

"Good God," I said, "I didn't realize you hadn't dined."

She said, "But I have. What made you say that? It doesn't make any sense." She turned to the porter. "George! Hurry those drinks, will you?" The porter looked at me and I looked at him! And the twain met in a grin of mutual sympathy. The interim till the Alexander and the brandy arrived is a bit vague. We went through a long discussion of things that stunk. Or rather I babbled and she labeled.

When the Alexander and the brandy arrived I bolted mine as she sipped hers. I was tired. You can't imagine how tired I was. She

Continued on page 202



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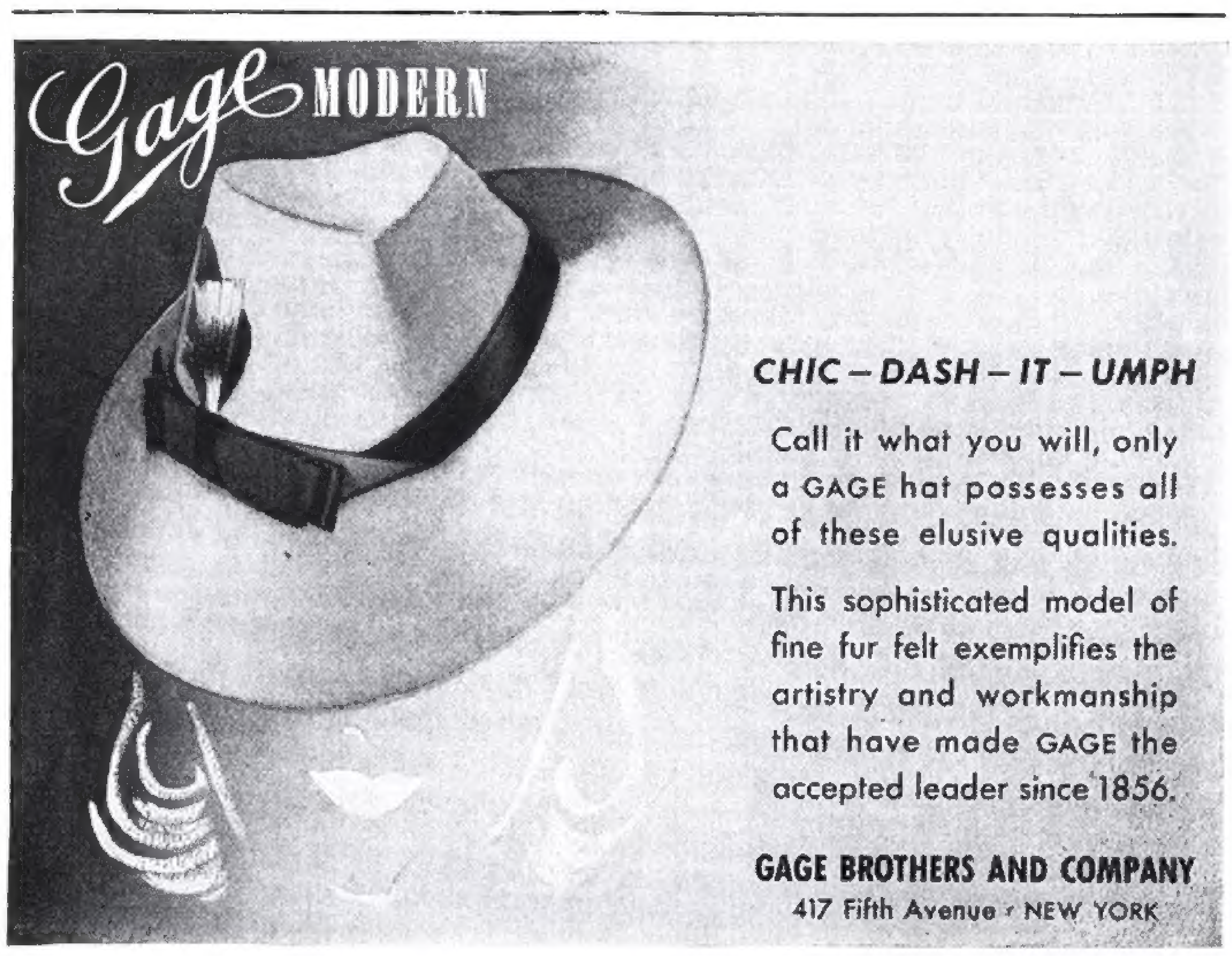

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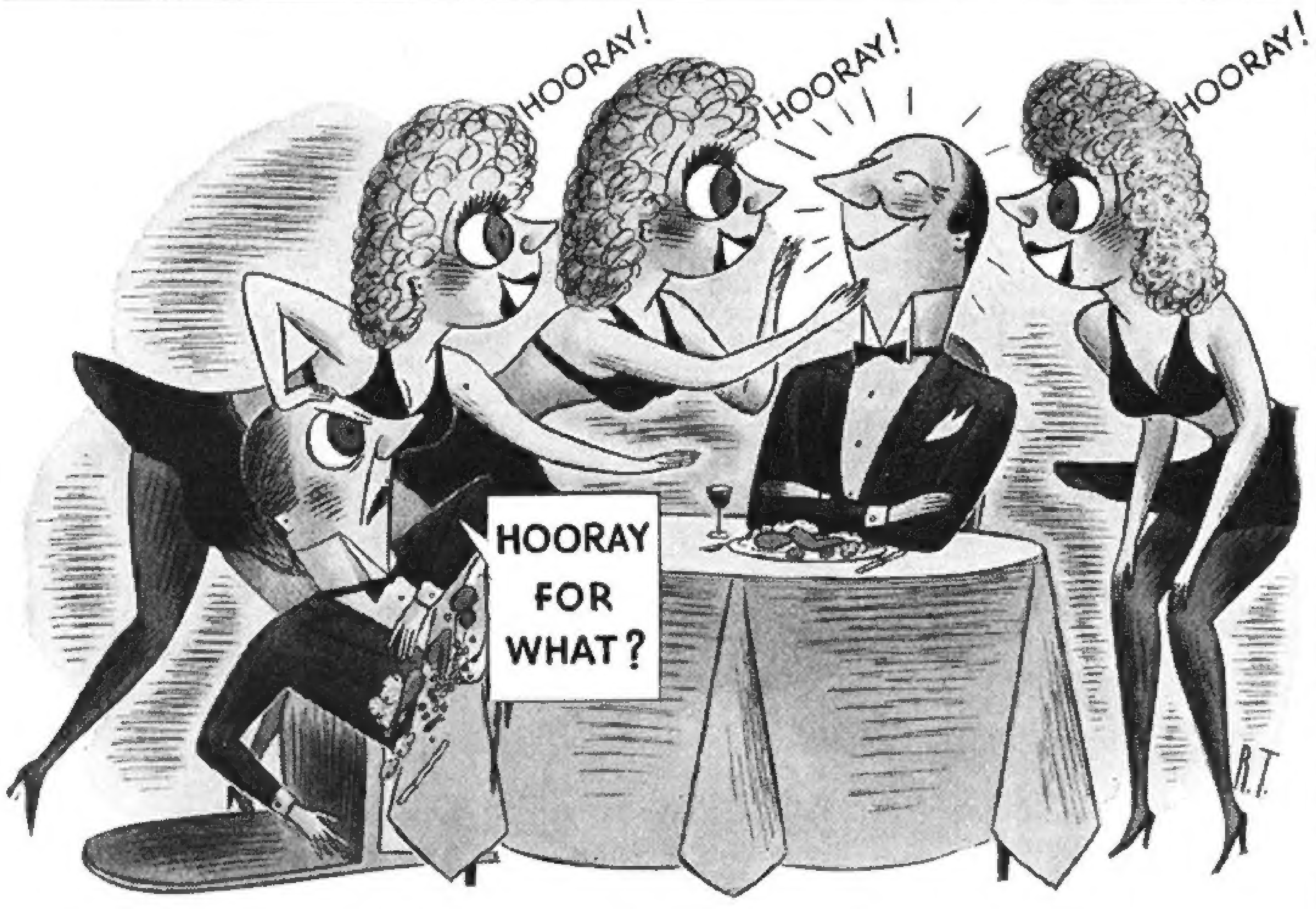
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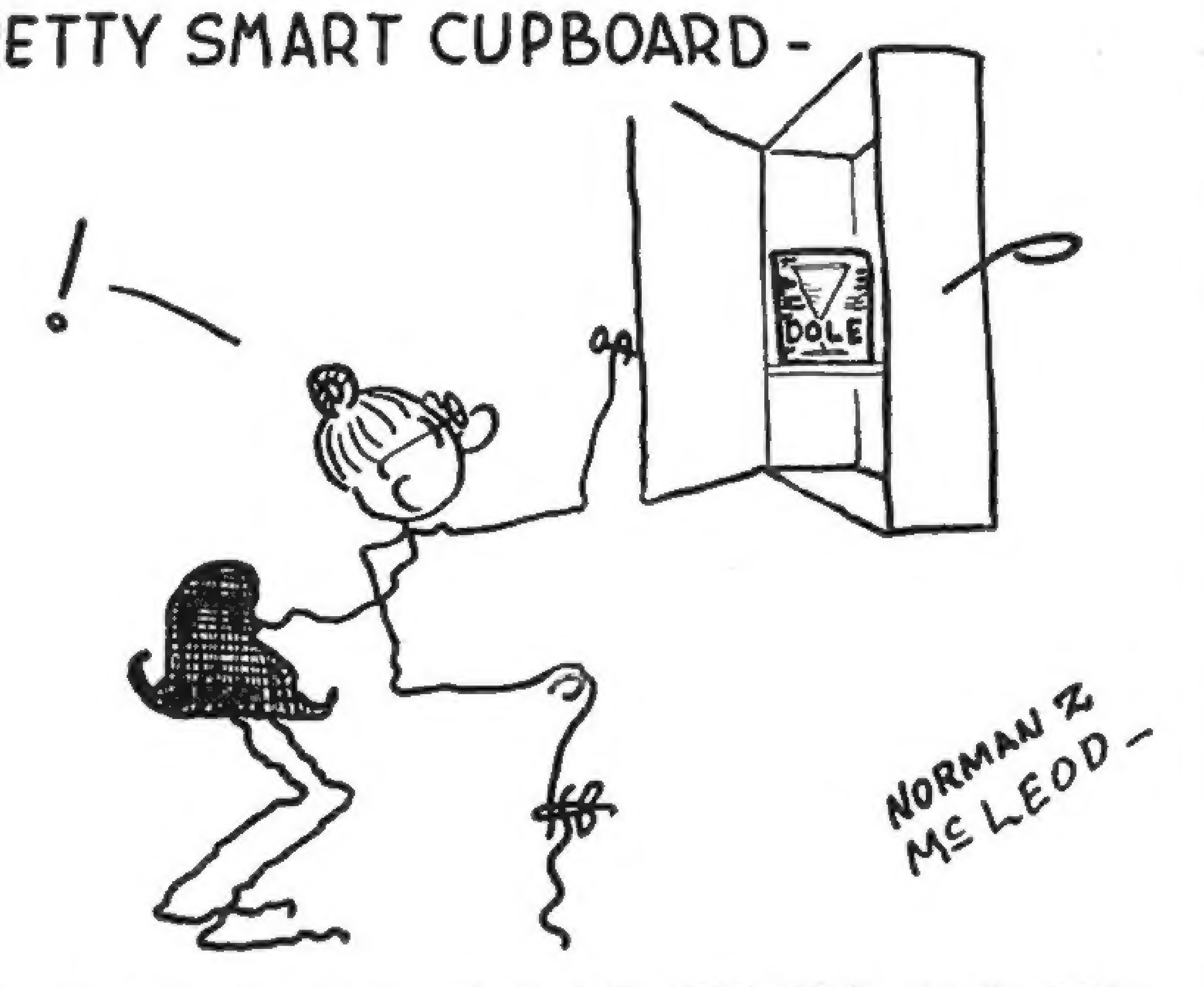


DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

Ladies of the Evening

Continued from pages 57-201

was becoming vivacious. She was becoming voluble. The aroma of stinking America pervaded that stateroom. And the thought of my lower was as sweet and refreshing as Connecticut in June. As we passed Syracuse and the fifth Alexander, I rose. I groped for the door. The remnants of a shattered illusion groped at my feet but lower 7 looked infinitely less stinking to me than stateroom A. As I hurtled through the door a shrill voice made it clear that it was mutual.

* * *

I stumbled over Carla—literally. It was at a cocktail party at Bill Raymond's—one of those parties where there are so many people who don't know each other that the host just gives up after the first ten minutes and hopes for the best—or the worst—and usually gets a little of both. I had finally found two people I knew and was hanging onto them for dear life. But somebody, behind me, bumped me and I bumped the somebody at my left. That somebody was Carla. As I bumped into her I upset her glass. The martini went streaming down her gown. I gasped.

I said, "My God, I'm sorry. Somebody pushed me."

She said, "So I see—or rather feel."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," I said. "I'll get a damp cloth."

She said, "Don't do anything of the kind. I'm quite damp enough as it is. It was an old dress anyway. After all you know you didn't do it on purpose. It may be assault but it's certainly not battery."

Well, I forgot about the dress. And I forgot about my two anchors to windward. That was just as well since they'd moved on. I looked at Carla's face. It wasn't beautiful but it was pleasant. She had a big mouth. There were little laugh lines at the corners. She had warm eyes. There were little shadows under them. Her nose was too big and she was tall but she was slender and broad-shouldered. I introduced myself. She said her name was Carla Craven. I said, "Come on, let's get you another drink. Let's get me another drink. You deserve it and I need it."

We got them. We got several. We talked. We finally worked around to the point where we decided all beautiful friendships were born under the auspices of tepid martinis sliding down ladies' gowns. Then we decided we didn't want any more tepid martinis. We wanted cold ones.

We got them. It was easy. We just went to the Ritz and bought them. And sat down and drank them, there—in comfort. I looked at her again. Her face was vaguely familiar. And so was her name. I thought with an inward chill, "Sounds like an actress' name."

"What do you do?" I said.

She said, "I'm an actress."

I said, "My God." And choked. Then I choked some more. All that finally stopped me was the embarrassingly large crowd of waiters that collected solicitously and a cool voice asking from what seemed a great distance, "Good heavens, my friend, don't tell me you never met an actress before."

"Oh, no, or rather, oh, yes," I said. "I have. I've met them and met them. And I'd rather not. Tell me are you really an actress?"

"Yes," Carla said, "Only I don't get much chance to act."

I said, "From what I've seen actresses don't need a chance. They make them and take them. And so do their friends."

Carla said, "Well you see I'm an understudy to Trista Lane. And she's the healthiest star on Broadway."

Light dawned. That's where I'd seen the name. That beagle that scouts dramatic news for the *Times* had mentioned her several times, adding that it was too bad to have talent like Carla Craven going to waste as an understudy.

"But," I said, "you haven't said a word about why you ought to be playing the part instead of Trista."

"Well," she said, "I don't know that I should. Whatever you may think of her, personally, she's a pretty damn good actress."

I gasped audibly. But I wasn't to be thrown off by any such subterfuges. With a certain anticipatory resignation I said, "You've been on the road, of course, and in stock."

She said, "Yes." That's all she said—just "yes."

Well, I thought, she won't be able to resist this one and I played my trump.

"How were you in Cleveland?"

She said, "Well, as a matter of fact, I wasn't very good."

It couldn't be. "Do you like parlor games?" I said. "Do you dote on Coca-Cola? How about dinner and a few Alexanders afterward? Or does the whole idea stink?"

She said, "Maybe we'd better go. Do you feel all right?"

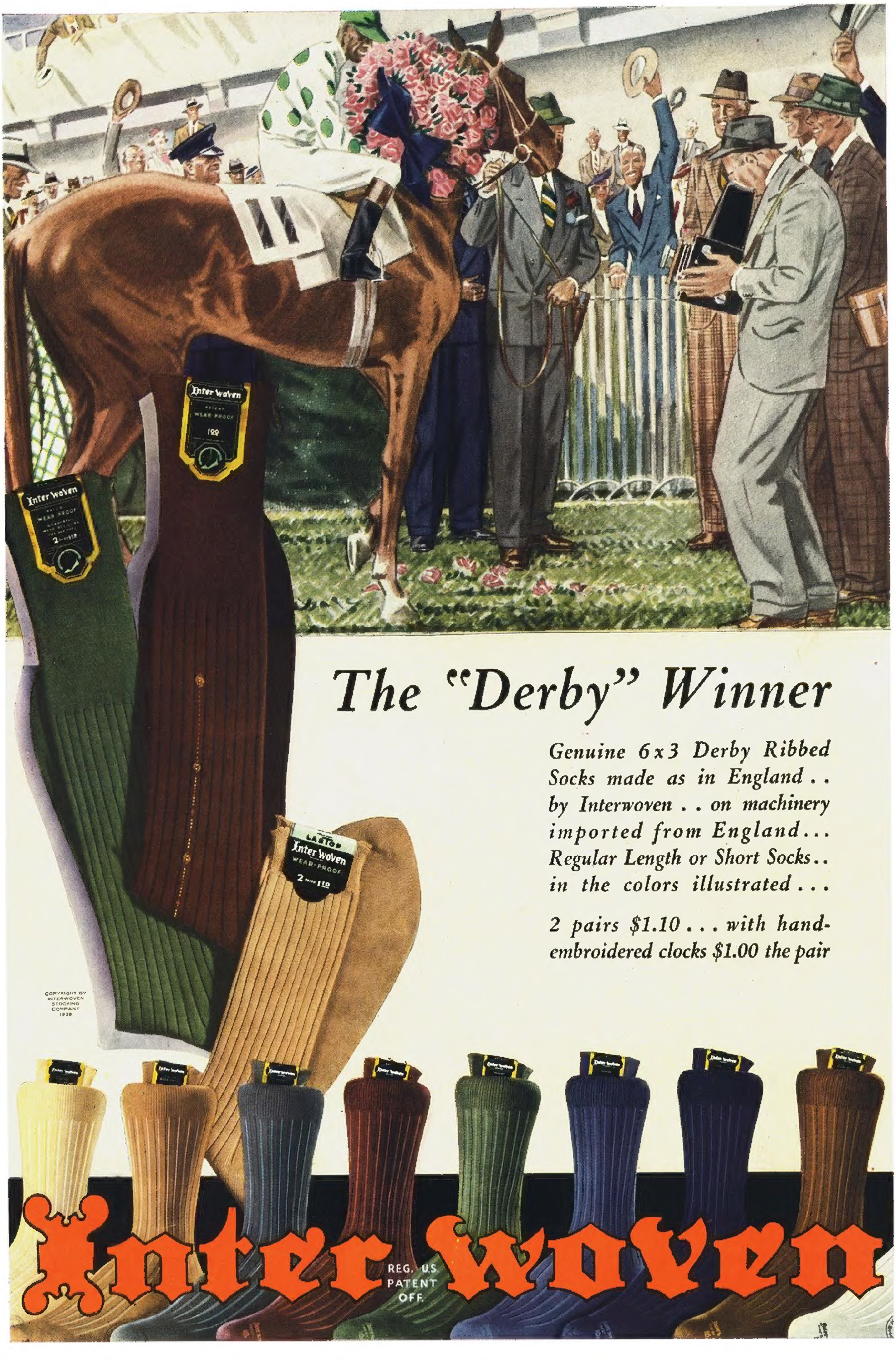
I said, "I don't know. Pinch me."

She did.

I said, "Listen, don't you want to tell me about yourself? For just an hour or two as a starter."

Carla looked at me. "You seemed all right," she said. "But what goes here? In the first place, there's very little to tell. In the second, I couldn't stand an hour or two of it if you could—which I doubt. Anyway I think you're the one to take the floor, that is, if you can do it straight and let up on the double-talk. Come on, let's have it."

Well she asked for it. She got it. I told her that night. I told her every night that week. With any luck I'll be telling her every night for years. Her name may not be in lights but my heart is. #



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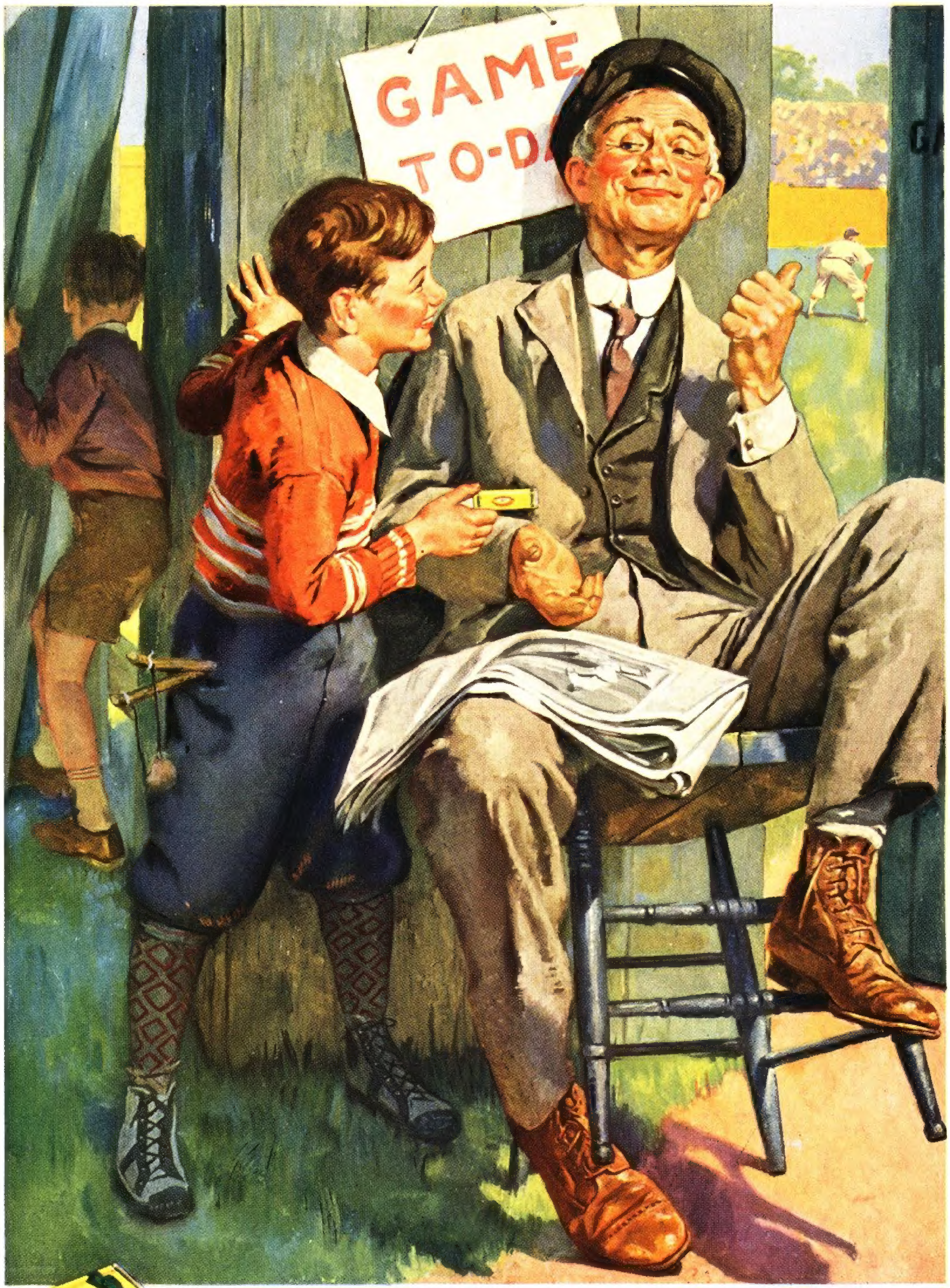

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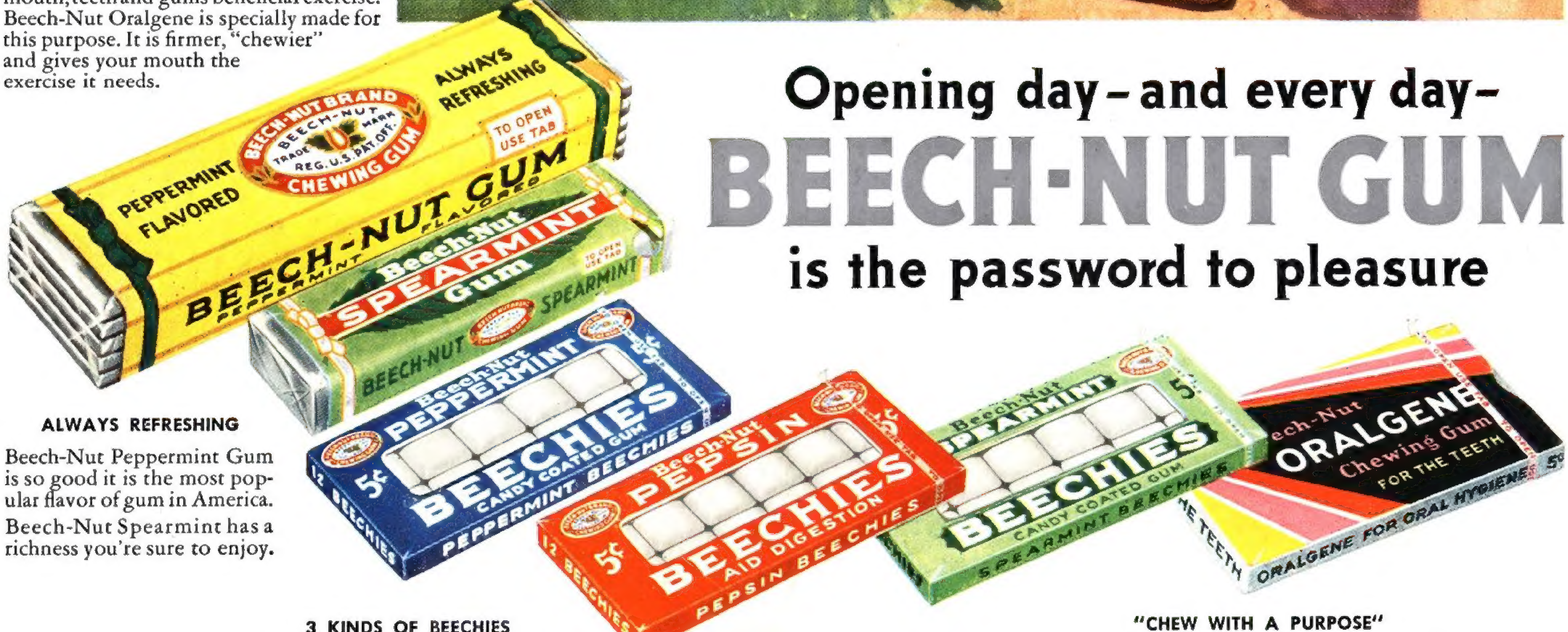
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